April 13, 1987

THE NEW YORKER

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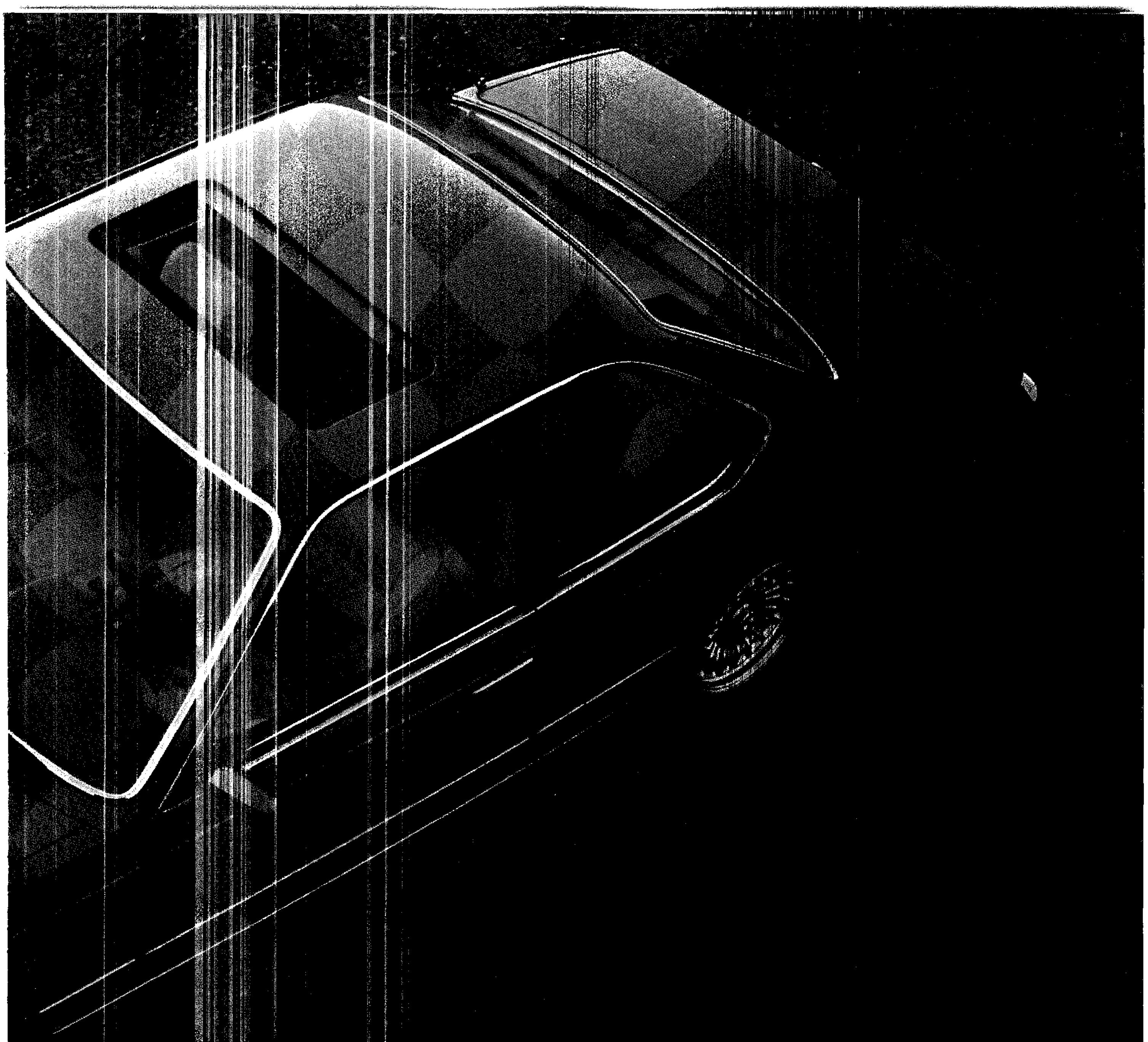

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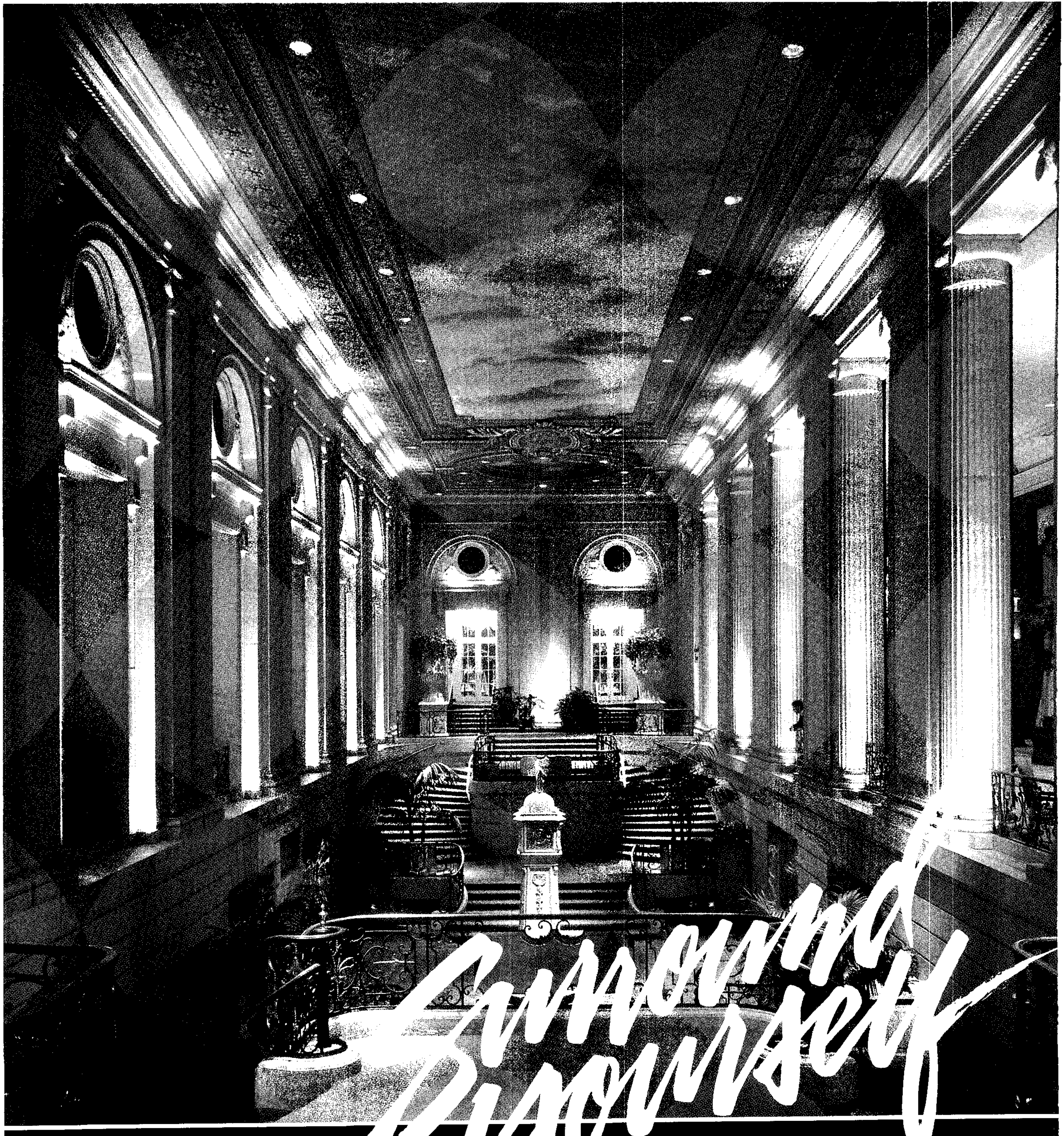

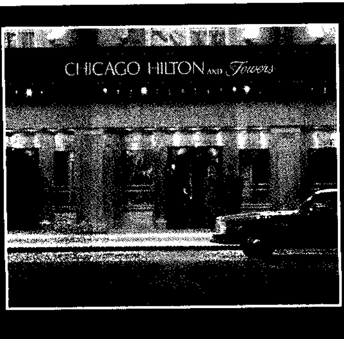

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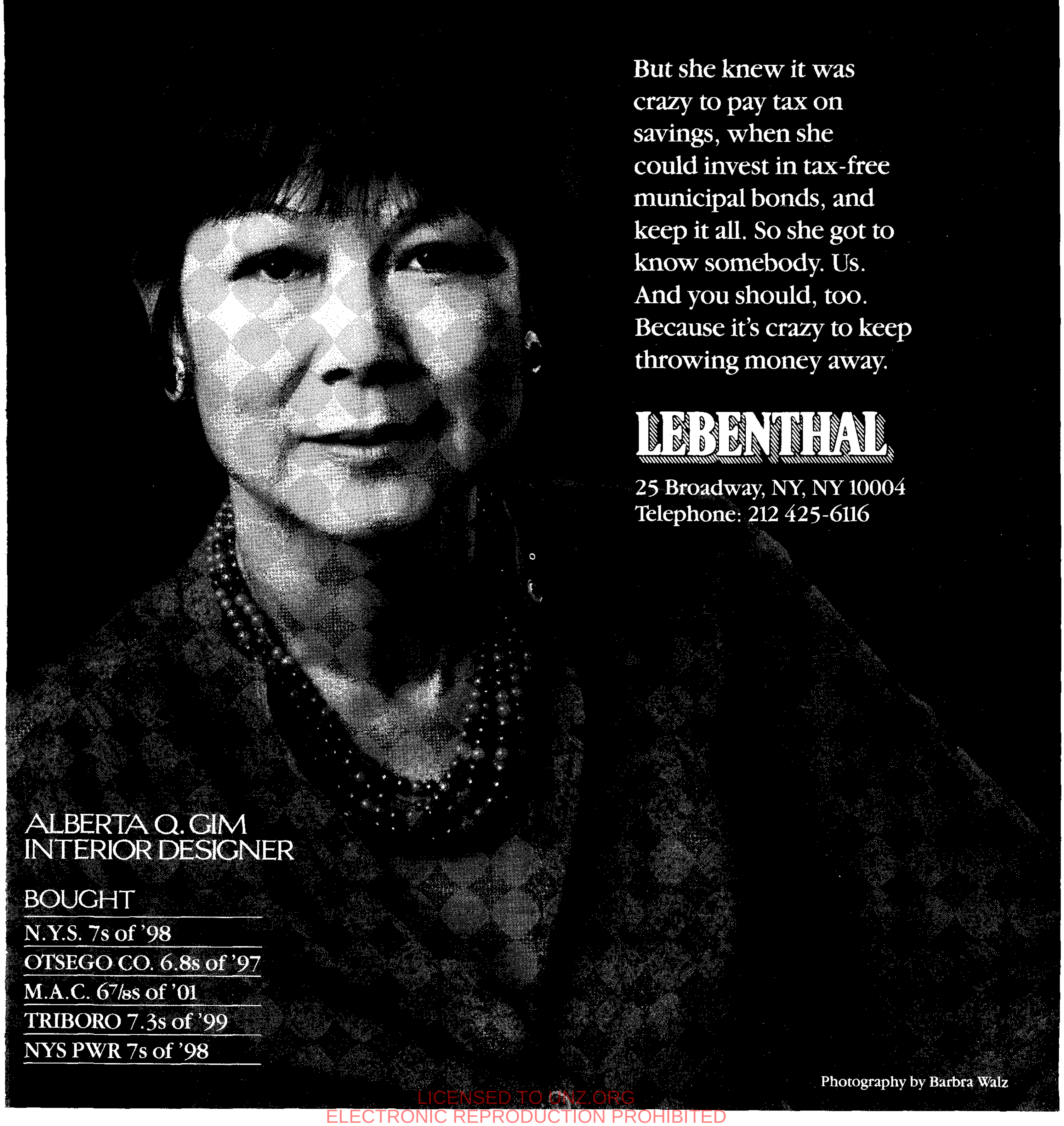

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Barbara Cook: A Concert for the Theatre—A one-woman show. Previews through Tuesday, April 14. Opens officially on Wednesday, April 15. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Blithe Spirit—This revival of Noël Coward's comedy is an almost total miss, a waste of the talents of Geraldine Page and Blythe Danner, among others. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Broadway Bound—In the third of his trilogy of autobiographical plays, Neil Simon takes us from Brooklyn to Manhattan, from ignominy to the promise of fame. Linda Lavin heads the excellent cast, which has been directed by Gene Saks. (Reviewed in our issue of 12/15/86.) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Coastal Disturbances—Tina Howe's funny and beautiful play about love is set on a private beach on Massachusetts' North Shore. Annette Bening, as a photographer from this city, and Timothy Daly, as a lifeguard, are the beguiling lovers, and among the other actors, as summer people, are Rosemary Murphy, Jonas Abry, Heather Mac Rae, and Ronald Guttman. Carole Rothman is the able director. (12/1/86) (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Colored Museum—A sharp, satiric revue on the subject of blackness and related matters, which is almost done in by damnable sound amplification. George C. Wolfe was the clever writer, and L. Kenneth Richardson the able director. The performers, all of them splendid, are Loretta Devine, Tommy Hollis, Reggie Montgomery, Vickilyn Reynolds, and Danitra Vance. (11/10/86) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

The Common Pursuit—An English import. Six Cambridge undergraduates, in the sixties, plan to launch a literary magazine in accordance with the rigorous standards of the critic F. R. Leavis, and in the ensuing twenty years manage to breach these standards. Simon Gray's play, while not especially original, is consistently entertaining, and it is very well performed under the direction of the dramatist and Michael McGuire. (11/3/86) (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Crackwalker—A play by Judith Thompson, who co-directed with James Abar. (Hudson Guild Theatre, 441 W. 26th St. 760-9810. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, April 26.)

Fences—August Wilson's play about a black garbageman, formerly a baseball player of professional calibre, is as powerful as, and even richer than, his "Ma Rainey's Black Bottom." The triumphant performance, with James Earl Jones in the leading role, supported by Mary Alice, Courtney B. Vance, Frankie R. Faison, Ray Aranha, Charles Brown, and Karima Miller, was directed by Lloyd Richards. (4/6/87) (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 221-1211. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

A Girl's Guide to Chaos—A comedy by Cynthia Heimel. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 869-4731. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Groucho: A Life in Revue—A surprisingly lively and touching show about the great comedian/humorist. Frank Ferrante's dedicated impersonation becomes a true performance; Les Marsden, doubling, comes close to Chico and seems inspired as Harpo; and Faith Prince deftly acts the women in their lives, among them, of course, Margaret Dumont. Arthur Marx (son of Groucho) and Robert Fisher were the playwrights; Mr. Marx directed. (10/20/86) (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Jackie Mason's "The World According to Me!"—Jackie Mason is a classic standup Jewish comedian, the George Washington of the Borscht Belt. His material consists almost entirely of outrageous insults addressed to Jews, Italians, Poles, Puerto Ricans, and Wasps. (Only the Irish escape unscathed, and who knows why? Perhaps they are being offered the greatest insult of all.) For more than thirty years, Mason's audiences—that is, his victims—have found him hilarious, and the sorry truth of the matter is that he *is* hilarious, for reasons that might well cause Freud himself to break down and sob as he sought to explain them. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 719-4099. Tuesdays, except April 14, through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3; special matinée Wednesday, April 15, at 2.)

Lady Day at Emerson's Bar & Grill—A play of sorts about one of Billie Holiday's last engagements, at a night club in Philadelphia. (9/29/86) (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 6. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Me and My Girl—An infelicitously rehabilitated British musical out of the thirties, with a superb performance by Robert Lindsay in the starring role. (8/25/86) (Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 947-0033. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Mikado—This marvellous production comes

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Issues of the Information Age:

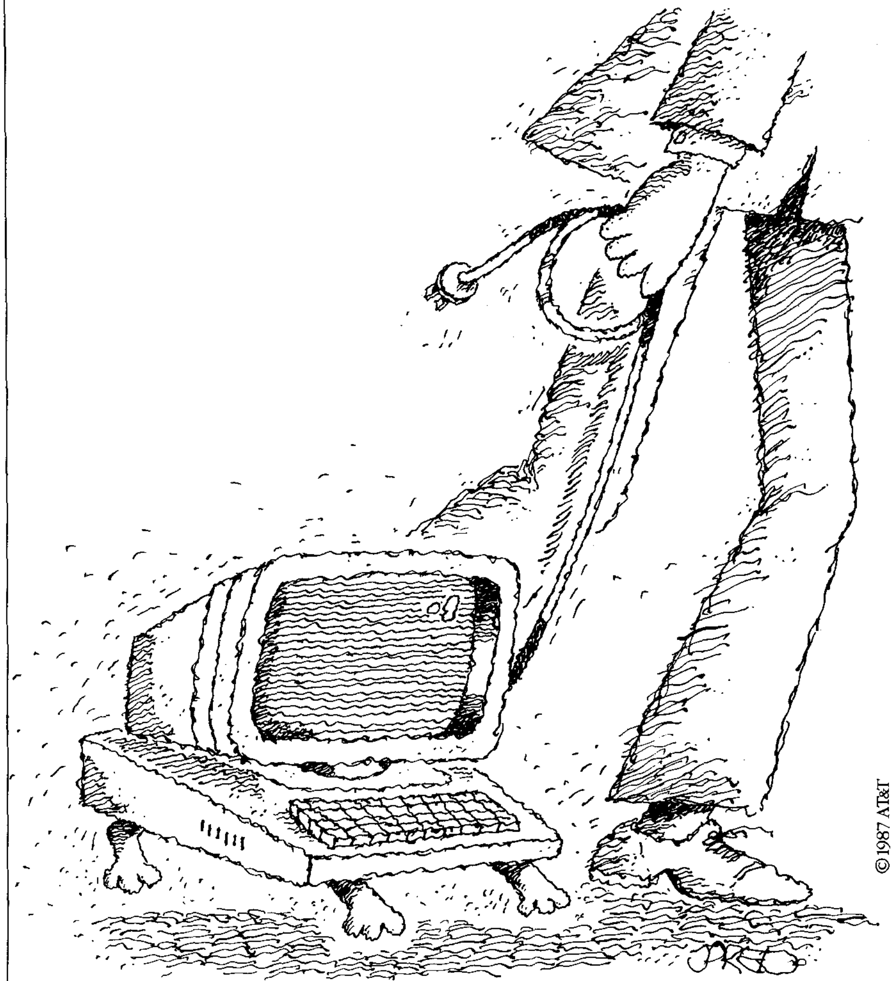
The paradox of power.

The Information Age, for all its potential, has brought with it a new kind of problem. Often, the machines that contribute so much to the flood of information do little to help most of us cope with it. They are difficult to use, rigid in their demands, almost arrogant in their inability to work with any but their own kind. They are the muscle-bound tools of specialists.

In our view, the problem is not that the machines are too powerful for the rest of us. They are not powerful enough.

This is the paradox of power: the more powerful the machine, the less power it exerts over the person using it. We define a more powerful machine as one that is more capable of bending to the will of humans, rather than having humans bend to its will. The definition is deeply ingrained in AT&T. The telephone is such a powerful device precisely because it demands so little of its user.

AT&T foresees the day when the Information Age will become universal. People everywhere will participate in a worldwide Telecommunity. They will be able to handle information in any form—conversation, data, images, text—as easily as they now make a phone call.



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That day is coming closer. One example: scientists at AT&T Bell Laboratories are developing "associative" memories for computers, further enabling the machines to work with incomplete, imprecise, or even contradictory information. That's perfectly natural for a human. What makes it a breakthrough is that these computers won't ask you to be anything else.

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to us from Stratford, Ontario; it is lovely to look at, delightful to hear. Brian Macdonald was the inspired director. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 977-9370. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Miracle Worker—Karen Allen stars in a revival of William Gibson's play. (Roundabout, 100 E. 17th St. 420-1883. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, April 19.)

Les Misérables—Colm Wilkinson is a strong Jean Valjean and Terrence Mann is his strong pursuer Javert in this musical adaptation of the Victor Hugo novel, which comes to us from France by way of England. The real standouts of the production, however, are the settings, by John Napier, and the lighting, by David Hersey. But even these, remarkable though they are, are not sustaining enough for the three and a half hours that the show runs. (3/23/87) (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Saturdays at 2.)

A Month of Sundays—Jason Robards in a comedy by Bob Larbey. Gene Saks is the director. Previews through Wednesday, April 15. Opens officially on Thursday, April 16. (Ritz, 219 W. 48th St. 582-4022. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Musical Comedy Murders of 1940—A comedy whodunit written and directed by John Bishop, recently seen at Circle Rep. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Nerd—This farcical comedy by the late Larry Shue (author of "The Foreigner") is a source of laughter from beginning to end. It tells the story of an idiotic young man who almost becomes the permanent house guest of an inoffensive architect. Robert Joy gives a first-rate comic performance in the title role. (4/6/87) (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

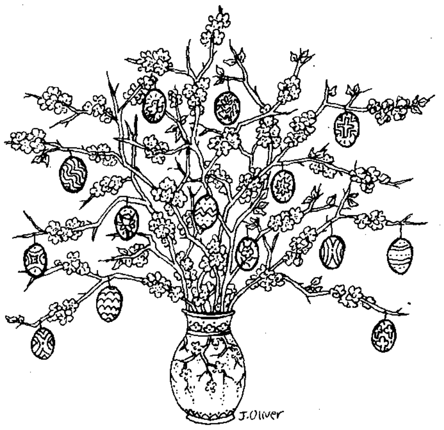
On the Verge—A diverting little comedy by Eric Overmyer, about three Victorian lady explorers who travel through time (from the eighteen-eighties to 1955) over terra incognita. Lisa Banes, Patricia Hodges, and Laura Hicks play the indomitable heroines, and Tom Robbins plays everybody they meet on their journey. Garland Wright was the able director. Scenery, costumes, and lighting, all commendable, were designed by John Arnone, Ann Hould-Ward, and James F. Ingalls, respectively. (3/30/87) (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 967-9077. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

The Regard of Flight—Bill Irwin in a brief return engagement of his 1982 piece. With M. C. O'Connor and Doug Skinner (composer and pianist). Previews through Saturday, April 11. Opens officially on Sunday, April 12, and will run through Sunday, April 26. (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

Safe Sex—A trilogy of one-acters by Harvey Fierstein, who appears in two of the plays. Directed by Eric Concklin. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Sex Tips for Modern Girls—A musical with a book by Peter Eliot Weiss and a score and lyrics by John Sereda. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S. 691-6226. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

South Pacific—This production, by the New York City Opera, is haunted by the original, and apparently irreplaceable, performance; nevertheless, the score and lyrics and book are strong enough to carry it. This time, the stars are Richard Rodgers, Oscar Hammerstein II, and Joshua Logan. (3/16/87) (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, April 26.)



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Staggerlee—A bountiful, joyous jazz musical, with a rhythm-and-blues score and lyrics by the prodigiously gifted Allen Toussaint, and an artful, entertaining book by Vernel Bagneris, who also contributed the additional lyrics. The setting is a Southern city during Mardi Gras. The witty, vivid scenery, lighting, and costumes were designed by Akira Yoshimura, Allen Lee Hughes, and JoAnn Clevenger, respectively. Mr. Bagneris directed the prodigiously gifted black company, which is headed by Ruth Brown, Adam Wade, and Marva Hicks. (3/30/87) (Second Avenue Theatre, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 674-1460. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Standup Shakespeare—A musical entertainment set to the words of W.S., conceived by Kenneth Welsh and Ray Leslee, who also perform. Mr. Leslee is the composer and Mike Nichols the director. (Theater 890, at Broadway and 19th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Stardust—The lyrics of Mitchell Parish, as sung and performed by an engaging company of three men and three women. The composers (over the past sixty-five years or so) include Duke Ellington, Hoagy Carmichael, and Leroy Anderson. The singers include André De Shields and, most notably, Michele Bautier. (3/2/87) (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Starlight Express—A bore on roller skates. (3/30/87) (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Steel Magnolias—A play by Robert Harling. (WPA Theatre, 519 W. 23rd St. 206-0523. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 9; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 5 and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, April 19.)

Sweet Sue—A curiosity of a play by A. R. Gurney, Jr., about a middle-aged divorced woman and a college undergraduate who, not very plausibly, fall in love. Each character is played by two people, which makes matters still more implausible. The cast consists of Mary Tyler Moore, Lynn Redgrave, Barry Tubb, and John K. Linton. (1/19/87) (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Tent Meeting—A comedy written and performed by Rebecca Wackler, Larry Larson, and Levi Lee. Opens Wednesday, April 8, at 6:30. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Widow Claire—Horton Foote continues to explore the lives of the citizens of Harrison, Texas. The principal characters here are a racy, nervous widow and young Horace Robedaux, played by Hallie Foote and Eric Stoltz. (12/29/86) (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Women Beware Women—A drama by Howard Barker, based on the seventeenth-century play of the same name by Thomas Middleton. (Playhouse 91, at 316 E. 91st St. 831-2000. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**BIG RIVER:** William Hauptman and Roger Miller have drawn a pleasantly sentimental musical out of "The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn," and Mark Twain in Heaven has reason to be satisfied with the results. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LA CAGE AUX FOLLES:** A musical about a pair of tenderhearted middle-aged lovers presiding over a drag-queen night club in Saint-Tropez; the production is one of the most beautiful—and extravagant—ever to reach Broadway. Jerry Herman wrote the music and lyrics; the book is by Harvey Fierstein. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **CATS:** Some twenty poems about cats by T. S. Eliot, set to music by Andrew Lloyd Webber. A mighty spectacle about mighty little, owing its effectiveness to Trevor Nunn's direction and to the sets and costumes by John Napier. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **DROOD:** Dickens' unfinished novel, "The Mystery of Edwin Drood," has been turned into a splendidly nonsensical musical by Rupert Holmes. The big cast is headed by George Rose, and the direction is by Wilford Leach. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 11,216 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** A musical based on the old Warner Brothers movie, and by no means an improvement on it. Directed and choreographed by the late Gower Champion. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **I'M NOT RAPPAPORT:** Herb Gardner's synthetic, though often entertaining, comedy about two old men who share a bench in Central Park, starring Hal Linden and Ossie Davis. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS:** Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman directed and wrote the book and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing plant. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **NUNSENSE:** A musical comedy by Dan Goggin. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that

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purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 302-2302. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

Columbia College Benefit Concert—An alumni wingding featuring songs from the Broadway theatre written by such Columbians as Rodgers, Hammerstein, and Hart, which will be sung by Tony Bennett, Karen Akers, Ben Vereen, and others. Also on the evening's program will be the Dance Theatre of Harlem, Roberta Peters, Robert Merrill, Emanuel Ax, and George Segal. (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000. Sunday, April 12, at 8.)

The Circus—Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey's hundred-and-seventeenth edition. (Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Wednesday, April 8, at 7:30; Thursday, April 9, at 10:30 and 7:30; Friday, April 10, at 2; Saturday, April 11, Monday, April 13, Wednesday, April 15, and Friday, April 17, all at 10:30 and 2:30; Sunday, April 12, at 1; Tuesday, April 14, and Thursday, April 16, at 2 and 7; and Saturday, April 18, at 10:30, 2:30, and 7:30. Because of hockey playoffs, evening performances will be cancelled on Saturday and Sunday, April 11-12, and *may* be cancelled on Thursday, April 16. Closes Sunday, May 17.)

New York Gilbert and Sullivan Players—Double-bill performances of "Trial by Jury" and "The Sorcerer." (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Fridays and Saturdays, and Wednesday and Thursday, April 8-9, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3, and Wednesday, April 8, at 2. Closes Sunday, April 19. For information about tickets, call 769-1000.)

Blue Hill Troupe—Presenting benefit performances of Gilbert and Sullivan's "The Grand Duke." (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Monday through Wednesday, April 13-15, at 8; Thursday and Friday, April 16-17, at 7:30; and Saturday, April 18, at 2 and 8. For information about tickets, call 831-1383.)

Beehive—A musical revue featuring girl-group songs of the sixties. (Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 7:30 and 10; and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 5.)

Forbidden Broadway—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsson's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and 11:30; and Sundays at 8:30.)

DANCE

Dai Rakuda Kan—A Japanese Butoh troupe appearing here for the first time. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Wednesday, April 8, at 7:30; Thursday and Friday, April 9-10, at 8; Saturday, April 11, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, April 12, at 3.)

Laura Dean Dancers and Musicians—"Magnetic," "Tympani," and "Sky Light." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Wednesday through Friday, April 8-10, at 8; Saturday, April 11, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, April 12, at 2 and 7:30.)

Battery Dance Company—"Thirteen Winds" (première) and "Last Dance." (Schimmel Center for the Arts, Pace University, Spruce St. between Nassau and Gold Sts. Thursday, April 9, at 6:45; Friday and Saturday, April 10-11, at 8; and Sunday, April 12, at 3. For information about tickets, call 219-3910.)

Danny Grossman Dance Company—"La Valse" (New York première), "Bella," "Trio Excerpt from Ecce Homo," "Curious Schools of Theatrical Dancing," and "Nobody's Business." (Davis Hall, City College, Convent Ave. and 134th St. 239-6200. Thursday through Saturday, April 9-11, at 8, and Sunday, April 12, at 3.)

Dinizulu and His African Dancers, Drummers, and Singers—In a program of adaptations of traditional African dances. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, W. 120th St. and Riverside Dr. 864-2929. Thursday, April 9, and Saturday and Sunday, April 11-12, at 8.)

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Le Musique des Peulhs du Senegaal—A six-member troupe from Senegal performing traditional dance and music of the Fulani people. (Triplex Theatre, 199 Chambers St. 618-1980. Saturday, April 11, at 8. . . . ¶ Lehman College Concert Hall, the Bronx. 960-8833. Saturday, April 18, at 8.)

Wendy Perron Dance Company—With five guest dancers, including percussionist David Van Tieghem, in a program of new and repertory works. (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. Wednesday through Saturday, April 15-18, at 8. For information about tickets, call 924-0077.)

Bill Cratty Dance Theatre—Presenting three premières—"Muggsy," "Going Bananas," and "Andante Favori"—plus "Salome." (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Thursday, April 16, at 7:30; Saturday, April 18, at 8; and Sunday, April 19, at 3.)

Triplex Theatre—Performances of contemporary dance by three groups—**Ishmael Houston-Jones**, with Yvonne Meier: Thursday, April 9, and Sunday, April 12, at 8. . . . **Maria Cheng Dance Company**: Friday, April 10, at 8, and Saturday, April 11, at 2. . . . **Blondell Cummings**: Saturday, April 11, at 8, and Sunday, April 12, at 2. (199 Chambers St. 618-1980.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—**Margaret Whiting**, an extrovert who likes to sing from atop the piano or while roaming the premises and looking into the eyes of shy people, is performing songs that her father wrote ("Ain't We Got Fun?," "My Ideal"), songs by former inhabitants of this hotel (Alec Wilder's "I'll Be Around," Noël Coward's "Mad About the Boy"), and her 1944 hit, "Moonlight in Vermont." Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen in the Oak Room. Dining.

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A long, narrow, nautical bar, restaurant, and jazz haunt. On Friday and Saturday, April 10-11, singer Amy London, guitarist Peter Leitch, and bassist **Ray Drummond** will be your cruising companions. Other groups can be heard during the rest of the week. Sets begin Sundays through Thursdays at nine-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at ten.

Ballroom, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—A neat-as-a-pin music room on the edge of Chelsea, near the flower and fur markets, where, Wednesdays through Saturdays at six-thirty, you will find the meticulous, tiny-voiced **Blossom Dearie** singing funny Dave Frishberg songs, delicately pitched love songs by Jack Segal and herself, and Rodgers and Hart's acid "Ev'rything I've Got." A little later on, **Karen Akers**, by whose cheekbones it is possible to become distracted, sings a sleepy-headed version of Cole Porter's "The Laziest Gal in Town" and an inspired "How Long Has This Been Going On?" and also songs by Stephen Sondheim, James Taylor, and Billy Joel. Her shows are at nine on Wednesday and Thursday, April 8-9, and at nine and eleven on Friday and Saturday, April 10-11.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—The blue banner that flies above the entrance to this club may not be modest ("Jazz Capital of the World," it says), but it looks nice flapping in a spring breeze. Organ champ **Jimmy Smith** and his trio trade sets with a combo featuring tenor saxophonist **Houston Person** and vocalist **Etta Jones** through Sunday, April 12; singing, buzzing bassist **Major Holley** (his voice starts down around his knees, and stays there) drops in with a band on Monday, April 13; and **Nancy Wilson** enters singing on Tuesday, April 14. Music after nine. Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—A vast pillared emporium that caters to various musical tastes: Wednesday, April 8, **Buster Poindexter** (former New York Doll David Johansen in a monkey suit) and his **Banshees of Blue**; Thursday, April 9, percussionist David Van Tieghem & Musicians; Friday, April 10, **Taj Mahal**; Saturday, April 11, **James (Blood) Ulmer**, the jazz-funk guitarist and student of Ornette Coleman's harmolodic theories, with guitarist **Vernon Reid's Living Colour**; and Monday, April 13, Chicago blues people **Junior Wells** and **Koko Taylor**. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A great up-close view from a barstool (unless there are a lot of standees, which is usually the case) of first-rate pianists and bassists. A periscope might be useful during **Kenny Barron** and **Santi Debriano's** visit, which winds up on Saturday, April 11. **Walter Davis, Jr.**, and Phil Bowler take care of business on Sunday, April 12, and **Jim McNeely** and **Rufus Reid** go to work on Monday, April 13. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

Carlos I, 432 Sixth Ave., at 10th St. (982-3260)—Long communal tables swathed in pink and a bandstand panelled in oak. **Oliver Lake**, one of the alto voices in the World Saxophone Quartet, leads his own quartet Thursday through Sunday, April 9-12, and on Tuesday, April 14, fiery tenor saxophonist **Johnny Griffin** comes speeding in with his foursome. Mondays are set aside for the father-and-son guitar team of **Bucky** and **John Pizzarelli**. Music from nine every night but Monday, when it begins at eight. Dining.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—**Bobby Short** is back at his post in the Café Carlyle, singing and playing the piano with stylish abandon and touching off mirth and jubilation in his audience. **Beverly Peer** (bass fiddle) and **Robbie Scott** (drums) are his trusty sidekicks. Sets at ten and midnight Tuesdays through Saturdays. . . . ¶ Over in the Bemelmans Bar, **Barbara Carroll** is presiding at the piano. Music from nine-forty-five Tuesdays through Saturdays.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—There's not a lot of elbow- or head-room in this downstairs jazz club, but the musicians sometimes make out-of-body travel possible. **Phil Woods**, the bebopping alto saxophonist and clarinettist, leads his Little Big Band (his usual quintet, plus three horn men) through Sunday, April 12, and on Tuesday, April 14, rangy bassist **Ron Carter** brings in his quintet. On Mondays, guitarist-inventor **Les Paul**, the Thomas Edison of reverb, heads up a threesome. Music from eight every night but Monday, when it begins at nine. Dining.

Greene Street, 101 Greene St. (925-2415)—Only slightly smaller than an airplane hangar but considerably fancier. On clear nights, the piano, situated in a grove of palms in the south-central region of the dining room, is visible from the bar. **Armen Donelian** solos Tuesdays through Saturdays. Sets begin at seven Tuesdays through Thursdays, and at seven-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Mondays.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—A small, dark bar, with ancient marching-band instruments on the walls, Art Tatum and Earl Hines on the jukebox, and an upright piano that seats four (not counting the pianist). Kitt Moran sings with support from pianist Mike Moran and bassist Andy Eulau Wednesdays through Saturdays; pianist-singer **BROOKS KERR** and bassist Eric Lemon handle the Sunday-night shift; singer Stan Edwards' trio is on duty on Mondays; and ex-Swing Street guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE**, pianist **WARREN CHIASSON**, and bassist **MICHAEL FLEMING** collaborate on Tuesdays. Music from ten.

KNICKERBOCKER SALOON, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A busy corner bar and restaurant with a piano at the calm center of things. **JUNIOR MANCE** operates on it, with bassist **MARTY RIVERA** at his side, through Saturday, April 11, and on Tuesday, April 14, **JOHN BUNCH** and **JAY LEONHART** swing into action. Music from nine-thirty.

LONE STAR CAFÉ, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—This hangout for expatriate Texans, French tourists, and local yokels brags that it's "the biggest and best honky tonk north of Abilene." Big it ain't, but it does feature genuine honky-tonk music, a souvenir stand, and TV monitors (which permit you to watch the action onstage in case your view of it is blocked by a cowboy or a structural element). Thursday, April 9, Louisiana swamp rocker **DR. JOHN** and country-blues singer **TRACY NELSON**; Friday, April 10, the **SUN RHYTHM SECTION**, a Memphis rock-and-roll sextet; Saturday, April 11, **ROBERT GORDON**; Monday and Tuesday, April 13-14, **JERRY JEFF WALKER**, the cowboy from Oneonta, New York; and Thursday, April 16, a band led by bassist **RICK DANKO** (of *the* Band) and harmonica ace **PAUL BUTTERFIELD**. Music after nine. Hot vittles.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Unicorns and lions on the walls, well-heeled cats on the banquettes, and lean, lithe **JOE WILLIAMS** on the bandstand. Mr. Williams is approaching seventy, but his deep voice remains flexible and buoyant, and he moves from a ballad to a blues as easily as a man crossing the street; he just waits for the light to change and goes. He sings with pianist **NORMAN SIMMONS'** quartet Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine and eleven. On Mondays after nine-thirty, Woody Allen is likely to show up to play clarinet with the New Orleans Funeral and Ragtime Orchestra. Dining. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A lively uptown bar and restaurant, with signed photographs of some swinging non-musicians on the walls (Reggie Jackson smiling shyly, Dave Winfield tuning up in the cage) and some heavy hitters on the bandstand. **CARMEN LUNDY**, a good young jazz singer, performs on Friday and Saturday, April 10-11, and on the following weekend, April 17-18, organist **JACK MC DUFF** will be here with his trio. Music from about ten until two.

RITZ, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—Fifty years ago, people practiced the jitterbug and the foxtrot in this ballroom; today's patrons listen mainly to rock (hard-core rock, soft-core rock, no-core rock) and sometimes practice a combination of exercise and intimacy known as slam dancing. Thursday, April 9, Monty Python's **GRAHAM CHAPMAN**; Friday, April 10, Wang Chung and Eight Seconds; Saturday, April 11, the **GOLDEN PALOMINOS**, led by downtown drummer **ANTON FIER**, and guitarist **RICHARD LLOYD**; Thursday, April 16, the Stranglers; and Saturday, April 18, the Dead Boys. Shows begin at nine Sundays through Thursdays, and at eleven Fridays and Saturdays.

SOUNDS OF BRAZIL, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A musical melting pot: samba bands, African all-percussion ensembles, reggae outfits, out-there American jazz bands, and salsa groups all pass through this former luncheonette. Wednesday, April 8, silken tenor saxophonist **STAN GETZ**; Thursday, April 9, **SISTER CAROL EAST**, who sang the sublime reggae version of "Wild Thing" at the end of "Something Wild;" Friday, April 10, the Haitian dance band Tabou Combo; Saturday, April 11, **PÉ-DE-BOI**; Tuesday, April 14, Trilogia; Wednesday and Thursday, April 15-16, Nigerian percussionist-singer **BABA OLATUNJI**; and Friday and Saturday, April 17-18, **LOREMIL MACHADO & THE SARAVA BAHIA BAND**. Music from nine Tuesdays through Thursdays, and from eleven Fridays and Saturdays. Dining. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A convivial knotty-pine-and-brick-walled jazz room. **ABDULLAH IBRAHIM**, the Cape Town pianist who was known as Dollar Brand when Duke Ellington discovered him in Switzerland, in 1962, will be here through Sunday, April 12, playing his lilting, prayerful music with a septet that features the small, intense, eyes-shut flutist and saxophonist **CARLOS WARD**. The **ART FARMER—BENNY GOLSON JAZZTET** moves in on Tuesday. April 14, and on Mondays the **GIL EVANS ORCHESTRA**, with its white-haired leader conducting serenely from the piano, delivers shimmering sound-pictures of pieces by Parker, Mingus, Hancock, and others. Shows from about ten. Dining.

TRAMPS, 125 E. 15th St. (777-5077)—"Irish" is what the canopy above the entrance to this bar says, but rock and roll is what the performers in the back room mainly do. Wednesday, April 8, **ELLIOTT MURPHY**; Thursday, April 9, the Richard Barone trio; Friday and Saturday, April 10-11, Chicago blues master **OTIS RUSH**; Sunday, April 12, the World Famous Bluejays, a rockabilly band, with the like-minded (and, no doubt, ironically named) Lackluster Trio; Tuesday, April 14, Tijuana Bible; Wednesday, April 15, Joy Askew; and Friday, April 17, **BUSTER POINDEXTER**, who calls this place home when he isn't working at the Bottom Line or at the NBC studios or at the Sands in Atlantic City. Shows after nine-thirty.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Monday nights in the gym-size downstairs room are reserved for salsa bands and their whistling, clapping, table-drumming fans. On Monday, April 13, **MILT JACKSON**, the guest soloist, will play his gleaming vibraharp with bands led by two other vibists, **TITO PUENTE** and **LOUIE RAMIREZ**. Activity after nine. . . . ¶ One flight up, in the Terrace Bar, you can listen to the piano-bass team of **ROLAND HANNA** and **CLINT HOUSTON** through Sunday, April 12, and to **HERMAN FOSTER** and **MICHAEL FORMANEK** starting Tuesday, April 14. On Tuesdays, the visiting duo trades sets with jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN'S** trio. Music from ten.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—People from all over the world descend the stairs to this ancient jazz club; many of them later emerge from it in an excited condition. Pianist **MAL WALDRON** will be around through Sunday, April 12, leading a quintet that includes **CHICO FREEMAN**, one of the warmer-toned of the post-Coltrane tenor saxophonists, and **ED BLACKWELL**, a flowing, easygoing New Orleans-style drummer. On Tuesday, April 14, **TONY WILLIAMS**, a drummer given to sudden ringing declarations, arrives with his fivesome. Mondays remain prime time for yet another drummer, **MEL LEWIS**, and his seventeen-piece orchestra. Music from ten.

WEST END, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—The big room in this student rest stop (Columbia U. is across the street) has a non-institutional cafeteria, a bar that can seat a marching band, and a jukebox. The smaller room has tables, booths, a couple of hanging plants, and live jazz. Vibraharpist Joe Locke directs a quartet through Sunday, April 12, and on Wednesday, April 15, former Basie-band vocalist **IRENE REID** comes in with her trio. On Mondays, comedians stand up and fall down. Shows from about nine. Dining.

ZINNO, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—If you like pictures of cows, there's a good one here, by the British painter Malcolm Morley, of some Holsteins adrift in a Turneresque landscape. There's also jazz, which flows peaceably from a passageway between the front-room bar and the back-room restaurant. Fellow-Philadelphians **RAY BRYANT** (piano) and **JIMMY ROWSER** (bass) work side by side every night but Sunday, when guitarist **GENE BERTONCINI** and bassist **MICHAEL MOORE** play their own beautiful and swinging brand of chamber jazz. Music weeknights from eight and Sundays from seven.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

PAQUITO D'RIVERA—With his Havana–New York quintet, plus Louie Ramirez and his ensemble. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Friday, April 10, at 8.)

PAPO VASQUEZ & BOMBAJAZZ—Americas Society, Park Ave. at 68th St. Friday, April 10, at

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Cecil Payne Quartet—Jazz Cultural Theatre, Eighth Ave. between 28th and 29th Sts. 502-4300. Friday and Saturday, April 10-11, at 10, 11:30, and 1.

Steve Allen—With Russell George, Grady Tate, and others. (Lehman College Concert Hall, the Bronx. 960-8833. Saturday, April 11, at 8.)

Julius Hemphill Trio—Greenwich House, 27 Barrow St. Saturday, April 11, at 8 and 10. Tickets at the door on the night of the concerts.

A. Leroy—With Jim Self and Dancers. (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Monday and Tuesday, April 13-14, at 8.)

Christy Moore—Town Hall. Tuesday and Wednesday, April 14-15, at 8.

Highlights in Jazz—Dave McKenna and Daryl Sherman, Gene Bertoncini and Michael Moore, and Chuck Green and Ralph Brown. (Loeb Student Center Auditorium, New York University, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Thursday, April 16, at 8.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Gregory Amenoff—Large, richly painted abstract canvases. Through April 29. (Hirschl & Adler Modern, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

Max Beerbohm (1872-1956)—Fifty-five drawings by the English belletrist and caricaturist. Through April 24. (Hunter College Gallery, Lexington Ave. at 68th St. Opens at 1. Closed Friday and Saturday, April 17-18.)

James Bishop—Fifteen sand-colored oils on paper by a minimalist. Through April 25. (Simon-Neuman, 42 E. 76th St.)

Michael David—Impastoed canvases in subdued colors, mostly, and drawings. Through April 30. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

Théodore Géricault (1791-1824)—Paintings, drawings, and prints, many on loan from museums and private collections. Through May 23. (Salander-O'Reilly, 22 E. 80th. Open Mondays.)

Michael Goldberg and Norman Bluhm—Several paintings apiece, from the fifties and sixties, by two second-generation New York School artists. Through Saturday, April 18. (Vanderwoude Tananbaum, 24 E. 81st St.)

John Gundelfinger—Rhapsodic paintings of the Delaware River Valley. Through April 29. (Perlow, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Raoul Hague—Eight large abstract sculptures in walnut and one in cherry. Through May 2. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

Edward Hopper (1882-1967)—More than seventy drawings, including early sketches of his mother and father, and a few paintings, among them "Sunlight in a Cafeteria" (1958). Through Saturday, April 18. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 70th St.)

Alexej Jawlensky (1864-1941) **and Andreas Jawlensky** (1902-84)—Thirty-four paintings by the elder, and thirty-five paintings and pastels by his son. Through May 30. (Hutton, 33 E. 74th St. Open Mondays.)

Neil Jenney—New paintings that combine serial images, words, and frames. Through Saturday, April 18. (Mathes, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

Lois Lane—A ten-year survey of her paintings, revealing a certain continuity between the 1977 black-on-black canvases and the 1987 black-and-white-and-gray works. Through Saturday, April 11. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

David Levine—Paintings and caricatures. Through May 6. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

László Moholy-Nagy (1895-1946)—Constructivist works, including watercolors, photographs, drawings, and collages, mostly from the early twenties. Through May 16. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St. Opens at noon.)

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Jim Peters—Elaborate mixed-medium constructions dominated by painted female figures. Through May 2. (CDS Gallery, 13 E. 75th St. Open Mondays.)

Paul Resika—The Provincetown Pier at sunset, and other paintings and drawings of Provincetown. Through April 25. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Sandra Mendelsohn Rubin—Sharp-focus landscapes of Northern California, cityscapes of Venice, California, and self-portraits. Through Saturday, April 11. (Bernard, 33 E. 74th St.)

Kurt Schwitters (1887-1948)—Collages and lithographs. Through May 16. (Carus, 872 Madison Ave., at 71st St.)

Theodoros Stamos—Abstract Expressionist paintings. Through May 2. (Kouros, 23 E. 73rd St.)

Andrew Stevovich—Telling scenes captured in precise, stylized paintings; a jeweller showing a string of pearls to a bourgeois couple, for instance. Through April 21. (Coe Kerr, 49 E. 82nd St. Open Mondays.)

GALLERIES—57th STREET AREA

Abe Ajay / Morris Graves—Recent constructions. / Works on paper from the forties and fifties. Through April 22. (Deutsch, 20 W. 57th St.)

Pierre Alechinsky—Two gallery shows are being held to coincide with his retrospective at the Guggenheim Museum. Recent paintings and drawings at Galerie Maeght Lelong, 20 W. 57th St. Through May 9. . . . ¶ Prints at Isselbacher, 41 E. 78th St. Through April 25.

James Aponovich—Recent paintings and drawings, including still-lifes, figures, and a bird's-eye view of the Merrimack River Valley. Through April 29. (Schoelkopf, 50 W. 57th St.)

Jake Berthot—Graphite abstractions scratched into enamel on paper, plus several watercolors caricaturing the artist at work. Through Saturday, April 18. (McKee, 41 E. 57th St.)

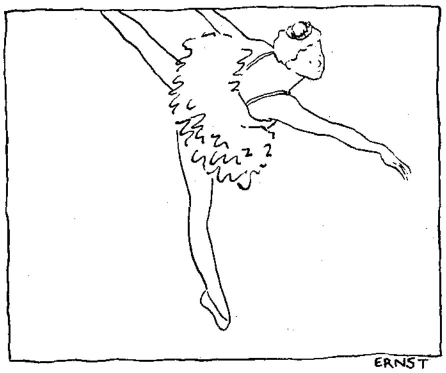
Nell Blaine—Robust views of Riverside Park, the Hudson River, and Gloucester Harbor, plus still-lifes and garden scenes. Through April 22. (Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St.)

Stanley Boxer—Abstract paintings from the early seventies. Through April 25. (De Nagy, 41 W. 57th St.)

Alexander Calder (1898-1976) **/ Alfred Jensen** (1903-81)—Bronze sculptures, mostly from 1944. / Patterned abstractions. Through Saturday, April 18. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

David Deutsch / Donald Sultan—New paintings. / Paintings done in 1980 and recent photographs. Through May 2. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.) . . . ¶ Mr. Deutsch is showing paintings from 1982 at the Audiello Gallery, 436 E. 11th St., near Avenue A. Through April 19. (Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Sidney Goodman—New figurative drawings, pastels, and watercolors. Through April 30. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)



Red Grooms—The artist has brought his considerable energies to bear on a kind of tribute to Abstract Expressionists, which involves large color drawings of Kline, de Kooning, Rothko, Motherwell, Mitchell, and others, together with two- and three-dimensional depictions of one of their hangouts, the Cedar Tavern. Through May 2. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Juan Hamilton / Diane Arbus (1923-71)—Recent sculptures. / Coney Island photographs from the early part of her career. Through April 25. (Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St.)

Willy Heeks / Rex Lau—Paintings by a young Abstract Expressionist. / Abstract relief paintings. Through April 25. (Siegel, 24 W. 57th St.)

Bill Jensen—Watercolors. Through May 2. (Washburn, 41 E. 57th St.)

Robert Kushner / Nancy Burson—Bronzes, in the artist's first show of sculptures. / Cibachrome prints co-opting paintings by van Gogh, Cézanne, and El Greco, by an artist who starts off the process at the keyboard of a personal computer. Through Saturday, April 18. (Holly Solomon, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Ben Frank Moss—Recent paintings. Through May 2. (Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Robert Natkin—Acrylic paint that the artist applies with sponges wrapped in cloth gives these bright-colored abstractions a subtly textured appearance. Through April 25. (Gimpel, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Pete Omlor and Nicholas Wilder—Two shows of paintings. Through May 2. (Protetch, 37 W. 57th St.)

Arnaldo Pomodoro—Bronzes inspired by columns, spheres, and spirals. Through Saturday, April 18. (Marisa del Re, 41 E. 57th St.)

William Scharf / Karl Gernot Kuehn—Fantastical paintings. / Portrait photographs combining two different images, placed side by side, of the same person. Through April 29. (Armstrong, 50 W. 57th St.)

Aaron Shikler—Oils and pastels of still-lifes and female figures. Through April 25. (Davis & Langdale, 231 E. 60th St.)

Harriet Shorr—Large still-life paintings. Through May 2. (Tatistcheff, 50 W. 57th St.)

Kevin Sinnott—Figures rendered in thick brushstrokes—a man sitting in a beach chair and biting his nails, people engaged in deliberately enigmatic activities. Through April 25. (Jacobson, 50 W. 57th St.)

James Valerio / Frederic Amat—Three large oils of interiors with quirky figures, and the studies drawn for them, by a Photo-Realist. / New wax-and-ink drawings. Through April 30. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St.)

Early-Twentieth-Century Europeans—A loan show of paintings and sculptures, among them two Bonnard nudes, an early and a late Mondrian, and figures by Giacometti. Through April 25. (Janis, 110 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Group Shows—At the **BORGENICHT**, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Canadian landscape paintings by Tom Thomson, Emily Carr, Jack Bush, David Milne, and others. Through May 2. . . . **GRAND CENTRAL ART GALLERIES**, 24 W. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures from 1875 to 1945 by American women, including Malvina Hoffman and Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney. Through May 16. (Open Mondays.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

Richard Anuszkiewicz—Large-scale painted-wood constructions. Through Saturday, April 18. (Green, 152 Wooster St.)

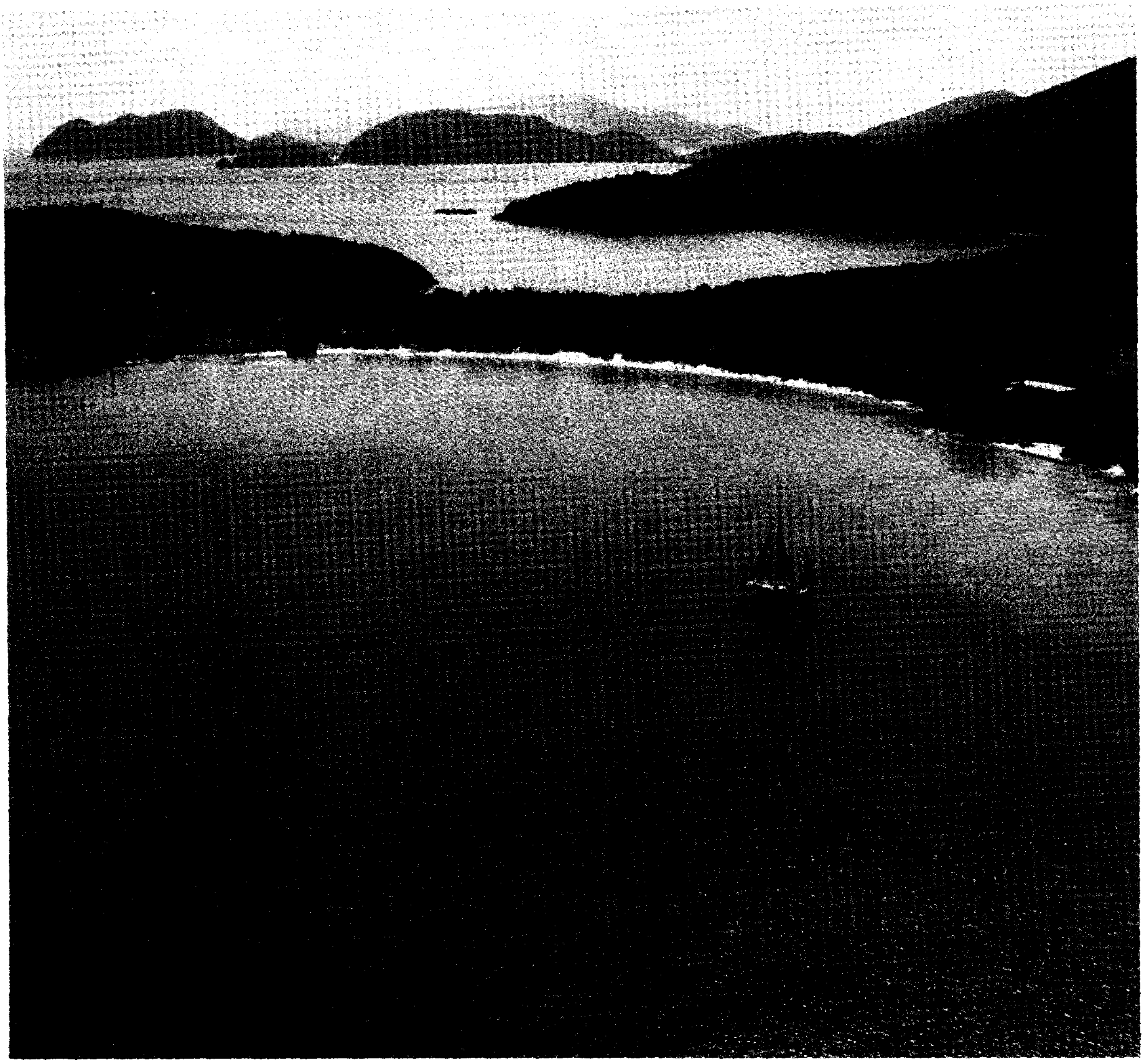
Shusaku Arakawa—Recent works. Through Saturday, April 18. (Feldman, 31 Mercer St.)

Lynda Benglis / Robert Mangold—Recent wall sculptures. / Works on paper. Through Saturday, April 18. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Siri Berg—Hard-edge paintings with contrasting rough and smooth textures. Through Saturday, April 18. (Allen, 110 Greene St.)

Carolyn Brady—Watercolors of the tulip beds in Baltimore's Sherwood Garden are among

ROCKRESORTS



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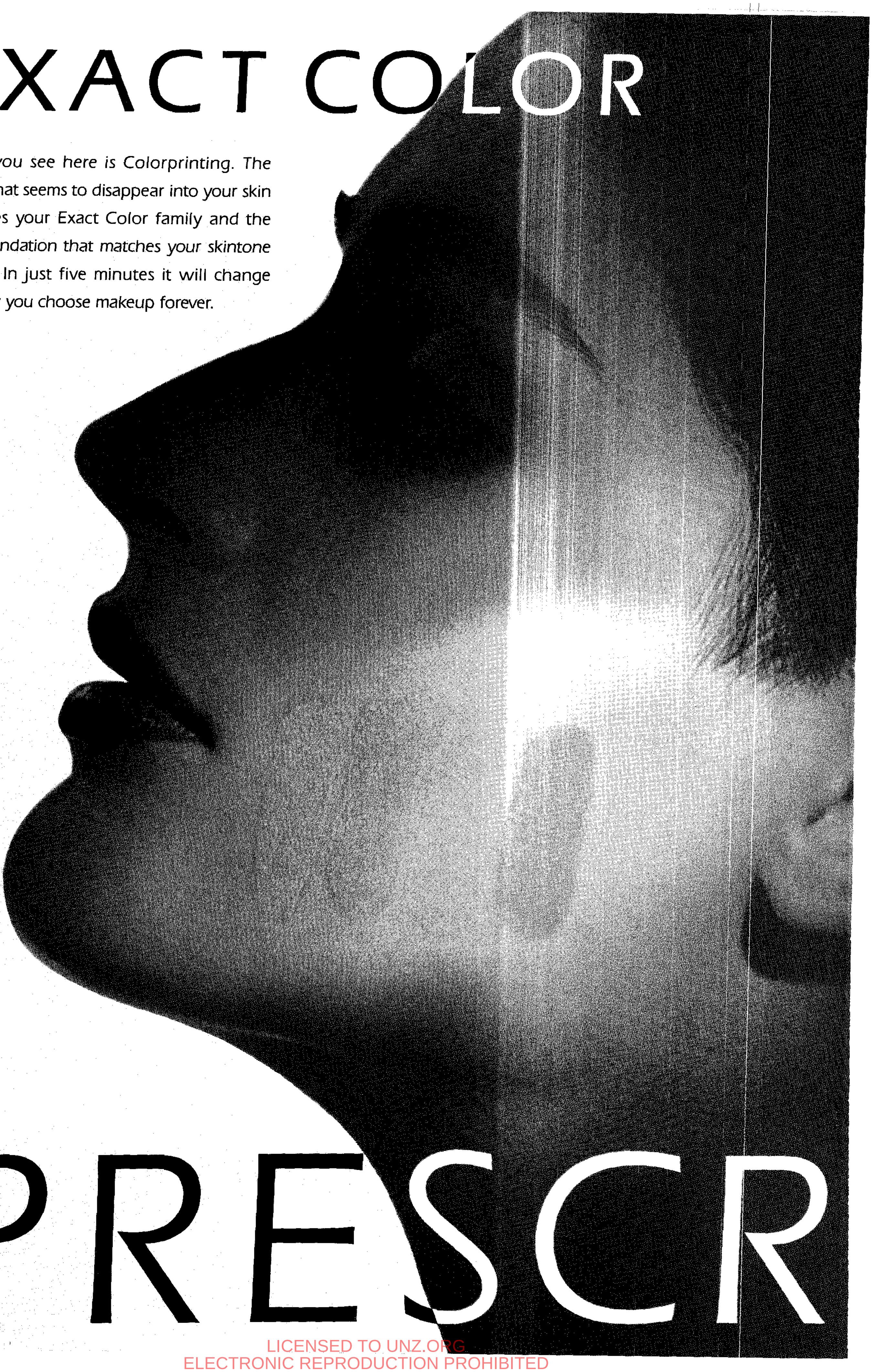

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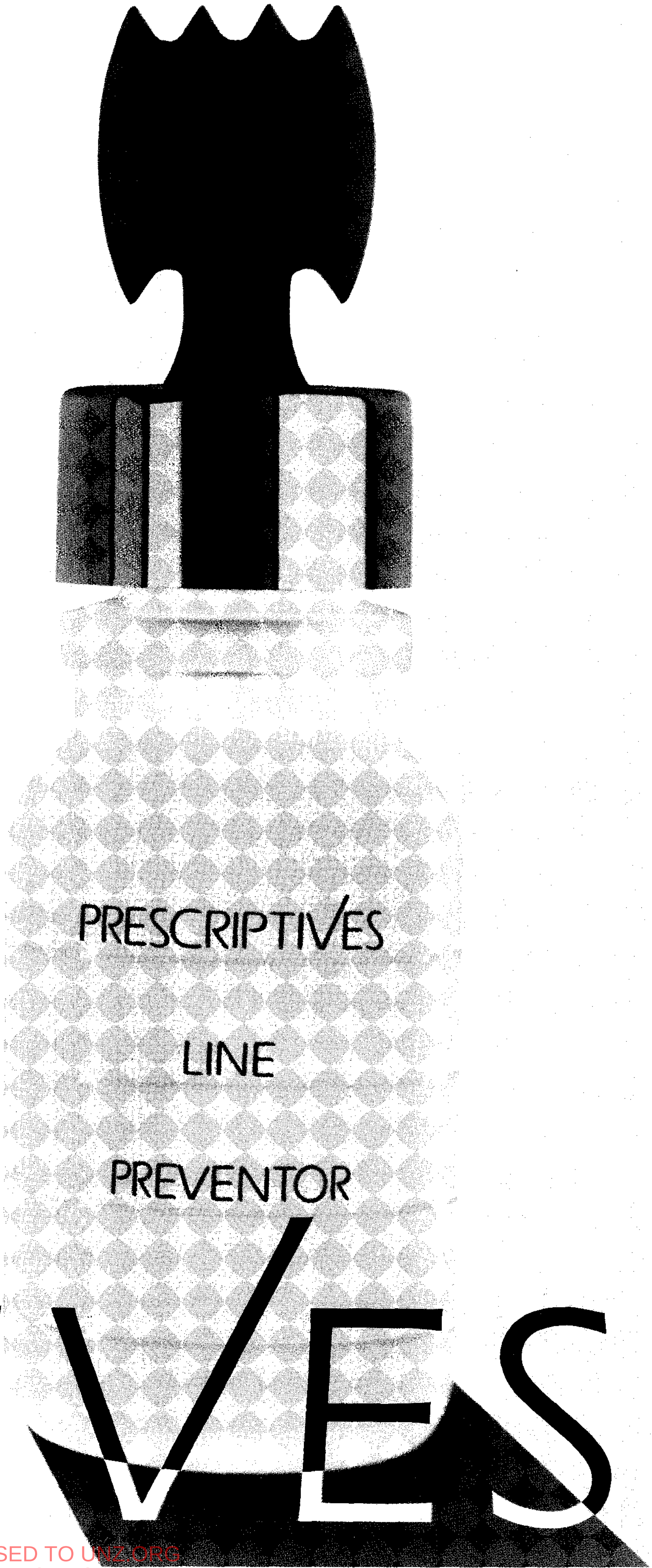

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these floral paintings. Through April 29. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Hans Breder—Abstract pastel drawings. Through April 29. (Schreiber-Cutler, 171 Spring St.)

Daniel Buren / Sol LeWitt—An installation by a French conceptualist. / Sculptures based on pyramids. Through April 25. (Weber, 142 Greene St.)

Donna Byars—Six large sculptures. Through Saturday, April 18. (A.I.R., 63 Crosby St.)

Robert Colescott—New paintings. Through May 2. (Semaphore, 137 Greene St.)

Chuck Connelly—Expressionist landscapes. Through April 30. (Nosei, 100 Prince St.)

Heidi Endemann—Watercolors. Through April 29. (Milliken, 98 Prince St.)

Aharon Gluska—Small abstractions. Through May 2. (Stark, 568 Broadway. Opens at noon.)

Denise Green—Works on paper. Through April 30. (Viafora, 568 Broadway.)

Julie Gross—New abstract paintings. Through Wednesday, April 15. (Stephen Rosenberg, 115 Wooster St. Opens at noon.)

Don Hazlitt—Abstract paintings that evoke Russian Constructivism. Through April 25. (Esman, 70 Greene St.)

Catherine Lee—Paintings on shaped panels. Through April 25. (Davis, 568 Broadway.)

Michael Mazur—Self-portraits in one-of-a-kind print mediums. Through Saturday, April 18. (Fawbush, 578 Broadway.)

Gerhard Merz—An installation containing bronze skulls and five paintings commenting on the cities associated with the Italian Futurists. Through April 25. (Gladstone, 99 Greene St.)

Richard McDermott Miller—Bronze figures in a year-long show. (Friends of Figurative Sculpture, a new gallery at 53 Mercer St. Opens at noon Fridays through Sundays.)

Sabina Ott—Multipanel paintings of incongruous subjects—a wheelbarrow hung above a dark seascape, for instance. Through April 25. (Cowles, 420 West Broadway.)

Keith Milow—Wall sculptures, some of them in hydrostone tinted with copper powder, and some in wood and sheet lead. Through Saturday, April 18. (Wood, 127 Spring St.)

Tom Otterness—A new bronze piece consisting of three large tables, with benches, that provide a platform for more than a hundred other sculptures. Through Saturday, April 11. (Alexander, 59 Wooster St.)

Omar Rayo—Paintings from the past twenty years by a Colombian Op artist. Through May 3. (Museum of Contemporary Hispanic Art, 584 Broadway. Open Sundays.)

Halina Rusak / Leila Daw—Paintings of patterns found in folk-art textiles. / One-of-a-kind books and other works. Through Saturday, April 11. (SoHo 20, at 469 Broome St. Opens at noon.)

David Salle—Watercolors from the past five years. Through April 25. (Boone, 417 West Broadway.)

Elfi Schuselka—An installation and new paintings. Through May 2. (Condeso-Lawler, 76 Greene St.)

Nora Speyer—Highly textured symbolic figure paintings. Through May 2. (Ingber, 415 West Broadway.)

Grace Bakst Wapner—Fanciful all-white vase-like ceramic sculptures. Through Saturday, April 11. (Steinbaum, 132 Greene St.)

Terry Winters—A group of seventy-six works on paper with the over-all title "Schema." Through Saturday, April 18. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Michael Zwack—Paintings, works on paper, and sculptures. Through April 29. (Marcus, 578 Broadway.)

Group Shows—At the **einstein**, 591 Broadway: The second half of a show devoted to panoramic landscapes. Artists include Helen Miranda Wilson, Stephanie Sanchez, and Tahir Shafie. Through April 25. . . . **gibson**, 568 Broadway: Conceptual works by Peter Halley, Bertrand Lavier, Olivier Mosset, Robert Smithson, and others. Through April 25. . . . **wolff**, now located at 560 Broadway: Paintings and sculptures by Wolfgang Laib, Gerhard Richter, Richard Serra, and others. Through April 25.

OTHER GALLERIES

Macyn Bolt—New wall sculptures. Through Saturday, April 18. (Bromm, 170 Avenue A, at 11th St. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Peter Hopkins—Paintings and photographs. Through Sunday, April 12. (American Fine Arts, 511 E. 6th St., between Avenues A and B. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Annette Lemieux—A two-gallery exhibit of photographs, paintings, objects, and texts in various combinations by a conceptualist. (Cash-Newhouse, 170 Avenue B, near 11th St. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays. Through May 3. . . . ¶ Baer, 270 Lafayette St. Through April 25.)

Bonnie Lucas—Assemblages and watercolors. Through April 26. (Avenue B Gallery, 167 Avenue B, at 11th St. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

David Nelson / Julian Beck (1925-85)—Small abstract oils on wood. / Works on paper from 1944 to 1950 by an artist who was better known for his theatrical work. Through Saturday, April 18. (56 Bleecker Street Gallery.)

Randolfo Rocha—Painted silhouetted figures seen against billboard backgrounds. Some of the figures wear gas masks, and silk-screened military planes circling them add to the apocalyptic vision. Through April 25. (Neale, 320 Lafayette St. Opens at 1 on Sundays.)

Robin Rose—Recent abstract paintings. Through April 26. (M-13, at 413 E. 9th St. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Frank Stella—1958 paintings. Through May 30. (Gagosian, 521 W. 23rd St., near Eleventh Ave.)

Philip Taaffe—Eight large canvases collaged with silk screens and painted. Through Sunday, April 12. (Hearn, 735 E. 9th St., just west of Avenue D. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Michael Zansky—Semi-abstract landscapes in oil-and-encaustic on wood. Through Saturday, April 11. (Bouckaert, 100 Hudson St.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Ruth Bernhard / Ellen Carey—Gelatin-silver prints of female nudes. / Photographs with paint and collage additions. Through April 19. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.) . . . ¶ The Cerigo Gallery, 202 Avenue A, near 12th St., is also showing work by Miss Carey. Through May 3. (Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Jack Delano—More than thirty prints, from Farm Security Administration work to recent pictures taken in Puerto Rico. Through April 25. (Photofind, 138 Spring St.)

Jan Groover—A retrospective show of eighty photographs is at the Museum of Modern Art. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

Sandra Haber / Louis Faurer—Large-scale color montages of TV images. The viewer will recognize Caspar Weinberger and Max Headroom. / Photographs of street life in Philadelphia and New York a half century ago. Through May 2. (Laurence Miller, 138 Spring St.)

W. Snyder MacNeil—Faces (of the artist's husband and daughter) and hands (of her friends) are the subjects of a series of platinum-palladium prints. Through Thursday, April 16. (Pfeifer, 568 Broadway.)

Lisette Model (1906-83)—Vacationers on the Riviera, windows of New York stores, and other subjects typical of this photographer. Through April 25. (Germans van Eck, 420 West Broadway.)

Barbara Pfeffer—Photographs of Jewish communities in New York, Israel, and Russia and of Mayor Koch, Teddy Kollek, and Isaac Bashevis Singer. Through Saturday, April 11. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Saturdays.)

James Van DerZee (1886-1983)—Photographs of people and life in Harlem from 1908 to 1956, many shown for the first time. Through April 19. (Sharpe, 175 Avenue B, at 11th St. Opens daily, except Mondays, at noon.)

Joel-Peter Witkin / Josef Breitenbach (1896-1984)—Photographs and a single sculpture. / Portraits of Ernst, Brecht, and Joyce, among other prints. Through April 25. (Pace-MacGill, 11 E. 57th St.)

Group Show—Large-format photographs by Nancy Goldring, Sandy Skoglund, David Hockney, Elliot Schwartz, and others. Through April 20. (Baum, 109 Hudson St. Open Mondays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A loan show of forty-eight French Impressionist and Post-Impressionist paintings belonging to the Courtauld Institute of Art, in London. Renoir's "La Loge" and Gauguin's "Te Rerioa" are among them. Through June 21. . . . ¶ A show of paintings by sixteenth- and seventeenth-century artists from the Emilia-Romagna region of Italy—Correggio, Parmigianino, the Carracci brothers. More than half of the two hundred works are on loan from Italian collections and are seen here for the first time. (There is also an exhibit of Emilian drawings and prints of the period from the museum's collections.) Through May 24. . . . ¶ Ancient Chinese bronzes, jades, and other artifacts, the gifts of Ernest Erickson, are on view. Through May 31. . . . ¶ "Dance" is the title of the Costume Institute's show of men's and women's evening dress and accessories. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A retrospective show of works by Paul Klee. Through May 5. . . . ¶ A survey of Roy Lichtenstein's drawings. Through June 2. . . . **photography:** Prints by Jan Groover. Through June 2. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—An exhibit of paintings, drawings, and prints by the Belgian artist Pierre Alechinsky which chronicles his use of sketches in the borders of his works. Mr. Alechinsky has taken this border motif one step further by painting a rising sun around the museum's elevator entrances. (Complementary shows are at the Galerie Maeght Lelong, 20 W. 57th St., and

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

the Isselbacher Gallery, 41 E. 78th St.) . . . ¶ About sixty works that Peggy Guggenheim either showed at her gallery Art of This Century (open from 1942 to 1947) or donated to American museums, in an effort to promote the avant-garde of her time. There are works by Jackson Pollock, David Hare, and Matta that haven't been seen here since the forties. Both shows through May 3. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—The Whitney Biennial, in all its controversy, will open Friday, April 10. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A display of about two hundred works of ancient art donated to the museum by Ernest Erickson, a collector of textiles, ceramics, and metalwork from North and South America and Asia. Through May 18. . . . ¶ Sculptures, drawings, and monotypes by Mary Frank. Through June 7. . . . ¶ Sculptures, paintings, and drawings by Peter Gourfain. Through May 11. (Open daily, except Tuesdays, 10 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—A three-inch-tall frog carved in jet, with turquoise eyes and a turquoise collar, is the centerpiece of a show of two hundred Pueblo artifacts. The frog was found at the turn of the century in a ceremonial chamber of the seven-hundred-room Pueblo Bonito, in Chaco Canyon, New Mexico. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

American Craft Museum, 40 W. 53rd St.—The ABCs of braiding techniques illustrated with traditional fibre, clay, and metal articles from all over the world and with contemporary works by thirty-five artisans. . . . ¶ Glass objects from nine countries. Both shows start Saturday, April 11. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

Asia Society, Park Ave. at 70th St.—A loan show of Buddhist illuminated manuscripts whose decorative motifs and materials are indigenous to the ten Asian countries where the works originated. Starts Thursday, April 9. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 5.)

China Institute, 125 E. 65th St.—An exhibition of Chinese folk art that once decorated the homes of rural Han peasants and had the additional function of protecting their well-being. Bad luck could be warned off with, for example, a red papercut of a figure that is blowing a horn, banging a drum, and, for good measure, balancing a rooster on its head. Papercuts, embroidered garments, fabrics, and woodblocks. Through May 31. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A show devoted to Louis Sullivan (1856-1924), the influential Chicago-school architect and mentor of Frank Lloyd Wright. Drawings, photographs, models, and architectural details from some of his projects. Through June 28. . . . ¶ The accomplishments of a contemporaneous Spanish architect, Antoni Gaudí, seen in the context of the work of his peers in Barcelona, are the focus of an exhibit that includes architectural drawings, furniture, tiles, metalwork, and glass objects. Through June 9. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—The National Academy's annual juried exhibition of paintings, drawings, prints, and sculptures. Prizes went to Robert Andrew Parker, Anne Poor, Gretna Campbell, Herbert Katzman, Charles Cajori, Robert Birmelin, and others. Through April 29. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

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The New Museum, 583 Broadway—Pat Steir has transformed the walls of the museum into a huge personal sketchbook—the sketchbook of an artist who is practicing portraiture. The installation has drawings of eye after eye, ear after ear, mouth after mouth. Through Sunday, April 12. (Open daily except Mondays and Tuesdays. Hours: Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, noon to 6; Fridays, noon to 10; Saturdays, noon to 8.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—A selection of silver collected by Sam Wagstaff, who at his death, earlier this year, was best known for his photography collections. Most of these pieces are late-nineteenth-century American hollowware and flatware. . . . ¶ Contemporary color photographs by Robert Glenn Ketchum of the Hudson River and environs. (The photographs are on the second floor; Hudson River School paintings in the society's collections are on the fourth floor.) (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 144 W. 125th St.—"Harlem Renaissance: Art of Black America," a show of two hundred paintings, sculptures, photographs, and prints, nearly all of them by five pivotal artists of the twenties—Aaron Douglas, William H. Johnson, Palmer Hayden, Meta Vaux Warrick Fuller, and James Van DerZee. (Open daily except Mondays and Tuesdays. Hours: Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

ART AFTER DARK

(Performance, music, dance, video, film, and combinations thereof.)

The Kitchen, 512 W. 19th St. 255-5793—New dances by choreographers Nelson Zayas and Cydney Wilkes, Thursday through Sunday, April 9-12, at 8:30.

P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288—Stephanie Skura and Company (dance), Friday through Sunday, April 10-12, at 9.

Note—John Jesurun's film "Black Maria" runs simultaneously on five screens arranged so that the audience is in the middle of them. (La Mama Annex, 66 E. 4th St. 475-7710. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30, and Sundays at 3 and 7:30. Through April 26.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Alice Tully Hall is 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall and Weill Recital Hall at Carnegie Hall 247-7800; for Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 570-3949; for Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719; and for the 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday, April 8, at 8: "Samson et Dalila," with Alexandrina Milcheva, Jon Vickers, Louis Quilico, Terry Cook, and John Macurdy; conducted by Jean Fournet. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 9, at 8: "Turandot," with Eva Marton, Aprile Millo, Placido Domingo, and John Macurdy; James Levine. . . . ¶ Friday, April 10, at 8: "Dialogues of the Carmelites" (in English), with Maria Ewing, Patricia Craig, Dawn Upshaw, Régine Crespin, and Lucine Amara; Manuel Rosenthal. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 11, at 12:30: "Parsifal," with Tatiana Troyanos, Timothy Jenkins, Simon Estes, and Hans Sotin; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 11, at 8: "La Bohème," with Roberta Alexander, Barbara Daniels, Dennis O'Neill, and Brian Schexnayder; Julius Rudel. (A nonsubscription performance.) . . . ¶ Monday, April 13, at 8: "Samson et Dalila," with Marilyn Horne, Jon Vickers, Louis Quilico, Terry Cook, and John Macurdy; Jean Fournet. . . . ¶ Tuesday, April 14, at 6:30: "Parsifal," with Tatiana Troyanos, Timothy Jenkins, Richard J. Clark, and Hans Sotin; James Levine. . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 15, at 8: "La Bohème," with Roberta Alexander, Barbara Daniels, Dennis O'Neill, and Brian Schexnayder; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 16, at 8: "Dialogues of the Carmelites" (in English), with Maria Ewing, Jessye Norman, Betsy Norden, Régine Crespin, and Lucine Amara; Manuel Rosenthal. . . . ¶ Friday, April 17, at 6:30: "Parsifal," with Tatiana Troyanos, Timothy Jenkins, Simon Estes, and Hans Sotin; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 18, at 2: "Samson et Dalila," with Marilyn Horne, Jon Vickers, Louis Quilico, Terry Cook, and John Macurdy; Jean Fournet. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 18, at 8: "La Bohème," with Roberta Alexander, Barbara Daniels, Vinson Cole, and Brian Schexnayder; Julius Rudel. (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Leonard Bernstein conducting—Thursday, April 9, at 8; Friday, April 10, at 2; and Saturday, April 11, and Tuesday, April 14, at 8: An Ives-Schubert program; no soloists. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 16, at 8; Friday, April 17, at 2; and Saturday, April 18, and Tuesday, April 21, at 8: Mahler's Symphony No. 2, with Barbara Hendricks, soprano; Christa Ludwig, mezzo-soprano; and the Westminster Symphonic Choir.

National Arts Centre Orchestra—Helmuth Rilling directing, with Edith Wiens, soprano; Janice Taylor, contralto; David Gordon, tenor; Andreas Schmidt and William Parker, basses; and the Gächinger Kantorei. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, April 18, at 8: A Haydn-Mozart program. . . . ¶ Sunday, April 19, at 7: Bach's "St. Matthew Passion.")

Manhattan Philharmonia Orchestra—David Gilbert conducting. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, Broadway at 122nd St. Friday, April 10, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

New York Pops—Skitch Henderson conducting, with Robert White, tenor, and members of the Big Apple Chorus. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, April 10, at 8, and Saturday, April 11, at 2.)

Philharmonia Orchestra of Yale—Otto-Werner Mueller conducting an all-Beethoven program, with Claude Frank, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, April 11, at 3.)

New School Concerts—Alexander Schneider conducting his chamber orchestra in an all-Haydn program, with Gianna Rolandi, soprano. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. Sunday, April 12, at 2. For information about tickets, call 741-5689.)

New Jersey Symphony Orchestra—Hugh Wolff conducting, with Leon Fleisher, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, April 15, at 8.)

Indiana University Baroque Orchestra—With Stanley Ritchie, baroque violin; Eva Legêne, recorder; Elisabeth Wright, harpsichord; and Paul Elliott, tenor. This group performs without a conductor. (Merkin Concert Hall. Wednesday, April 15, at 9.)

Mannes College Orchestra—Yakov Kreizberg conducting. (Symphony Space, Broadway at

95th St. Thursday, April 16, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Amor Artis Chorale and Orchestra—Johannes Somary directing—Bach's "St. Matthew Passion," with Ann Monoyios, soprano; Jeffrey Dooley, alto; Thomas Bogdan and William Carney, tenors; and Peter Stewart and William Fleck, basses. (St. Jean Baptiste Church, Lexington Ave. at 76th St. Friday, April 10, at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 772-9408.) . . . ¶ An all-Handel program, including the "St. John Passion," with Mr. Dooley, Mr. Carney, and others. (Church of the Holy Trinity, 316 E. 88th St. Sunday, April 12, at 5. Tickets at the door the day of the concert.)

Masterworks Choral Series—The fourth of seven concerts with Peter Tiboris directing a chorus of some three hundred people. More than eighty university and adult groups are participating in the series. (Avery Fisher Hall. On Sunday, April 12, at 8, Handel's oratorio "Israel in Egypt," with Jean Bystrom, soprano; Marcia Roberts, mezzo-soprano; William Lavonis, tenor; Warren Campbell and Stephan Kirchgraber, basses; and the American Symphony Orchestra.)

"The Spiritual Heritage"—Howard A. Roberts directing the New York première of his suite for chorus and orchestra. With Priscilla Baskerville, soprano; Ann Duquesnay, mezzo-soprano; Simon Estes, bass-baritone; the North Carolina Central University Choir, and the New Harlem Chamber Orchestra. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, April 12, at 8.)

RECITALS

Rudolf Serkin—Piano, in an all-Beethoven program. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, April 8, at 8.)

Itzhak Perlman—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, April 9, at 8.)

Alexis Weissenberg—Piano, in a recital postponed from Oct. 11. (92nd Street Y. Thursday, April 9, at 8.)

Kim Kashkashian—Viola, with James Tocco, piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium. Thursday, April 9, at 8.)

Robert Stallman—Flute, in a program of French music. With assisting artists. (Weill Recital Hall. Friday, April 10, at 8.)

Lockenhaus Festival—The first of two concerts by musicians from Gidon Kremer's Austrian-based festival. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium. Friday, April 10, at 8.)

Vineyardmusik—Playing early English music, on original instruments. (Vineyard Theatre, 309 E. 26th St. 683-0696. Friday, April 10, at 8.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—With Leon Kirchner conducting, among other works, the New York première of his "Music for Twelve." (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, April 10, at 8, and Sunday, April 12, at 5.)

Chamber Music by Brahms—Performed by the Leonard Trio and members of Solisti New York. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Saturday, April 11, at 7:30. No tickets necessary.)

Andres Segovia—Guitar. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, April 11, at 8.)

Yo-Yo Ma and Emanuel Ax—Cello and piano. (92nd Street Y. Saturday, April 11, at 8.)

Guarneri Quartet—With Ida Kavafian, viola, and Laurence Lesser, cello. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium. Saturday, April 11, at 8.)

Downtown Chamber Players—A program that includes a new work by Nicholas Scarim. (Midtown Y, 344 E. 14th St. Saturday, April 11, at 8. For information about tickets, call 477-1594.)

Mieczyslaw Horszowski—Piano. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. Sunday, April 12, at 2. For information about tickets, call 586-4680.)

Christa Ludwig and James Levine—Mezzo-soprano and piano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, April 12, at 3.)

Jane Coop—Piano. (92nd Street Y. Sunday, April 12, at 3.)

David Hollander—Piano. (Weill Recital Hall. Sunday, April 12, at 5:30.)

John Graham—Viola. (Mannes College of Music, 150 W. 85th St. Sunday, April 12, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Akiko Uenami—Soprano. (Weill Recital Hall. Tuesday, April 14, at 8.)

Joseph Smith—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, April 15, at 8.)

Aulos Ensemble—With Jaap Schröder, baroque violin. (Rutgers Church, 236 W. 73rd St. Wednesday, April 15, at 8. For information about tickets, call 567-2069.)

Berenice Lipson-Gruzen—Piano. (Merkin Concert Hall. Thursday, April 16, at 8.)

Isaac Stern, Jaime Laredo, Cho-Liang Lin, Michael Tree, Yo-Yo Ma, and Matt Haimovitz—Performing the two Brahms sextets. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, April 16, at 8.)

Juilliard String Quartet—A performance of Haydn's "Seven Last Words of Christ," with Benita Valente, soprano; Jan DeGaetani, mezzo-soprano; Jerry Hadley, tenor; and Thomas Paul, bass. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, April 17, at 8.)

Sylvan Wind Quintet—With Kenneth Cooper, piano. (Weill Recital Hall. Friday, April 17, at 8.)

Pamela Resch—Piano. (Weill Recital Hall. Saturday, April 18, at 2.)

Spoleto Festival Chamber Music at BAM—The sixth in a seven-concert series will be performed by a six-member ensemble that includes Kenneth Cooper and Wendy Young, harpsichord. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4100. Saturday, April 18, at 8.)

Tomoko Shibata—Soprano. (Merkin Concert Hall. Saturday, April 18, at 9.)

Note—The Alexander String Quartet will give a recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, April 26, at 5. Free tickets, limited to two per applicant, will be issued in the order that written applications are received on Monday, April 13 (not before). A self-addressed, stamped envelope should be enclosed.

MISCELLANY

Cambridge Buskers—Michael Copley, flute/recorder, and David Adam Gillespie (Dag) Ingraham, accordion, an English duo who play wittily abbreviated arrangements of classical works. (Weill Recital Hall. Saturday, April 11, at 8:30.)

Benefit Tribute to Carol Brice—Among those appearing to honor the late contralto will be Barbara Hendricks, Cleo Laine, Cab Calloway, and Leona Mitchell. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, April 14, at 8.)

SPORTS

(The ticket-information number for Madison Square Garden is 564-4400, for the Meadowlands 1-201 935-3900, for Shea Stadium 1-718 507-8499, and for Yankee Stadium 293-6000.)

Baseball—**mets** at Shea Stadium: Vs. Pittsburgh, Thursday, April 9, at 1:35. . . . ¶ Atlanta, Friday, April 10, at 7:35; Saturday, April 11, at 1:20; and Sunday, April 12, at 1:35. . . . **yankees** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Cleveland (first American League games here), Monday, April 13, at 1:00, and Tuesday and Wednesday, April 14-15, at 7:30.

Basketball—At **byrne meadowlands arena:** Nets vs. Washington Bullets, Wednesday, April 8, at 7:30; Boston Celtics, Friday, April 10, at 7:30; Atlanta Hawks, Sunday, April 12, at 1; and Indiana Pacers, Saturday, April 18, at 7:30. . . . **madison square garden:** Knicks vs. Milwaukee Bucks, Friday, April 10, at 8:30; Detroit Pistons, Monday, April 13, at 8:30; and Washington Bullets, Friday, April 17, at 8:30.

Racing—At Aqueduct: Daily, except Sunday, April 12, at 1; through Monday, May 4.

Trotting—At **yonkers raceway:** Nightly, except Sunday, April 12, at 8; through Sunday, May 3. . . . **meadowlands:** Weeknights at 7:30; through Saturday, Aug. 15.

ET ALIA

Poetry and Prose Readings—Stephen Lang, Diane Venora, John Rubinstein, and Cynthia Harris reading from the short stories of Robert Olmstead, Stephanie Vaughn, Andre Dubus, and Joy Williams. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Wednesday, April 15, at 6:30.) . . . ¶ Walker Percy reading from his own fiction. (Books & Co., 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St. Wednesday, April 15, at 7:30. No tickets necessary; seating on a first-come, first-served basis.) . . . ¶ John Fox, Susan Minot, and Mona Simpson reading from their own fiction; and Henri Cole, Katha Pollitt, and Nancy Schoenberger reading from their own poetry. (West Side Y, 5 W. 63rd St. 787-6557. Thursday, April 16, at 8.)

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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 19.

EAST SIDE

Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
Through April 9: At 6, "Mother Küsters Goes to Heaven" (1975; directed by Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Brigitte Mira; at 8, "Women" (1978; Márta Mészáros; in Hungarian), with Marina Vlady and Lili Monori; and, at 10, "A Geisha" (1953; Kenji Mizoguchi; in Japanese).
April 10: At 6, "Lancelot of the Lake" (1975; Robert Bresson; in French), with Luc Simon; at 8, "Violette" (1978; Claude Chabrol; in French), with Isabelle Huppert, Stêphane Audran, and Jean Carmet; and, at 10:15, "Loulou" (1980; Maurice Pialat; in French), with Isabelle Huppert, Gérard Depardieu, and Guy Marchand.
April 11-12: At 4, "Walkover" (†); at 6, "Lancelot of the Lake;" at 8, "Violette;" and, at 10:15, "Loulou."
April 14-16: At 6, "In the Name of the Father" (1971; Marco Bellocchio; in Italian); at 8, "The Connection" (1961; Shirley Clarke), with Warren Finnerty, Carl Lee, and Roscoe Lee Browne; and, at 10, "Perceval" (1978; Eric Rohmer; in French).
From April 17: At 6, "Pickpocket" (1958; Robert Bresson; in French); at 8, "The Merchant of Four Seasons" (1971; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Hans Hirschmuller; and, at 10, "Jonah Who Will Be 25 in the Year 2000" (1976; Alain Tanner; in French), with Jean-Luc Bideau.

Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)
Theatre 1: "Angel Heart" (†).
Theatre 2: "Lethal Weapon" (Richard Donner), with Mel Gibson and Danny Glover.
Theatre 3: Through April 9: "Lethal Weapon." From April 10: "Police Academy 4: Citizens on Patrol" (Jim Drake), with Steve Guttenberg.

New Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"Blind Date" (Blake Edwards), with Bruce Willis and Kim Basinger.

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Raising Arizona" (Joel Coen), with Nicolas Cage and Holly Hunter.

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: Through April 9: "Some Kind of Wonderful" (Howard Deutch), with Eric Stoltz, Mary Stuart Masterson, Craig Sheffer, and Lea Thompson. From April 10: "The Secret of My Success" (Herbert Ross), with Michael J. Fox and Helen Slater.
Theatre 2: "Radio Days" (†).
Theatre 3: "Platoon" (†).

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through April 16: "Tin Men" (†).
From April 17: "Project X" (Jonathan Kaplan), with Matthew Broderick.

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through April 9: "Blue Velvet" (†).
From April 10: (Matinées only) "The Aristocats" (1970), a full-length Walt Disney animated film; and (evenings only) "Blue Velvet" (†).

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"Police Academy 4: Citizens on Patrol" (Jim Drake), with Steve Guttenberg.

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
Through April 9: "Heat" (R. M. Richards), with Burt Reynolds.
From April 10: To be announced.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Children of a Lesser God" (Randa Haines), with William Hurt and Marlee Matlin.

Manhattan 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "Burglar" (Hugh Wilson), with Whoopi Goldberg.
Theatre 2: "Lethal Weapon" (Richard Donner), with Mel Gibson and Danny Glover.

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "Outrageous Fortune" (†).
Theatre 2: Through April 9: "The Hanoi Hilton" (Lionel Chetwynd), with Michael Moriarty. From April 10: "Three for the Road" (B. W. L. Norton), with Charlie Sheen, Alan Ruck, and Kerri Green.

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"The Assault" (Fons Rademakers; in Dutch).

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: Through April 9: "Man Facing Southeast" (Eliseo Subiela; an Argentine film, in Spanish). From April 10: "Gothic" (Ken Russell).
Theatre 2: "Tin Men" (†).

Gemini 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: Through April 9: "Street Smart" (Jerry Schatzberg), with Christopher Reeve. From April 10: "The Secret of My Success" (Herbert Ross), with Michael J. Fox and Helen Slater.
Theatre 2: "Blind Date" (Blake Edwards), with Bruce Willis and Kim Basinger.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Raising Arizona" (Joel Coen), with Nicolas Cage and Holly Hunter.

Loews New York Twin, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "Radio Days" (†).
Theatre 2: "Platoon" (†).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
Through April 9: "The Good Father" (†).
From April 10 (tentative): "A Room with a View" (†).

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
Through April 9: "Angel Heart" (†).
From April 10: "Making Mr. Right" (Susan Seidelman), with John Malkovich and Ann Magnuson.

U.A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Police Academy 4: Citizens on Patrol" (Jim Drake), with Steve Guttenberg.

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "Lethal Weapon" (Richard Donner), with Mel Gibson and Danny Glover.
Theatre 2: "Burglar" (Hugh Wilson), with Whoopi Goldberg.

Loews Orpheum 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "The Night Stalker" (Max Kleven), with Charles Napier.
Theatre 2: Through April 9: "A Nightmare on Elm Street, Part 3: Dream Warriors" (Chuck Russell). From April 10: "The Secret of My Success" (Herbert Ross), with Michael J. Fox and Helen Slater.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through April 16: "The Color of Money" (†).
From April 17: "Project X" (Jonathan Kaplan), with Matthew Broderick.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum 1 and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: Through April 14: "The Only Son" (1936; directed by Yasujiro Ozu; in Japanese); and "I Lived, but . . ." (1983; Kazuo Inoue; in Japanese), a documentary about Ozu. From April 15: "Karen Blixen" (1953; Nic. Lichtenberg; in Dutch), a short interview with Blixen; "Samuel Beckett: Silence to Silence" (1984; Sean O Mordha), a documentary; and "William Carlos Williams" (1986; Richard P. Rogers), a documentary.
Theatre 2: See listings under "Revival Houses."

Bleecker St. Cinema 1 and 2, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Theatre 1: "Working Girls" (Lizzie Borden).
Theatre 2: Through April 16: "Animation Celebration," a film comprising twenty-two films from seven countries. From April 17: "The Festival of Claymation," a full-length film of animated short features by Will Vinton.

Waverly 1 and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Raising Arizona" (Joel Coen), with Nicolas Cage and Holly Hunter.
Theatre 2: "Tin Men" (†).

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through April 9: "Police Academy 4: Citizens on Patrol" (Jim Drake), with Steve Guttenberg.
From April 10: "Some Kind of Wonderful" (Howard Deutch), with Eric Stoltz, Mary Stuart Masterson, Craig Sheffer, and Lea Thompson.

R.K.O. Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "84 Charing Cross Road" (David Jones), with Anne Bancroft and Anthony Hopkins.
Theatre 2: Through April 9: "Burglar" (Hugh Wilson), with Whoopi Goldberg. From April 10: "The Assault" (Fons Rademakers; in Dutch).

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Mona Lisa" (†).
Theatre 2: "Hollywood Shuffle" (Robert Townsend), with Townsend.
Theatre 3: "A Room with a View" (†).
Theatre 4: "Children of a Lesser God" (Randa Haines), with William Hurt and Marlee Matlin.

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: Through April 9: "Outrageous Fortune" (†). From April 10: "Making Mr. Right" (Susan Seidelman), with John Malkovich and Ann Magnuson.
Theatre 2: Through April 9: "Black Widow" (1987 †). April 10-16: "Three for the Road" (B. W. L. Norton), with Charlie Sheen, Alan Ruck, and Kerri Green. From April 17: "Project X" (Jonathan Kaplan), with Matthew Broderick.
Theatre 3: Through April 9: "Hoosiers" (David Anspaugh), with Gene Hackman, Barbara Hershey, and Dennis Hopper. From April 10: (Matinées only) "The Aristocats" (1970), a full-length Walt Disney animated film; and (evenings only) "Outrageous Fortune" (†).

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
Through April 9: A program of new films from Spain.
From April 10: "The Aristocats" (1970), a full-length Walt Disney animated film.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
Through April 9: Theatre closed.
From April 10: "Three for the Road" (B. W. L. Norton), with Charlie Sheen, Alan Ruck, and Kerri Green.

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Working Girls" (Lizzie Borden).

New Carnegie, 225 W. 57th. (582-4582)
Through April 16: "Radio Days" (†). No performances Tuesday, April 14.
From April 17: "Heaven" (Diane Keaton).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Kangaroo" (Tim Burstall), with Colin Friels and Judy Davis.

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
Through April 9: "Captive" (Paul Mayersberg), with Oliver Reed and Irina Brook.
From April 10: To be announced.

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
Through April 9: "Some Kind of Wonderful"

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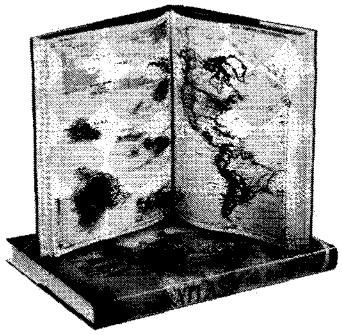

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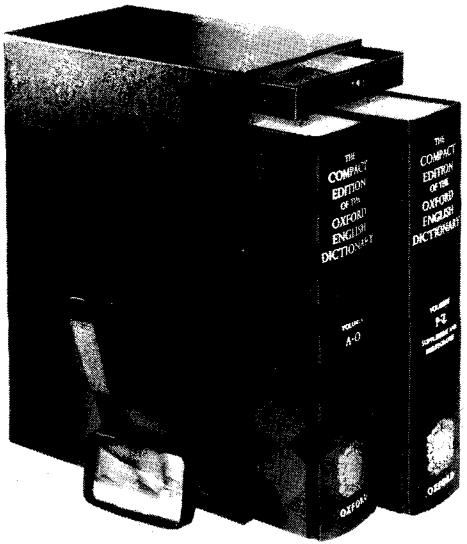

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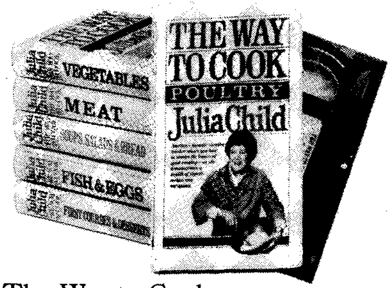

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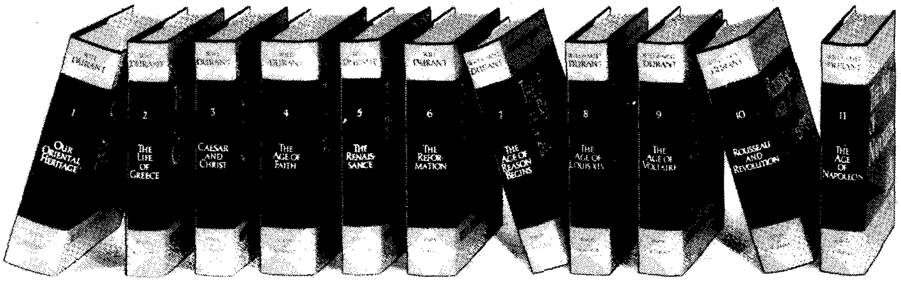

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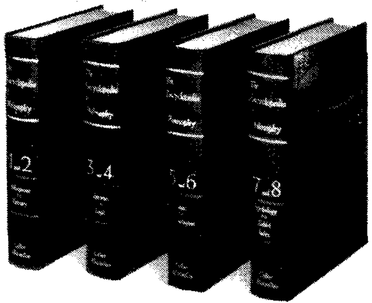

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(Howard Deutch), with Eric Stoltz, Mary Stuart Masterson, Craig Sheffer, and Lea Thompson.
From April 10: "Making Mr. Right" (Susan Seidelman), with John Malkovich and Ann Magnuson.

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: Through April 16: "Scene of the Crime" (André Téchiné; in French), with Catherine Deneuve. From April 17: "Prick Up Your Ears" (Stephen Frears).
Theatre 2: "Sorekara" (Yoshimitsu Morita; in Japanese).
Theatre 3: Through April 16: "Thérèse" (†). From April 17: "Prick Up Your Ears."

Cinema Studio 1 and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Law of Desire" (Pedro Almodóvar; in Spanish).
Theatre 2: "Swimming to Cambodia" (†).

Embassy 72nd St. 1 and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "Raising Arizona" (Joel Coen), with Nicolas Cage and Holly Hunter.
Theatre 2: "Outrageous Fortune" (†).

Loews 84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: "Tin Men" (†).
Theatre 2: "Angel Heart" (†).
Theatre 3: "Police Academy 4: Citizens on Patrol" (Jim Drake), with Steve Guttenberg.
Theatre 4: "Lethal Weapon" (Richard Donner), with Mel Gibson and Danny Glover.
Theatre 5: "Platoon" (†).
Theatre 6: "Blind Date" (Blake Edwards), with Bruce Willis and Kim Basinger.

Metro Cinema 1 and 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Theatre 1: "Hollywood Shuffle" (Robert Townsend), with Townsend.
Theatre 2: Through April 16: "Radio Days" (†). From April 17: "The Festival of Claymation," a full-length film of animated short features by Will Vinton.

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: Through April 9: "The Color of Money" (†). From April 10: "The Secret of My Success" (Herbert Ross), with Michael J. Fox and Helen Slater.
Theatre 2: "Children of a Lesser God" (Randa Haines), with William Hurt and Marlee Matlin.
Theatre 3: "Outrageous Fortune" (†).
Theatre 4: Through April 9: "Hannah and Her Sisters" (†). From April 10: "The Aristocats" (1970), a full-length Walt Disney animated film.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "Angel Heart" (†).
Theatre 2: Through April 9: "Black Widow" (1987 †). From April 10: "Some Kind of Wonderful" (directed by Howard Deutch), with Eric Stoltz, Mary Stuart Masterson, Craig Sheffer, and Lea Thompson.
Theatre 3: "Lethal Weapon" (Richard Donner), with Mel Gibson and Danny Glover.

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Theatre 4: "Angel Heart" (†).
Theatre 5: "Police Academy 4: Citizens on Patrol" (Jim Drake), with Steve Guttenberg.
Theatre 6: Through April 9: "Witchboard" (Kevin S. Tenney). From April 10: "Evil Dead 2: Dead by Dawn" (Sam Raimi).

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"Tin Men" (†).

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, Seventh Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "A Nightmare on Elm Street, Part 3: Dream Warriors" (Chuck Russell).
Theatre 3: "Hollywood Shuffle" (Robert Townsend), with Townsend.
Theatre 4: "Outrageous Fortune" (†).

Loews Astor Plaza, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)
"Platoon" (†).

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
Through April 9: "Evil Dead 2: Dead by Dawn" (Sam Raimi).
From April 10: "The Secret of My Success" (Herbert Ross), with Michael J. Fox and Helen Slater.

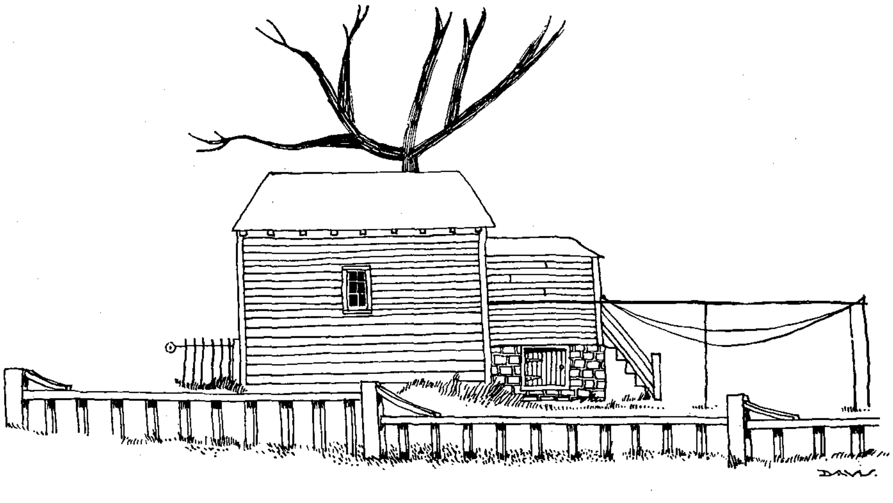
New Embassy 49th Street, 49th St. near Seventh Ave. (757-7003)
Through April 9: "Crocodile Dundee" (Peter Faiman), with Paul Hogan. (No performances Wednesday, April 8.)
From April 10: "The Aristocats" (1970), a *full-length Walt Disney animated film.*

R.K.O. National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "Burglar" (Hugh Wilson), with Whoopi Goldberg.
Theatre 2: "Blind Date" (Blake Edwards), with Bruce Willis and Kim Basinger.

U.A. Twin 1 and 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1635)
Theatre 1: Through April 9: "Return to Horror High" (Bill Froehlich), with Vince Edwards. From April 10: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through April 9: "Street Smart" (Jerry Schatzberg), with Christopher Reeve. From April 10: To be announced.

REVIVAL HOUSES

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through April 9: "The Last Woman" (1976; directed by Marco Ferreri; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Ornella Muti; and "Maîtresse" (1976; Barbet Schroeder; in French), with Bulle Ogier and Gérard Depardieu.
April 10-11: "The Wild One" (1954; Laslo Benedek), with Marlon Brando, Mary Murphy, and Lee Marvin; and "On the Waterfront" (1954; Elia Kazan), with Marlon Brando, Lee J. Cobb, Eva Marie Saint, Karl Malden, and Rod Steiger.
April 12: "The Tin Drum" (1980; Volker Schlöndorff; in German), with David Bennent; and "Coup de Grâce" (1976; Volker Schlöndorff; in German and French), with Margarethe von Trotta and Matthias Habich.
April 13-14: "3 Women" (1977; Robert Altman), with Shelley Duvall, Sissy Spacek, and Janice Rule; and "Images" (†).
April 15-16: "The Gospel According to St. Matthew" (1966; Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian), with a cast of nonprofessionals; and "Accattone!" (1961; Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian).
April 17-18: "The 400 Blows" (1959; François Truffaut; in French), with Jean-Pierre Léaud; and "Jules and Jim" (1962; François Truffaut; in French), with Jeanne Moreau, Oskar Werner, and Henri Serre.



Film Forum 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
April 8: "Carmen Jones" (1954; Otto Preminger), with Harry Belafonte, Pearl Bailey, and Dorothy Dandridge; and "River of No Return" (1954; Otto Preminger), with Robert Mitchum and Marilyn Monroe.
April 9: "Barbarella" (1968; Roger Vadim), with Jane Fonda, John Phillip Law, and David Hemmings; and "Forbidden Planet" (1956; Fred M. Wilcox), with Walter Pidgeon, Anne Francis, and Leslie Nielsen.
April 10-11: "The Hustler" (1961; Robert Rossen), with Paul Newman, Jackie Gleason, Piper Laurie, Myron McCormick, and George C. Scott; and "Hud" (1963; Martin Ritt), with Paul Newman, Melvyn Douglas, Patricia Neal, and Brandon deWilde.
April 12-13: "Lust for Life" (1956; Vincente Minnelli), with Kirk Douglas and Anthony Quinn; and "The Mystery of Picasso" (1956; Henri-Georges Clouzot), a documentary.
April 14-15: "Death in Venice" (1971; Luchino Visconti), with Dirk Bogarde and Bjorn Andresen; and "Zabriskie Point" (1970; Michelangelo Antonioni).
April 16: "Forty Guns" (1958; Sam Fuller), with Barbara Stanwyck and Barry Sullivan; and "Ride the High Country" (†).
April 17-18: "Chinatown" (1974; Roman Polanski), with Jack Nicholson, Faye Dunaway, and John Huston; and "The Long Goodbye" (1973; Robert Altman), with Elliott Gould, Nina van Pallandt, Sterling Hayden, and Mark Rydell.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
April 8: "The Cameraman" (1928; Buster Keaton and Edward Sedgwick; a silent film), with Keaton; "Spite Marriage" (1929; Buster Keaton and Edward Sedgwick; a silent film), with Keaton; and "Convict 13" (1922), a Keaton short film.
April 9-11: "Sherlock Jr." (1924; Buster Keaton; a silent film), with Keaton and Kathryn McGuire; "The General" (1926; Buster Keaton and Clyde Bruckman; a silent film), with Keaton, Marian Mack, and Glenn Cavender; and two Keaton short films—"The Playhouse" (1921) and "The High Sign" (1920).
April 12-14: "Annie Hall" (1977; Woody Allen), with Allen and Diane Keaton; and "Stardust Memories" (1980; Woody Allen), with Allen, Charlotte Rampling, Jessica Harper, Marie-Christine Barrault, and Tony Roberts.
April 15-16: "Zelig" (1983; Woody Allen), with Allen and Mia Farrow; and "Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex" (1972; Woody Allen), with Allen.
April 17-18: "Sleeper" (1973) and "Bananas" (1971), both films directed by, and with, Woody Allen.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
April 8: "The Philadelphia Story" (1940; George Cukor), with Katharine Hepburn, James Stewart, Cary Grant, and Ruth Hussey; and "Woman of the Year" (1942; George Stevens), with Spencer Tracy, Katharine Hepburn, Fay Bainter, Reginald Owen, and William Bendix.
April 9: "The Tall T" (1957; Budd Boetticher), with Randolph Scott, Maureen O'Sullivan, and Richard Boone; and "Buchanan Rides Alone" (1959; Budd Boetticher), with Randolph Scott, Craig Stevens, and Barry Kelley.
April 10: 'The Year of Living Dangerously"

(1983; Peter Weir), with Mel Gibson, Sigourney Weaver, and Linda Hunt; and "Bliss" (1986; Ray Lawrence).

April 11: "Some Like It Hot" (1959; Billy Wilder), with Marilyn Monroe, Tony Curtis, and Jack Lemmon; and "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" (1953; Howard Hawks), with Jane Russell and Marilyn Monroe.

April 12: "Jules and Jim" (1962; François Truffaut; in French), with Jeanne Moreau, Oskar Werner, and Henri Serre; and "The 400 Blows" (François Truffaut; in French), with Jean-Pierre Léaud.

April 13: "Yentl" (1983; Barbra Streisand), with Streisand, Mandy Patinkin, and Amy Irving; and "Yiddle with His Fiddle" (1937; Joseph Green; in Yiddish), with Molly Picon.

April 14: "The Ten Commandments" (1956; Cecil B. De Mille), with Charlton Heston and Yul Brynner.

April 15: "The Naked Kiss" (1965; Samuel Fuller), with Constance Towers; and "Shock Corridor" (1963; Samuel Fuller), with Constance Towers, Peter Breck, and James Best.

April 16: "Monty Python's The Meaning of Life" (1983; Terry Jones); and "Life of Brian" (1979; Terry Jones), with Graham Chapman.

April 17-18: "Ménage" (1986; Bertrand Blier; in French), with Gérard Depardieu, Michel Blanc, and Miou-Miou; and "Femmes Fatales" (1976; Bertrand Blier; in French), with Jean-Pierre Marielle, Jean Rochefort, Bernard Blier, and Brigitte Fossey.

Thalia SoHo, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498)

April 8: "Born Yesterday" (1950; George Cukor), with Judy Holliday, William Holden, and Broderick Crawford; and "Educating Rita" (1983; Lewis Gilbert), with Michael Caine and Julie Walters.

April 9: "Hollywood or Bust" (1956; Frank Tashlin), with Dean Martin, Jerry Lewis, Anita Ekberg, and Pat Crowley; and "Rock-a-Bye Baby" (1958; Frank Tashlin), with Jerry Lewis and Marilyn Maxwell.

April 10-11: "Taxi Driver" (1976; Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro, Harvey Keitel, Cybill Shepherd, and Jodie Foster; and "After Hours" (1985; Martin Scorsese), with Griffin Dunne and Rosanna Arquette.

April 12: "Days of Heaven" (1978; Terrence Malick), with Richard Gere, Brooke Adams, Sam Shepard, Linda Manz, and Robert Wilke; and "The Southerner" (1945; Jean Renoir), with Betty Field and Zachary Scott.

April 13: "Cabaret" (1972; Bob Fosse), with Liza Minnelli, Michael York, and Joel Grey; and "All That Jazz" (1979; Bob Fosse), with Roy Scheider, Jessica Lange, Ann Reinking, and Leland Palmer.

April 14: "Open City" (1945; Roberto Rossellini; in Italian), with Anna Magnani, Aldo Fabrizi, and Maria Michi; and "The New Angels" (1965; Ugo Gregoretti; in Italian).

April 15: "Plan 9 for Outer Space" (1956; Edward D. Wood, Jr.), with Bela Lugosi; and "Maniac" (1981; William Lustig), with Joe Spinell and Caroline Munro.

April 16: "Caprice" (1967; Frank Tashlin), with Doris Day and Richard Harris; and "It's Only Money" (1962; Frank Tashlin), with Jerry Lewis, Zachary Scott, and Joan O'Brien.

April 17-18: "Remember My Name" (1979; Alan Rudolph), with Geraldine Chaplin, Anthony Perkins, Berry Berenson, and Moses Gunn; and "Choose Me" (1984; Alan Rudolph), with Keith Carradine, Geneviève Bujold, and Leslie Ann Warren.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

April 8: "Dangerous" (1936; Alfred E. Green), with Bette Davis and Franchot Tone; and "Dancing Lady" (1933; Robert Z. Leonard), with Fred Astaire, Joan Crawford, Franchot Tone, and Clark Gable.

April 9: "Easter Parade" (1948; Charles Walters), with Fred Astaire, Judy Garland, and Peter Lawford; and "Meet Me in St. Louis" (1944; Vincente Minnelli), with Judy Garland, Margaret O'Brien, and Mary Astor.

April 10-11: "The Man Who Knew Too Much" (1934; Alfred Hitchcock), with Leslie Banks, Edna Best, Pierre Fresnay, and Peter Lorre; and "Secret Agent" (1936; Alfred Hitchcock), with John Gielgud, Peter Lorre, Madeleine Carroll, and Robert Young.

April 12: "Macbeth" (1948; Orson Welles), with Welles, Jeanette Nolan, Dan O'Herlihy, and Roddy McDowall; and "Chimes at Midnight" ("Falstaff;" 1967; Orson Welles), with Welles, Jeanne Moreau, John Gielgud, Keith Baxter, and Margaret Rutherford.

April 13: "Boudu Saved from Drowning" (1931; Jean Renoir; in French), with Michel Simon; and "The Lower Depths" (1936; Jean Renoir; in French), with Jean Gabin and Louis Jouvet.

April 14: "Sunny" (1930; William A. Seiter), with Marilyn Miller; and "Folies-Bergère" (1935; Roy Del Ruth), with Maurice Chevalier, Merle Oberon, Ann Sothern, and Eric Blore.

April 15: "Red Dust" (1932; Victor Fleming), with Clark Gable, Jean Harlow, and Mary Astor; and "Libeled Lady" (1936; Jack Conway), with Jean Harlow, William Powell, and Myrna Loy.

April 16: "The Spiders" (1919; Fritz Lang; a German silent film); and "The Last Laugh" (1924; F. W. Murnau; a German silent film), with Emil Jannings.

April 17-18: "Double Indemnity" (1944; Billy Wilder), with Barbara Stanwyck, Fred MacMurray, and Edward G. Robinson; and "Sorry, Wrong Number" (1948; Anatole Litvak), with Barbara Stanwyck and Burt Lancaster.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490; a limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Theatre 1: April 9 at 2:30 and 6: "Meshes of the Afternoon" (1943; directed by Maya Deren), "A Study in Choreography for Camera" (1945; Maya Deren), "The Potted Psalm" (1946; Sidney Peterson and James Broughton), and "Mother's Day" (1948; James Broughton). . . . ¶ April 11 at 2: "A Girl from Hunan" (1986; Xie Fei; in Chinese, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ April 11 at 5: "The Black Cannon Incident" (1985; Huang Jianxin; in Chinese, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ April 12 at 2: "In the Wild Mountains" (1985; Yan Xueshu; in Chinese, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ April 12 at 5: "A Girl from Hunan." . . . ¶ April 13 at 2:30 and 6: A program of 1986 award-winning student films. . . . ¶ April 14 at 2:30 and 6: "Bluebottles" (1928; Ivor Montagu; a silent film), with Elsa Lanchester and Charles Laughton; and "Rembrandt" (1936; Alexander Korda), with Elsa Lanchester, Charles Laughton, and Gertrude Lawrence. . . . ¶ April 16 at 2:30 and 6: "Letter from an Unknown Woman" (1948; Max Ophuls), with Joan Fontaine and Louis Jourdan.

Theatre 2: April 9 at 3 and 6:30; "Scattered Clouds" (1967; Mikio Naruse; in Japanese, with English subtitles), with Yuzo Kayama. . . . ¶ April 10 at 3: "The Whistling Cobblestone" (1971; Gyula Gazdag; in Hungarian, with English subtitles), with Zoltán Paulinyi. . . . ¶ April 10 at 6:30: "Singing on the Treadmill" (1974; Gyula Gazdag; in Hungarian, with English subtitles), with Ewald Schorm. Mr. Gazdag will be present. . . . ¶ April 11 at 2:30: "Package Tour" (1984; Gyula Gazdag; in Hungarian, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ April 11 at 5:30: "The Whistling Cobblestone." . . . ¶ April 12 at 2:30: "Singing on the Treadmill." . . . ¶ April 12 at 5:30: "Package Tour." . . . ¶ April 13 at 6:30: A program of dance films by Elaine Summers, who will be present. . . . ¶ April 16 at 3 and 6:30: "A Weave of Time" (1986; Susan Fanshel), a documentary. . . . ¶ April 17 at 3: "The Banquet" (1981; Gyula Gazdag; in Hungarian, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ April 17 at 6:30: "Lost Illusions" (1982; Gyula Gazdag; in Hungarian, with English subtitles), with Gábor Máté. . . . ¶ April 18 at 2:30: "The Long Distance Runner" (1968; Gyula Gazdag), "Happy New Year" (1974; Gyula Gazdag and Elemér Ragályi), and "Selection" (1970; Gyula Gazdag), all films in Hungarian, with English subtitles. . . . ¶ April 18 at 5:30: "The Resolution" (1972; Gyula Gazdag and Judit Ember; in Hungarian, with English subtitles).

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—A series of programs composed of films and video works made during the past two years. The schedule of performances is complicated; our best advice is to phone the museum for titles, schedules, and ticket information. Closed Mondays.

Japan Society, 333 E. 47th St. (752-3015)—"Japan at War," films made in Japan between 1938 and 1947, shown in Japanese, with English subtitles. April 8 at 7:30: "The Whole Family Works" (1939; Mikio Naruse), with Musei Tokugawa. . . . ¶ April 10 at 7:30: "One Wonderful Sunday" (1947; Akira Kurosawa), with Isao Numazaki. . . . ¶ April 17 at 7:30: "Night in China" (1940; Osamu Fushimizu), with Kazuo Hasegawa.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Angel Heart—There's no way to separate the occult from the incomprehensible in this Alan Parker film set in 1955. Mickey Rourke plays a private eye who is hired by a mysterious client (Robert De Niro) to search for information about a crooner of the prewar era who has disappeared. Rourke searches in the murkiest holes in America—New Orleans is almost as dim as the New York slums. Every place Rourke goes is artfully arranged to be scuzzy, and *he's* scuzzy, although women don't seem to mind. He has a cajoling, intimate manner with Elizabeth Whitcraft as a ready-for-action blonde, with Charlotte Rampling as a sullen psychic, and, especially, with the screen's newest sexpot, Lisa Bonet, as a teen-age Mambo priestess who has a penchant for smearing herself with chicken blood. This is a lavishly sombre piece of hokum—funereal and loony. Parker broods while serving up slit throats, bodies with hearts cut out (and placed nearby for your delectation), a man plunged face down in a vat of scalding gumbo, chickens being drained in voodoo rites, and assorted solemn mutilations. And it all looks fussed over. Parker simply doesn't have the gift of making evil seductive, and he edits like a flasher. With Brownie McGhee, Michael Higgins, and Stocker Fontelieu in the vat. Parker wrote the screenplay, based on William Hjortsberg's "Falling Angel." Cinematography by Michael Seresin; music by Trevor Jones. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/6/87.) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center. . . . ¶ Loews Tower East; through April 9.)

Black Widow—With Debra Winger and Theresa Russell, directed by Bob Rafelson. (2/23/87) (23rd St. West Triplex, and Criterion Center; through April 9.)

Blue Velvet—With Kyle MacLachlan, Isabella Rossellini, Dennis Hopper, and Laura Dern; directed by David Lynch. (9/22/86) (Eastside Cinema. Evenings only starting April 10.)

The Color of Money—With Paul Newman, Tom Cruise, Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio, and Helen Shaver; directed by Martin Scorsese. (11/3/86) (Olympia Quad; through April 9. . . . ¶ 86th St. East; through April 16.)

The Good Father—Directed by Mike Newell, it has the festering gloom and dissatisfied-with-itself hatefulness that seem to be the current English badge of integrity. Anthony Hopkins plays Bill Hooper, who was once a college radical and aspiring writer, and is now a grimy-souled marketing executive with a publishing house. He came of age in the sixties, believing in equal rights for women; he's still pro-feminist but when he thinks of the wife he has left he hears himself muttering "Bloody bitch." (And he has horrible, guilty dreams of murdering his tiny son.) Based on the 1983 novel by Peter Prince, this is an attempt to get at the new complications in the sex wars and perhaps at the whole modern English muddle. There are glimmers of truth in this movie, and it holds you, yet there's no clarity or relief in its truth. Everything seems blue and damp and constricted. If Newell has a goal, it seems to be to leave you with a sense of impacted bleakness. You never see Bill Hooper (or the director) take pleasure in anything. Newell keeps showing you what lice Englishmen are. (Englishwomen seem exempt from the moral pollution—they've been made a shade too tender and decent.) With Jim Broadbent, Fanny Viner, Harriet Walter, and bravura turns by Simon Callow as a beady-eyed little devil of a barrister and Miriam Margolyes as a feminist lawyer up against a reactionary judge. Screenplay by Christopher Hampton. (4/6/87) (68th St. Playhouse; through April 9.)

Hannah and Her Sisters (1986)—With Mia Farrow, Barbara Hershey, Dianne Wiest, and Michael Caine; directed by Woody Allen. (2/24/86) (Olympia Quad; through April 9.)

Images (1972)—Robert Altman's modern variant of the "Caligari" ploy—the world as seen through a mad person's eyes. A classy schizo (Susannah York) duplicates herself, confuses the living with the dead, and can't tell her husband (René Auberjonois) from her lovers (Marcel Bozzuffi, Hugh Millais). Her madness seems to be a matter of tinkling wind chimes, slivers of glass, windows, lenses, mirrors—"images." To be effective, the movie needs to draw us in to identify with her hallucinations, but the cold shine of the surfaces doesn't do it. This is a hollow puzzle movie despite the seductive editing rhythms and the many inventive moments. From a screenplay by Altman, with improvisations; cinematography by Vilmos Zsigmond. (Cinema Village; April 13-14.)

Mona Lisa—With Bob Hoskins, Cathy Tyson, and Michael Caine; directed by Neil Jordan. (6/16/86) (Quad Cinema.)

Outrageous Fortune—Two young New York actresses of contrasting types—Shelley Long is a lofty ditz and Bette Midler is a vulgarian-sexpot Kewpie doll—discover they've been sharing a lover (Peter Coyote). When he disappears, they chase him across the country to the cliffs and mesas of New Mexico, becoming friends along the way. Near the start, there are a few snappers for Midler, and she gets to shoot some wonderful derisive looks at Long. Though the gags aren't fresh, the screenwriter, Leslie Dixon, knows how to construct them. But with Arthur Hiller directing much of the dialogue turns into squawking, and the movie is flattened out and rackety, with Midler doing her damnedest to pump sass and energy into it. Peter Coyote gives a polished and wily performance in the first section, before he gets lost in the noise; also with Robert Prosky, George Carlin, Florence Stanley, John Schuck, Ji-Tu Cumbuka, and Jerry Zaks. (2/23/87) (Baronet, Embassy 72nd St., Olympia Quad, and Embassy. . . . ¶ 23rd St. West Triplex. Evenings only starting April 10.)

Platoon—Vietnam, as seen by the writer-director Oliver Stone, who dropped out of Yale and, feeling, he says, that he needed to be an anonymous common soldier, enlisted and saw action with the 25th Infantry along the Cambodian border. Charlie Sheen plays Chris, the autobiographical figure (who, regrettably, narrates the movie by reading aloud the letters he writes home to his grandmother). Chris finds two authority figures in two sergeants who represent good and evil. Willem Dafoe's Sgt. Elias is a supersensitive hippie pothead, who cares about the men—he's a veteran fighter who's kept his soul. Tom Berenger's Sgt. Barnes is a kickass boozer—a psycho whose scarred, dead-eyed face suggests the spirit of war. There are fine, scary scenes, but there are others where you think, It's a bit much. The movie crowds you; it doesn't give you room to have an honest emotion. And when Chris calmly, deliberately shoots a fellow-soldier, and the murder is presented as an unambiguous, justified execution, you may wonder at the mixture of war elegy and pulp revenge fantasy. With Keith David, Forest Whitaker, and Kevin Dillon. Cinematography by Robert Richardson. (1/12/87) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews New York Twin, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

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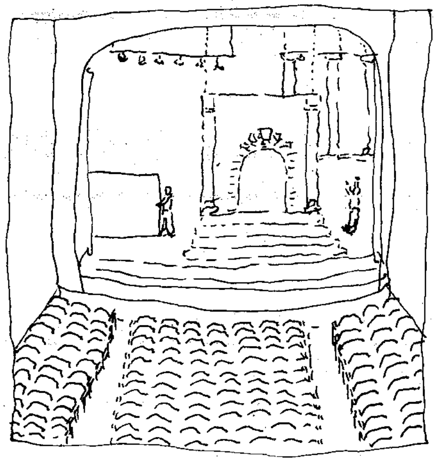
Radio Days—Woody Allen looks back fondly, in a warm, amber-toned reminiscence of what radio meant to him and his family at the start of the Second World War. The actors who make up the eleven-year-old hero's lower-middle-class Jewish family in Rockaway Beach are a wonderful group of comedians—Michael Tucker, Julie Kavner, Josh Mostel, Renee Lippin, Joy Newman, Dianne Wiest—yet they're never up close, at the center of our attention. Allen has reduced everyone to harmlessness. It's pure nostalgia—the past sweetened and trivialized. The mood is soft regret: he treats the old songs (the film incorporates a generous assortment of hits) as a value that we've lost. As he spells it out, the public's memories of the stars of radio become dimmer each year. The question the film asks—its theme—is "Will our fame last?" With Mia Farrow as the one character whom we follow over a period of years, as she rises from cigarette girl to jewel-decked radio star, and Seth Green as the boy, Gina DeAngelis, Danny Aiello, Denise Dummont, Tito Puente, Jeff Daniels, Tony Roberts, Wallace Shawn, and Diane Keaton. The cinematography is by Carlo Di Palma. (3/9/87) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, and Loews New York Twin. . . . ¶ Metro Cinema; through April 16. . . . ¶ New Carnegie; through April 16. No performances Tuesday, April 14.)

Ride the High Country (1962)—A small (and humane) classic by Sam Peckinpah, and perhaps the most simple and traditional and graceful of all modern Westerns. That unpublicized fine actor Joel McCrea plays a former marshal who gets a job transporting gold; he signs up another former lawman, Randolph Scott, to help him. In the film's most astonishing and original sequence, the marriage of an innocent young girl (Mariette Hartley) takes place in a brothel in a mining camp, and the terrified bride realizes that the groom's brothers expect to share her; McCrea and Scott help her escape. In the film's most memorable single image, the old Westerner (McCrea) sinks to the bottom of the frame to die. The cinematography is by Lucien Ballard at his incomparable best. (Film Forum 2; April 16.)

A Room with a View—With Maggie Smith, Denholm Elliott, Helena Bonham-Carter, Julian Sands, and Daniel Day Lewis; directed by James Ivory. (3/24/86) (Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ 68th St. Playhouse; starting April 10, tentative.)

Swimming to Cambodia—Jonathan Demme directed this concert film of Spalding Gray's stage performance; it was shot before live audiences during three consecutive evenings (and one day) in November, 1986, at the Performing Garage, in lower Manhattan. Working on a minimalist basis, with nothing but Gray and his props, Demme uses the lighting and shifts in camera angles and a musical score by Laurie Anderson to virtuoso rhythmic effect. The result is an apotheosis of Gray, who calls himself a "poetic reporter." (He gives you old news as if it were the subject of an investigative report; it's new to him.) Cagey in his use of his naïveté, Gray presents a droll, vaguely stream-of-consciousness report of his life as an actor, and of how he happened to be cast in the small role of an American diplomat in "The Killing Fields." Some of his material (his firsthand observations, his voice mimicry) is legitimately effective. But the high point of his monologue comes when he hears about our secret bombing of Cambodia, and what the Khmer Rouge did to the Cambodian people in 1975, driving them out of the cities and to their deaths. He's incredulous and horrified as he describes the exodus; he's an actor who has discovered strong material, and he builds the tension—his words come faster, his voice gets louder. He thinks like an actor; he doesn't know that heating up his piddling stage act by an account of the Cambodian misery is about the most squalid thing anyone could do. (4/6/87) (Cinema Studio.)

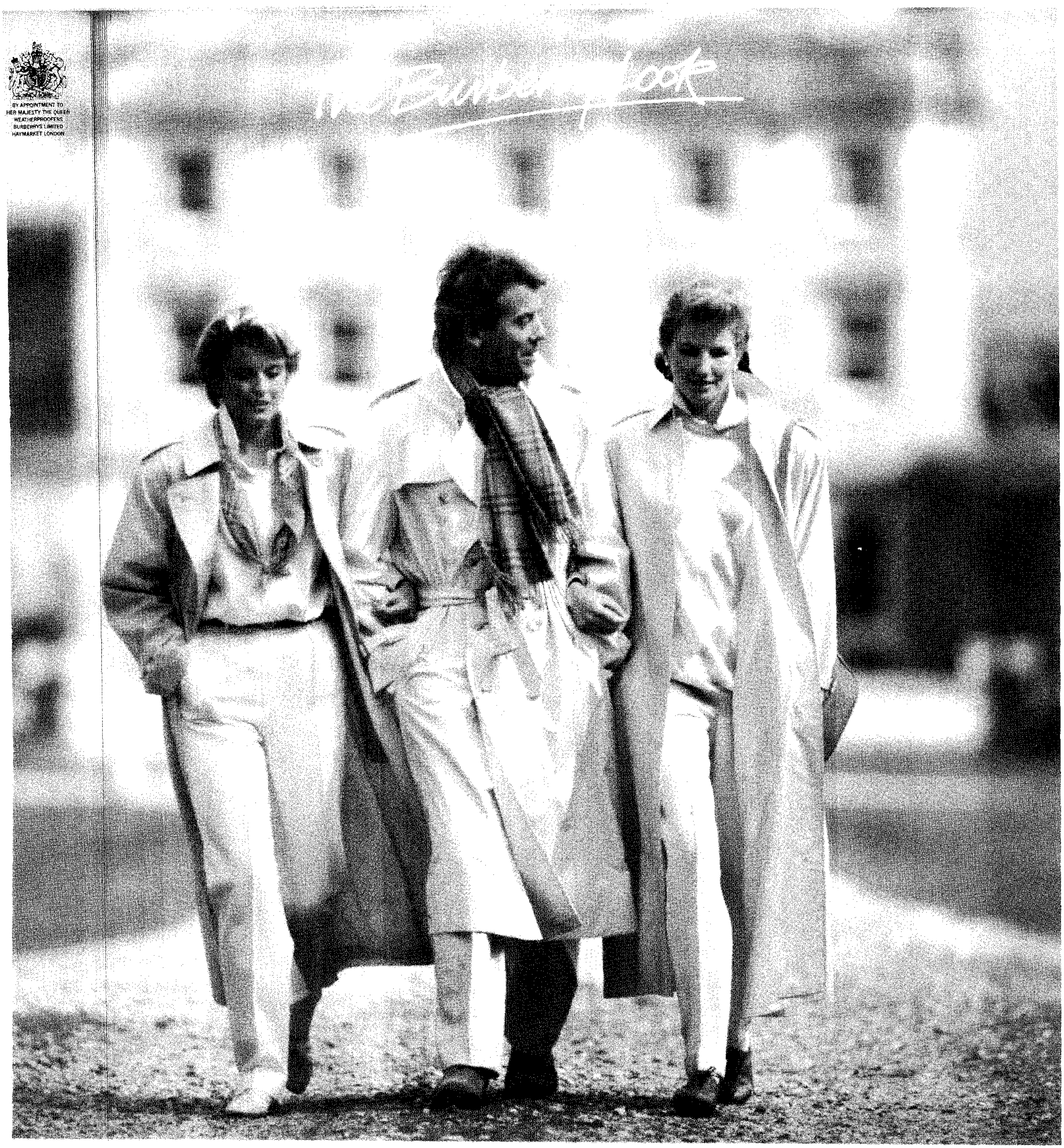


m nacht

Thérèse—Shot in a diorama in a richly austere visual style—the actors appear against a mottled, opaque backdrop—this Alain Cavalier film is undoubtedly a feat of some sort. (But perhaps it's no more than an art curiosity.) It concentrates our attention on the bare, masterly images (lighted by Philippe Rousselot) that come out of the darkness, and on tiny sounds and whispered bits of conversation. The script, by Cavalier and his daughter, Camille de Casabianca, is a minimalist version of the story of the young girl who at fifteen got permission to enter the Carmelite order; she died of tuberculosis in 1897, at twenty-four, and was canonized and became popular as St. Theresa of Lisieux, the Little Flower of Jesus, and the model of the pure woman. (This is at least the fourth French movie she has inspired.) What Cavalier's version gives us is the beaming eagerness of a girl (Catherine Mouchet) who seems born to be a nun. She takes completely literally her marriage to Christ, and burns with love for her bridegroom. But Cavalier's formal, noncommittal style is so measured that after a while the film's austerity may begin to seem as repressive as the cloistered life. In French. (1/26/87) (Lincoln Plaza; through April 16.)

Tin Men—Written and directed by Barry Levinson, this movie about aluminum-siding salesmen in Baltimore in 1963 (the year that the state cracked down on their bunco games) is a middle-aged echo of his 1982 film "Diner." He's making essentially the same point—that guys relate better to guys than they do to girls. His basic theme here is the stunted imaginative life of the businessman who hangs out at the racetrack because he can feel good about himself when he's joking with his business pals. (The men's get-togethers are a form of consciousness-lowering.) The picture centers on a feud between two strutting tin men—Richard Dreyfuss and Danny DeVito—who work for different outfits, and on Dreyfuss's trying to score off DeVito by seducing his wife (Barbara Hershey). The salesmen's scams are entertaining, but their spritzing is too tame, and the action is prolonged with limp, wavering scenes. Levinson wants to be on the humane side of every issue. The best work is done by the supporting players. Dreyfuss's sales team includes John Mahoney as his partner, and Seymour Cassel, Matt Craven, Richard Portnow, Alan Blumenfeld, and Michael Tucker as the boss. DeVito's team includes Jackie Gayle as his partner, and Stanley Brock, Bruno Kirby, and J. T. Walsh as the boss. (4/6/87) (Cinema II, Waverly, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Embassy 1. . . . ¶ 34th St. East; through April 16.)

Walkover (1965)—A Jerzy Skolimowski film, with the director himself playing a young prizefighter. Skolimowksi's ostentatious film technique alienates one from the material; one may admire the film, but it's hard to like. In Polish. (Public Theatre; April 11-12, at 4.)



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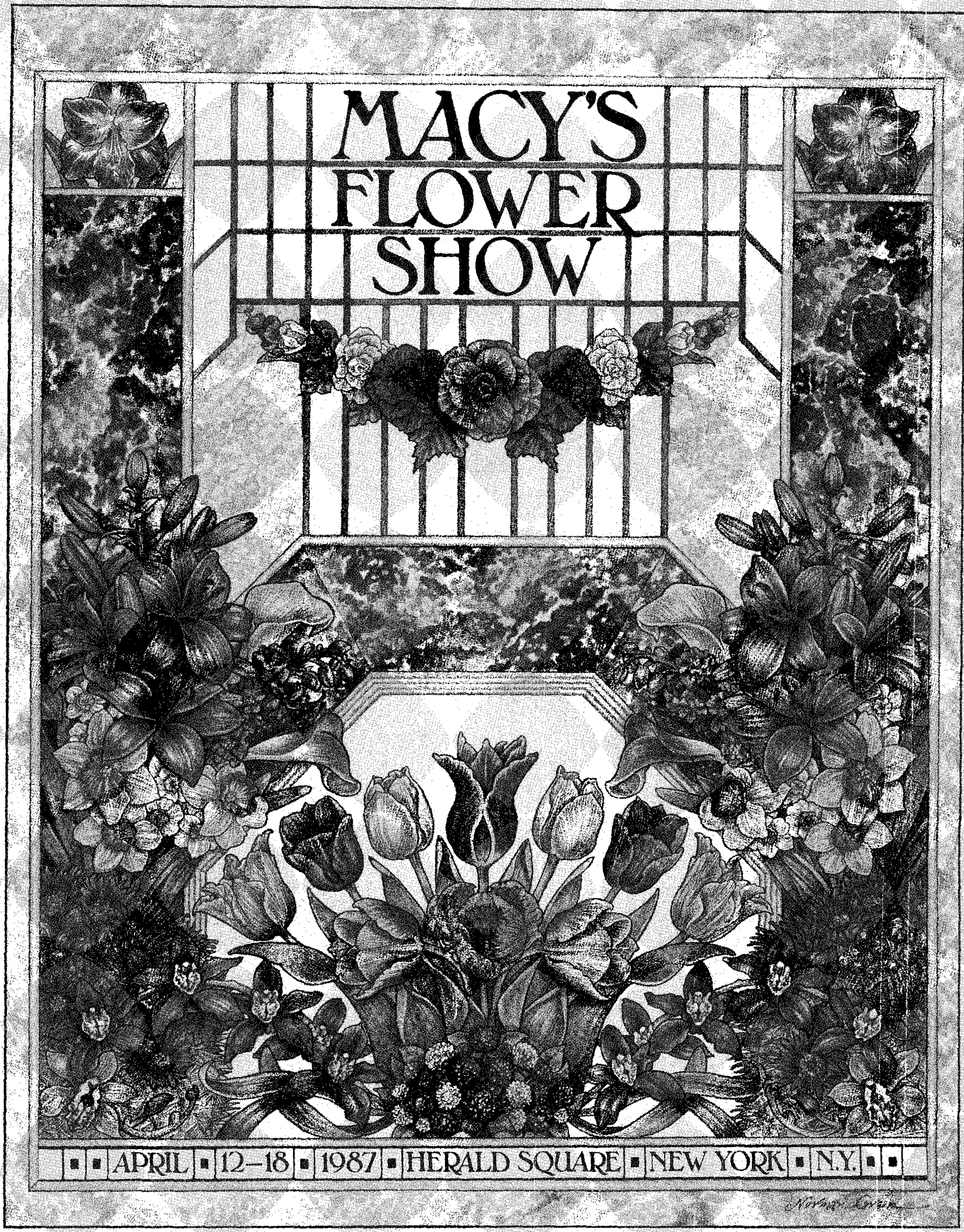
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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

AN American military adviser and at least seventy others died just recently in an early-morning raid by the rebels on the heavily secured military base at El Paraíso, in El Salvador, and briefly the war in that country flared back into public awareness in the United States. The evening newscasts included on-scene reports—according to ABC's Peter Collins, the incident was "a reminder that, after becoming nearly invisible for a while, the war here is far from over"—and the next morning's papers featured front-page accounts. But then, of course, attention subsided, and our awareness once again guttered out.

In such matters, the question of visibility is indeed crucial: what we see—or, rather, what we allow ourselves to see. The war in El Salvador has hardly been invisible—certainly not to anyone living in that sad country, where the fighting, continuing at its usual virulent level, claimed seventeen hundred more lives over the last year. The war has simply been invisible to us. It has failed to retain our attention—or, rather, the attention of those whose job it is to keep us attuned to what is going on in the world.

Clearly, El Salvador doesn't lack intrinsic interest: since the last time our scrutiny was directed at that country, the Salvadoran government has been engaged in the most intensive aerial-bombing campaign in the history of the Western Hemisphere—a campaign financed by the United States. Total American aid to El Salvador in the last several years has exceeded two and a half billion dollars; total military and "security supplemental" aid in fiscal 1986 alone exceeded three hundred million dollars; and all this money has been funnelled to the Salvadoran government with virtually no public debate. We've been paying everything but attention.

How does a supposedly sophisticated body politic allow itself to become so oblivious? To begin with, it seems that we have grown incapable of sustaining public awareness of two similar instances at the same time. If we are focussing on Nicaragua (where our ongoing financial stake has been substantially smaller), we don't seem to be able to attend to El Salvador as well. (Back in the early eighties, when we were concentrating on El Salvador and its death squads, we all but ignored the equally widespread killing of civilians in Guatemala.) But a deeper cause of our lack of attention is revealed in those instances, like this latest one, when we do momentarily sit up and take notice. The reason we so rarely acknowledge the carnage in El Salvador is that it so rarely happens to be American carnage—or, rather, as the Salvadorans would put it, North American carnage.

In his recent news conference, the President characterized the requests he has been making of Congress on behalf of the Nicaraguan Contras as requests for "money—no blood, just money." And the issue has been framed that way for each vote on aid to El Salvador as well. Occasionally—more often with regard to Nicaragua—debate has been joined on the question of whether or not money spent today might lead to blood spent tomorrow: North American blood, that is. In neither case have we admitted that in all these votes money already equals blood. That it may not be our blood in no way diminishes the tragedy—only its visibility to us. And the argument that such bloodletting may be necessary for some higher purpose in no way justifies selective vision—nationally selective vision—when it comes to death. A serious question arises as to whether a nation that cannot sustain an awareness of the consequences of its actions has the right to persist in those actions.

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Pandas

LAST time we encountered Jerome Alan Cohen, the peripatetic New York attorney who practically commutes between Sixth Avenue and China, he was busy raising three million dollars for an international law library at Peking University. We bumped into him again the other day and asked how his fund drive was coming along.

"I'm working on it, but right now there is this panda project," he replied.

"Huh?" we said.

"Ever since Mayor Koch asked me, in 1983, to chair the New York–Beijing Sister-City Committee, he's been relentless in his pursuit of giant pandas for the Bronx Zoo," Mr. Cohen said. "And at any moment now—with, I'm happy to say, some input on my part—the Zoo is going to be welcoming two of them."

We asked him to go on.

"Just as every major country seems to want the bomb, so every major American city seems to want a panda," he said. "New York had pandas from 1938 to 1951—and their cages have just been renovated for the newcomers—but for a long time now the only ones in the United States have been the pair in Washington. People respond to pandas. I've been interested in them for a long time myself. Back in 1963, when it was impossible for Americans to get into China, I thought I had pandas figured out. My wife's uncle was chairman of the board of the St. Louis Zoo, and I got him to authorize me to buy him one. In Hong Kong, I couldn't persuade any Chinese to talk to me, so I tried to approach the government through the head of a German trading company. He took out a manual of Chinese resource organizations, leafed through it, and said, 'They do not have a Giant Panda Department.' So that was that.

"To the Chinese, you know, pandas are an important issue nowadays, since they're an endangered species. With only a thousand or so pandas known to be extant, the Chinese have understandably been reluctant to part with any of them permanently. That didn't faze Ed Koch. You have to give him credit for perseverance. When he was in Beijing in 1980, he talked so much about getting a panda or two that whenever his name cropped up people there who didn't know anything else about him would say, 'Oh, he's the guy who wants the pandas.' When Chen Xitong, the Mayor of Beijing, visited here in 1983, he tried to pacify his New York counterpart with panda dolls and the like. To no avail. The two of them had one rather interesting colloquy, incidentally. Koch was saying how in his last election he'd received seventy-three per cent of the vote—or whatever the exact figure was—and Chen replied, 'That's nothing. I got ninety-nine per cent. In China, it's easy if you have the Communist Party behind you.' I remember the exchange well, because I was their interpreter.

"Anyway, I've been representing Koch in panda negotiations ever since. I began to get hints last year from Beijing city officials that, given the agreement of the national Minister of Rural and Urban Construction and Environmental Protection, they might be willing to consider *lending* New York a couple of pandas, and that's what's finally happening. On January 15th, Mayor Chen sent Mayor Koch a telex confirming a three-month loan. New York will be getting a six-year-old female and an eighteen-month-old male. He's too young to breed, and that's just as well, because the Chinese want to conduct their panda-breeding under controlled conditions at home. I spent part of February in Beijing with my colleague Tom Viall, discussing the arrangements. Transportation was one problem: thirteen hours was too long, all hands agreed, to keep pandas in a plane's luggage compartment. Luckily, CAAC, the Chinese airline, has a 747 with a cabin configuration that can accommodate two pandas and two attendants. A big headache was bamboo for them to eat—the New York City area isn't famous for the quality of its bamboo. I understand, though, that the Zoo has made arrangements to get bamboo elsewhere, and I gather that pandas will also eat other things. If they're from northern China, I bet they'll eat noodles."

Palimpsests

"WHY don't we all reach out to our neighbors and begin to bond as a group?" suggested Hope Cooke, the former Queen of Sikkim, who on a recent Sunday was guiding the first of this year's walking tours sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York. "Would each of you please shake hands with two people in the group you've never met before?" It was a bright day, and walkers had turned out in unexpected numbers at the corner of East Broadway and Rutgers Street for Miss Cooke's début as a tour guide—in such numbers, in fact, that Miss Cooke had to address them through a small microphone. (Her colleague, Professor Michael Wallace, of John Jay College of Criminal Justice, kept the loudspeaker balanced on his head all afternoon, where it resembled one of those tall, geometric bonnets that the Magi sport in Renaissance pictures of the Nativity.) All present took up Miss Cooke's suggestion and pumped hands, like a drill team of politicians.

"You know," Miss Cooke went on as the group started off up East Broadway, "the lower East Side is a kind of palimpsest—a tablet on which one inscription has been covered over, and another inscription written on top of it, but so that one can still see traces of the old inscription." She spoke earnestly, with a charming lilt, which was slightly distorted by the loudspeaker.

An urban palimpsest that Miss Cooke confronted a few minutes later was the old *Daily Forward* building. "Today, this building is a Chinese community center, but at the turn of the century it was the center of the Jewish immigrants' struggle for social justice," she said. "If you walk across the street, you can still see the Yiddish characters for 'Forward' chiselled into the stone at the cornice level. That Chinese restaurant at the corner—the Wing Shing—was once the Garden Cafeteria, where all the Yiddish writers and radicals used to meet and debate. It's said that Trotsky himself used to eat there."

Hope Cooke believes that urban palimpsests should serve as a doorway to social history, so she went on to talk about the *Forward*—in particular, about the "Bintel Brief," the famous advice column that ran in the paper every day until the early nineteen-eighties. "And do you know what one of the major, constantly recurring subjects was in the 'Bintel Brief' at the turn of the century?" she asked, a new urgency in her voice. "It was *desertion*—letters from women in desperate straits after being deserted by their husbands. And, you know, I recall from when I was a single myself that the word about Jewish men was that you can *absolutely trust them*. Nothing can go wrong. But that wasn't so at all when they were poor and frightened. So when someone tells you that the reason black or Hispanic men desert their wives is their race, don't you believe it—just tell people that they shouldn't make such generalizations."

"Elevation," a man in a white windbreaker muttered as she finished. "She's gotta get more elevation." Expansively, he explained that he, too, was a walking-tour guide, for a private company, and that "elevation" is a technical term in the trade; it means raising oneself physically above the group on some kind of makeshift pulpit—as opposed to speaking from street level within the group, the way Miss Cooke had been doing. "I'll stand on anything," he said. "A bench. A hydrant. I'll stand on a *drunk* if I have to."

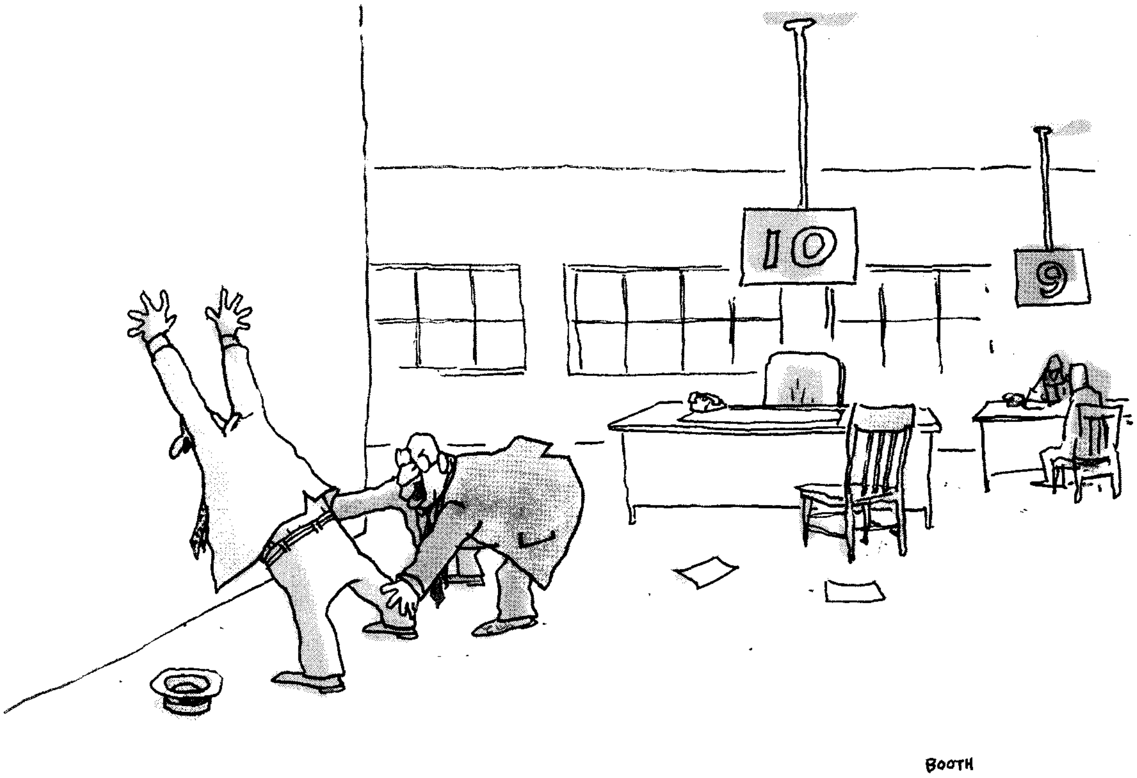
Miss Cooke moved purposefully on to the old All Saints' Free Church, on Henry Street. "Now, this is one of the few churches in New York that were built with slave galleries—it has a high, screened-off balcony, where the slaves were expected to join in the hymn singing," she said. "We're all going to be allowed to climb up into the slave gallery, and as you stand in that small, cramped space perhaps you ought to think about what it must have been like to *be* a slave and be expected to participate in your master's religion."

The group was allowed into the slave gallery in two detachments. While waiting his turn, the man in the white windbreaker seemed exasperated. "If you go to a James Bond movie, they don't say, 'A chase scene is coming,' 'A nude scene is coming.' They just show you the chase, they show you the nude girl. If I'm taking you to the corner where Jack the Ripper killed six women, I don't say, 'Now I'd like to take you to the corner where Jack the Ripper killed six women.' I say, 'Next, I'm going to take you to the site of a *grisly murder*. Please follow me.' But what can you expect when they get these ex-queens of somewhere as guides? That's what not-for-profit will do for you."

Hope Cooke must surely be the only woman once labelled "a Himalayan Marie Antoinette" by a national magazine who has gone on to celebrate New York's history of ethnic radicalism. As everyone knows, after attending Sarah Lawrence she married the Prince of Sikkim, in 1963. In 1965, he became the Chogyal, and they ruled the little Himalayan state together until 1973, when she fled the country after twenty thousand Sikkimese converged in protest on the Chogyal's palace: objecting to Hope's overweening ambition, some news reports suggested at the time; at the cynical instigation of the Indian government, which had designs of its own on Sikkim, other observers claimed. She and the Chogyal were divorced in 1980, and now she shares a house in Brooklyn with Professor Wallace, who is writing a multivolume history of New York, and her daughter Hope Leezum.

One might think that after all this Miss Cooke would be a kind of human palimpsest, but what she gives the impression of being is not so much an inscribed tablet—one set of signs superimposed on another—as a blackboard, restored to freshness after every lesson. She sometimes refers to her stint as a Himalayan potentate as though it were a junior year abroad that had got out of hand. "My interest in New York City history was the flip side of my having been away so long," she says. "When I came back from Asia, I had a severe sense of dislocation. I had worked with the Bank Street College of Education on redesigning Sikkim's school curriculum—too much of the curriculum in Asia depends on rote learning—and so I naturally got in touch with the people at Bank Street again when I came home. With their help, I began to conceptualize a new kind of walking tour—one that used the terrain as a way of understanding the struggles of the people who have lived there." Miss Cooke knows that she has entered a competitive arena. "I have a friend who used to design puppets for Bil Baird, and she always said that the most *ferocious* struggles she'd ever seen were between the marionette people and the hand-held-puppet people. I'm discovering that the same may be true in the walking-tour field."

After a break for lunch, Miss Cooke led the group along Canal Street, past the old Canal silent-picture palace, then, back on Henry, to a block where rows of sailors' boarding houses are decorated with masonry versions of ship figureheads; and, eventually, to the old Church of the Sea and Land, at the corner of Henry and Market Streets. As the tour left the church, she turned to the group and asked it to "notice on your right, as you follow me," and then suddenly caught herself. " 'Notice on your right as you follow me'!" she repeated. "Goodness! I sound just like a tour guide."



"This year, tax reform has radically changed the federal tables and methods for calculating withholding taxes."

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Mr. Personality

WHEN Paul Schimmel does his regular work—he's involved in the printing business—he's just plain Paul Schimmel. When he plays his clarinet during rush hour on the F train, he physically resembles just plain Paul Schimmel, but his inner self has actually metamorphosed into Mr. Personality. The money that Mr. Personality collects from passengers in the subway Paul Schimmel in turn uses to underwrite free concerts in hospitals and nursing homes. Paul Schimmel arranges the concert dates, and then he arranges for Mr. Personality to show up with his clarinet. In the end, the Goodnicks of America—Paul Schimmel happens to be the founder and at the moment the only member of this organization—gets credit for a good deed. Full circle comes the enterprise.

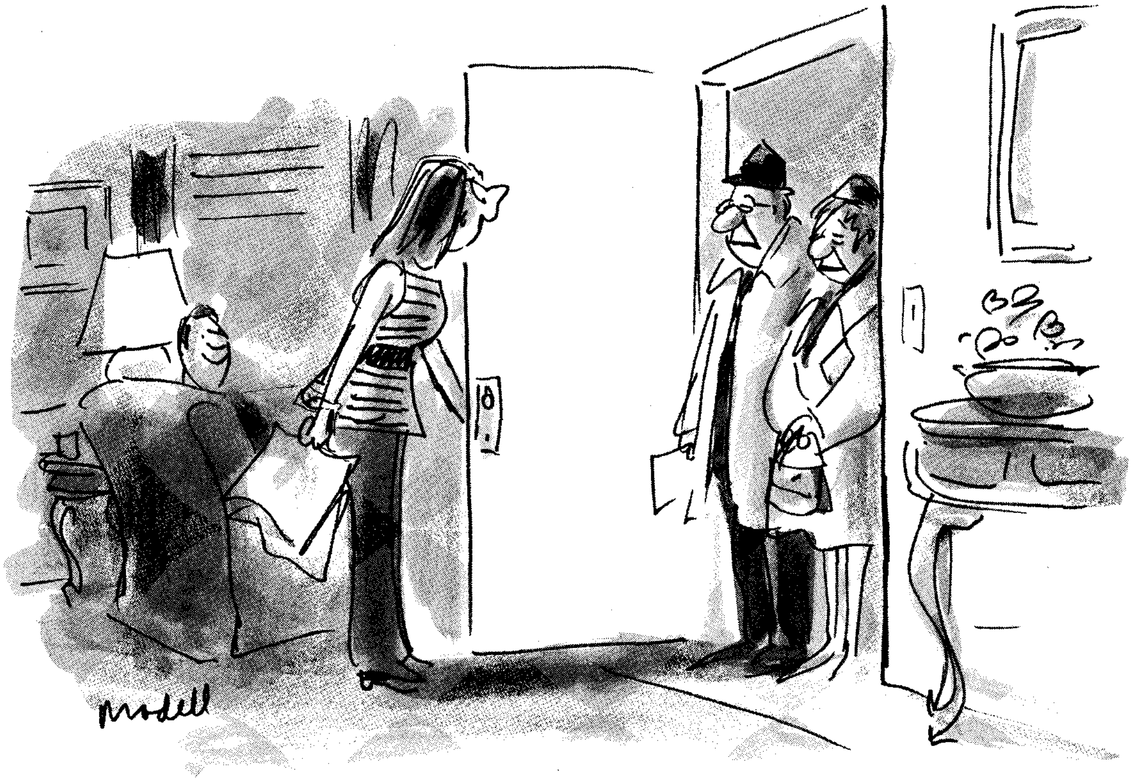
Seven days a week, Paul Schimmel ventures into the subway with his clarinet. In the IND station at Sixth Avenue and Forty-second Street one recent afternoon, he paid his fare with a free pass. Various good deeds and diplomatic gestures across the years have enabled Paul Schimmel to forge friendships with employees of the Transit Authority who evidently believe that he qualifies for a senior citizen's discount. In fact, he is only sixty-three. He was wearing black slacks, a blue blazer, a light-blue shirt, a blue necktie, a black topcoat, a brown leather cap with earflaps, and black shoes with a fresh shine. "For the shoes, today I decided to splurge," he said. He wears eyeglasses with thick lenses and thick black frames, and he has gray hair, a round, jowly face, and the torso of a born Santa Claus. On the downtown platform, he paused. After assembling his clarinet, he left its case open at his feet and spread a hand towel across it. Atop that he rested a straw basket, and then he displayed a plastic-sheathed copy of a letter from Mary Duffy, an employee of the geriatric-psychiatric-services division of Coney Island Hospital. The letter verified that Mr. Personality is a habitual doer of good deeds.

Warming up, Paul Schimmel said, "I can imitate Benny Goodman. Wanna hear?" He played "Let's Dance." "I can imitate all the bandleaders. Let's say Artie Shaw—all right?" He played "Begin the Beguine."

A shuttle train went by on the local tracks, followed a couple of minutes later by an F train. Paul Schimmel has access to a computer inside his brain which goes to work as soon as he enters a subway car, sizing up the audience. A soft, sweet song usually breaks the ice. Aboard the F, he braced himself against a pole and played "The Shadow of Your Smile" and then "Sorrento," each song punctuated by loudspeaker announcements explaining that there was congestion at Thirty-fourth Street and the train would begin moving shortly. Paul Schimmel's idea of a perfect audience is a bunch of jolly young professionals "that appreciate artistic endeavor." When he finished "Sorrento," he said, "I belong to the Goodnicks of America. Our motto is 'Happiness through music.' Ladies and gentlemen, any contributions you make will go to support concerts in nursing homes and hospitals." By the time the train reached Thirty-fourth Street, there was fifty cents in the straw basket, and Paul Schimmel's transformation into Mr. Personality was complete.

Mr. Personality is partial to less-than-full trains—he needs room to maneuver—and to Broadway musicals. When he plays songs from "South Pacific," he interlards them with impersonations of Ezio Pinza, Mary Martin, and Juanita Hall. He does the voice of Carol Channing announcing that Mr. Personality will now play "Hello, Dolly!" Offering a synopsis of "West Side Story," he says that Tony and Maria once planned an assignation aboard the F train.

He worked his way through Tommy Dorsey (a medley, beginning with "I'm Getting Sentimental Over You"), Count Basie ("Stomping at the Woodside"), and Duke Ellington ("Folks, never mind what train you think you got on. This is now the A train"). He has been known to segue from "Take the 'A' Train" to "Chattanooga Choo Choo." His Tommy Dorsey medley is preceded by a set speech: "Ladies and gentlemen, in 1938 Tommy Dorsey came to the Paramount Theatre, a theatre that contained all the juvenile delinquents of that day, who are the grandmothers of today. They attended the shows illegally, because they were truants from New Utrecht High School or someplace. The truant officers would come in and say, 'All you kids, go back to school.' And they'd dance in the aisles and ignore the truant officer. If you don't believe me, ask your grandmother. Tell her Mr. Personality says, 'Ask your grandmother.' "

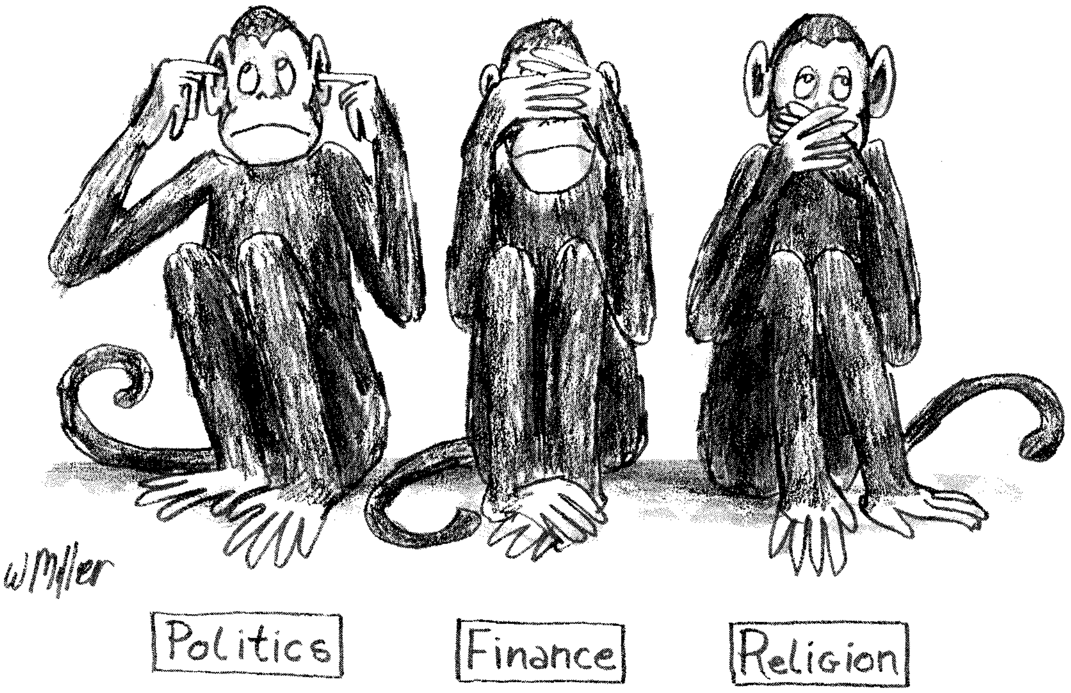


"Here they are. Live from Lincoln Center."

A sanitation worker in green work clothes and an orange cap boarded at Fourteenth Street, accompanied by a brown-haired young woman wearing black leather and carrying a stereo boom box. The sanitation worker said, "Hey, Benny Goodman."

The young woman said, "I played clarinet for two years. Then my lips got tired."

Mr. Personality's musicianship is such that he gets the melodies mostly right. He doesn't necessarily land on every note as precisely as Rodgers and Hammerstein, Billy Strayhorn, or Leonard Bernstein might have preferred. Once in a while, a passenger suggests that



maybe Mr. Personality should consider playing his clarinet on another train or in a large empty space. When this happens, Mr. Personality does what he can to restrain himself.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said as the train rolled out of the West Fourth Street station, "I'm now going to take you on an imaginary trip to Brazil. We're gonna leave on an imaginary airline. I'm the captain of the ship. We're about to land in Rio de Janeiro and we're looking over Copacabana Beach, and there are half-nude Cariocas dancing and swaying and you hear the music, and it's this." He played "Corcovado" and "The Girl from Ipanema," saying when he had finished, "Excuse me. Mariachi dancers and Margaritas are now being served in the bar car. It should only happen, right?"

Approaching East Broadway and Canal, he detoured to Paris by way of "La Vie en Rose." He told two young women to think of him as Charles Boyer or Maurice Chevalier, either one. Under the East River, he played "Gigi." On a good run—say, from midtown Manhattan to downtown Brooklyn—he brings in about ten dollars. At York Street, the first stop in Brooklyn, he usually gets out, because it is possible to cross the platform there and catch a Manhattan-bound train without climbing a stairway. Paul Schimmel knows all the Brooklyn subway stations, because he has lived in Brooklyn most of his life. He learned to play the clarinet as a teen-ager but gave it up at the age of nineteen, when he went into the printing business. Now, as Mr. Personality, he feels that he is carrying out a preordained plan. "There's no question that when I do this I'm fulfilling my destiny," he said. "So I'm a late bloomer is all."

In the summer of 1983, Mr. Personality and his clarinet logged a lot of hours at the Brighton Beach Baths. For two years, he worked at Bonaparte's Restaurant, on Avenue M, in Midwood. "That's where I practiced my craft," he said. "That's where I learned how to banter."

On the F train back to Manhattan, he spotted a Chassidic passenger, and the computer inside his brain told him to play "Bei Mir Bist Du Schön." That somehow led into "Oklahoma!" and on to "Camelot." When the train reached Thirty-fourth Street, he decided to take a rest.

"The body tells me when to cool it down," he said while carrying his paraphernalia up a stairway and a ramp. "But Mr. Personality is coming through today, right? If I feel fatigued or a little stilted, it's no good. It doesn't give Mr. Personality a chance to take over. Mr. Personality has to generate his own fuel. *I* wouldn't know what to say for a whole hour onstage. But *Mr. Personality* does. The key is improvisational ability. I don't know what I'm going to do in the next thirty seconds, you understand. Here you got a guy— *I* don't know Mr. Personality any more than *you* do. He's a third dimension. Follow? It's improvisation and unpredictability that give you the edge. That's the beautiful part of Mr. Personality. You wanna get an ice-cream cone?"

At a refreshment stand near the top of the ramp, he said, "Gimme a custard. Vanilla."

Between bites, he discussed a concert he gave not long ago at a Bronx nursing home, where his mother, who is now ninety-five, resides. Evidently, fifty years ago she discouraged him from pursuing a career in music. The recent concert forced her to reconsider. "Now she says to me, 'O.K., Paul, you wanna play the clarinet, play the clarinet.' "

When the cone was gone, it was time to go back to work. Instinct told Mr. Personality to switch from the Sixth Avenue line to an uptown N train. "I'm a gambler in life," he said. "I'm a great believer in the laws of probability. Do you believe in ghosts? I sort of believe in ghosts. If I go into a subway car and spill all my stuff—unfortunately, it's happened—I have a feeling that some ghost did that to me. It's a very artistic feeling. I don't believe anything happens accidentally. Everything has a destiny, and you have variables. Now, we're gonna take the N train next. O.K., maybe the F train will blow up and I'll think, Gee, how lucky. But it was *meant* to be that way. Anyway, I want to get on the N train because it has a more artistic crowd. It stops at Fifty-ninth Street, near Bloomingdale's."

A possibly artistic woman passenger on the N train read an Edith Wharton novel and ignored Mr. Personality while he played "Sorrento," "Danny Boy," "Glocca Morra," "Cabaret," and some klezmer tunes. A possibly artistic girl in chinos and a denim jacket snapped her chewing gum and smiled at all his jokes. Mr. Personality played snatches of the theme from "The Godfather" and also "Over the Rainbow," "June Is Bustin' Out All Over," "It Might As Well Be Spring," "In the Mood," and "Marie." When he paused after "Marie," a middle-aged woman in a red wool coat looked up at him and said, "Tommy Dorsey! I feel like I'm in my living room."

PLAN 10 FROM ZONE R-3

"IT'S your mother," Dad said on the phone. He wanted me to come home immediately. Was she sick? Had they argued? "All I know," he said, "is that she's not herself."

I drove into New Mustford the next day, for the first time since last Christmas. I smiled—still the same old place, no different from when I was in high school.

Looking back, though, I can see that I was ignoring the warning signals. Old Mr. Mannheim's cornfields were nothing but dirt, with red flags dividing them into squares. And when I pulled into "Friendly Tim's" service station, Tim came out in a three-piece suit. He was carrying a Filofax. Said he didn't sell gasoline anymore.

I drove to 2725 Gesner Avenue. "It's good to see you," Dad said as we hugged. "Your mom's out stocking up on food for your visit."

At that moment, Mother pulled into the driveway. "Am I late?" she asked, opening up a Filofax identical with Tim's. "Yes," she said, studying a page. "I have you pencilled in for two o'clock. I'm sorry, I was held up at the title company. Did you have a look around the place?"

I didn't know how to respond. Mom had never had a job before. Dad winked at me. "I showed her the house," he said to Mom.

Mom opened her book again and took out a pen. She beamed at me. "So you're ready to make an offer."

"For God's sake, Eileen," Dad said. "Let her change her clothes first."

Mom got a look on her face that I'd never seen before. She walked past us, into the house.

"How long has she been like this?" I asked Dad.

"Couple of weeks."

I called after her, "Can I bring in the groceries?"

Mom didn't respond.

"You did go shopping, didn't you?" Dad yelled.

She came to the door. "Of course. I picked up three acres on the west side of town."

The tension between them was too much for me. I walked into town. The beauty of the summer day almost took my mind off what I'd seen at home.

As I was crossing the street, I noticed my best friend from junior high, Denise, stopped at a red light. I waved, and jumped into her car.

"This is quite a surprise," she said. "I don't have you down in my book. However, I do have a few minutes between appointments. Let me show you something."

"Sure." I was taken aback by her coolness. Denise had always been a sweet girl. The last time I saw her she was barely scraping by, selling her own baked goods. She was certainly doing better now. Her Mercedes convertible glided through the streets, and when her hair blew back I saw that she was wearing diamond earrings. She kept one hand on the steering wheel and the other on a lizard-skin Filofax.

"Hey, it's great to see you doing so well!" I said, trying to break the ice.

"Whole town's doing well," she said in that same controlled tone.

She pulled to a stop in front of an ancient shack. "Note the late-Victorian design elements," she said.

As we walked to the front door, a man swung it open and pointed a shotgun at us. "Don't come any closer," he said.

I pulled Denise away, but she shook me off and advanced toward him.

"I mean it—come any closer and I'll shoot," he said.

Denise stepped up to him, removed the gun from his hands, and threw it to the ground. "Please don't take this house away from me!" he cried. "There's no place left I can afford to rent."

"It's your responsibility," she said. "You should have bought the place when the market was soft."

This wasn't Denise. I stifled a scream and ran down the street. I cut through a vacant lot and tripped over a cement foundation. I picked myself up and tried to keep going, but there were arms around me. A voice whispered, "Don't make a sound."

I turned to face him. It was Barry, my first boyfriend. He looked like he hadn't slept for days.

"What's going on?" I asked.

He took my hand and led me to an oak tree. Beneath it was the fully clothed body of a woman. I jumped back. "Is she dead?"

Barry pointed to a kind of umbilical cord attaching her body to one of those books I'd come to fear. "Her thoughts are being transferred onto the pages of this organizer." He kept his voice low, and checked around us. "When she awakens, she won't be able to function without it."

"I don't understand."

He put his hands on my shoulders. "Aliens. They can only do one thing: take space and divide it up. My guess is they ran out of land on their planet and began dividing up the atmosphere. This went on for several light-years, then they bumped into Earth. Now they're continuing the same process here."

The weirdness seemed to be coming at me from all directions. I tore away. I needed to be with someone I could trust.

When I arrived home, my parents were on the porch. Mom was sitting on Dad's lap. Something about this gave me the creeps.

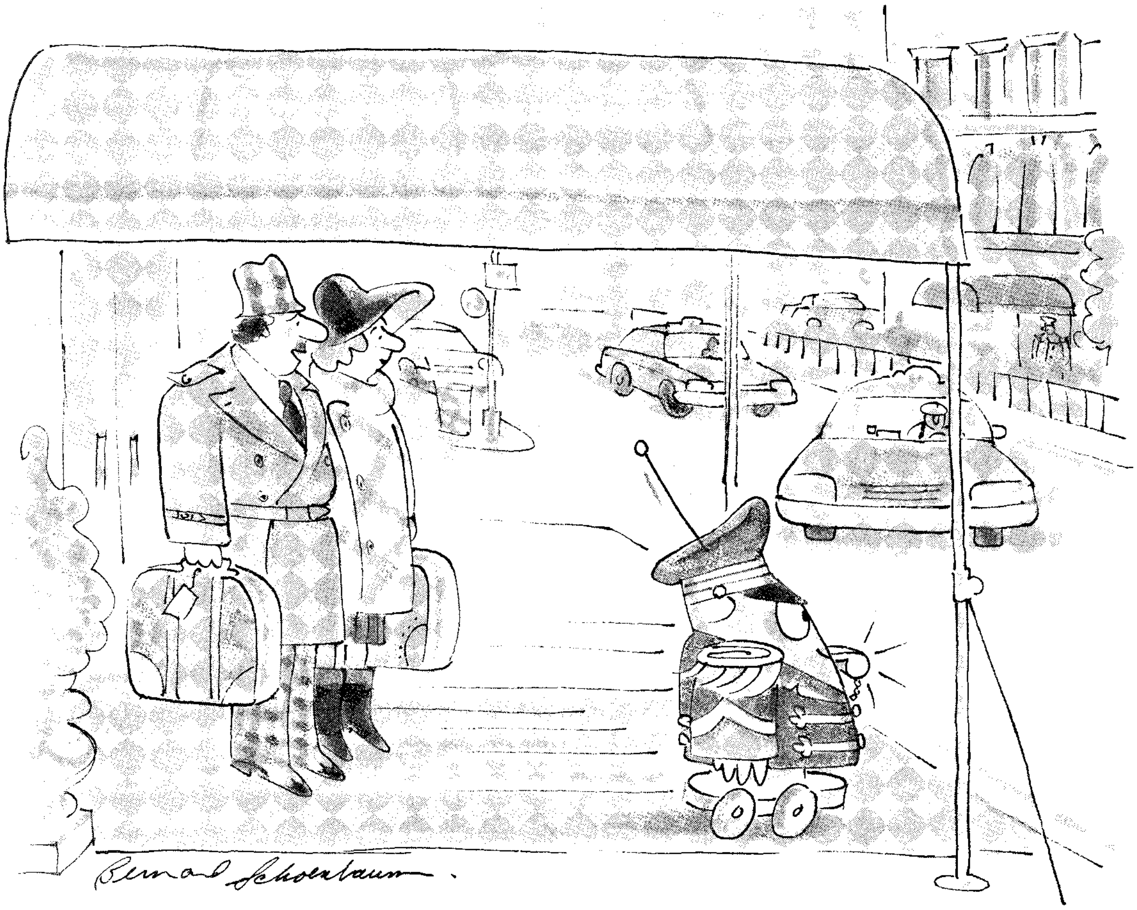
"We've been discussing your future," Dad said. "Your mom is right—you can't go on throwing money away every month on rent. We have just the place for you."

"She's already seen the house," Mom said. "Let's show her the back yard." They each took one of my hands, the way they used to when I was a kid. "Look how big it is!" Mom exclaimed. "And there are no restrictions. Wouldn't you love to look out your living-room window and see your very own mini-mall?"

"Or condo-village," Dad added.

What had they done with Mom and Dad? "No, no—you can't make me buy the family home!" I shrieked. Now I knew Barry was right. I broke away and dashed to my car. I had to warn the rest of the country.

"Operator! Operator!" I was at the pay phone on the corner, and I couldn't get my call to go through. Finally, it was picked up. "The operator is closing a deal right now," a machine said, "but if you leave your name



"Do we tip it?"

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and number at the beep and state what kind of property you're interested in, she'll try to get back to you as soon as possible."

I drove over to Barry's place. He was packing. "We've got to get out of here," he said, throwing the last boxes into his pickup truck. "Jump in."

We headed for the freeway, but there was a roadblock at the entrance. There were hundreds of them. "Make a bid! Make a bid!" they chanted.

Barry swung the truck around. "We've got to check out our financing!" he yelled to them.

"We're going to end up one of them, aren't we?" I cried, pounding the dashboard in frustration.

"I've got one more idea that might work," Barry said. "I've noticed they're attracted to bodies of water." As soon as we pulled back into his driveway, he handed me a shovel. "Start digging," he said.

I don't know how many hours went by while we shovelled earth. We didn't see his landlord until he ran his flashlight over us.

"What do you think you're doing?"

Barry seemed unfazed. "Making an improvement," he said. He'd obviously had a lot more experience with them than I had.

His landlord seemed satisfied, and went back inside. Barry ran a hose into the ditch.

"Should I make a sign saying 'OPEN HOUSE—WATERFRONT PROPERTY'?" I said.

"All we have to do is turn on the faucet and they'll sense the possibilities," Barry said.

He was right. Before the ditch was halfway full, the entire population of the town was there.

"Prime development potential!"

"Sewers in?"

"Does it perc?"

I knew I'd never be able to get their ghoulish voices out of my head as long as I lived. But, thanks to Barry, we had a chance. I kissed him.

"Take your car and head for Bueno Pass," he said. "I'll detain them and join you in thirty minutes."

I WAITED in the hills above town. Seventeen years ago, Barry and I used to cut school, come up here, and smoke grass. I counted the lights in the valley below. Soon there would be hundreds more. Thousands. The area around me began to glow, like the opening of a new shopping center. Was this the dawn of their age? Was this what nighttime on Earth would be like when there wasn't a single inch of darkness left? Had the Mother Ship arrived?

I felt a touch on my neck and turned. Barry was kneeling beside me. Behind him blazed the lights of his pickup truck. I reached to embrace him. We had so many years apart to make up for. I wanted all of him. I ran my fingers down his arm and clutched his hand. That's when I felt it, the Filofax.

"What's wrong?" Barry asked in too level a voice.

I'd backed a good five feet away. "Nothing," I said. Had they gotten him, too? I had to be certain. "God, this area up here would make a terrific suburb of New Mustford. Why don't you walk over there and take a look at the fabulous view sites?"

He took a few steps and then stopped. "You're right. It's going to grow into one of America's great cities. And it will be called Barryburg. No—Barryville."

I was out of there in a cloud of dust and gravel. I drove for hours. Sometime after midnight, I started weaving pretty badly and pulled to the side of the road. I tried to stay awake, but I was entering a dream world of overpowering beauty. People didn't have to work at jobs anymore. They invested in office condos and sat there, waiting for them to appreciate. Parking spaces, seats in stadiums, places in supermarket lines—all were for sale as time-shares. And, instead of fighting, the major powers got together and made lateral land exchanges.

Why had I struggled so hard against this? At last I was going to have a quality life style.

—POLLY FROST

LAUNCHING DAY, 1962

At the Cedar Bar, everyone was talking about a sculptor who was quitting, giving up art. Others had quit, always very quietly, but the way Howard Stricker was going about it was odd and spectacular. He'd been building a boat in his studio, a twenty-five-foot catamaran. He planned to launch it in the East River in a few weeks' time. Then he was going to sail by himself all the way down to Key West. He said he would live on rice and fresh fish. What he was going to do with his life after he reached Key West he never told anyone. People hadn't paid much attention to Howard Stricker before. They didn't exactly admire him now, but they were awed by his craziness. No one believed the boat would float. A bullet would be faster, one painter said.

Tom and I were living then in my tiny apartment on Fifth Street. We'd moved everything but the bed out of the bedroom. Tom was trying to paint in there. A friend of ours said we should definitely look at Howard Stricker's studio, which was at the very end of Chrystie Street just around the corner from the Bowery. He said he'd seen it and it was cheap and big and that Howard Stricker was looking for key money so he could finish his pontoons and leave on schedule. Tom called him one evening and he told us to come down.

Howard Stricker had worked in stone and had stubbornly kept sculpting the human figure as if he lived in some century of his own. He was forty years old and it was said he'd never sold one piece. I don't know whether his work was good or bad, because when he decided to build his boat he'd taken a sledgehammer and a power drill and broken up everything he'd done. He referred to this, when we met him, with a kind of pride. "It took three days," he said, "but of course that was much less time than it took to make them." The broken pieces were all upstairs, so no one who took the studio would have to deal with them. "It seemed better to put them there," he said, "than out on the street."

Above the studio were two empty floors where there'd been a fire thirty years ago. Howard Stricker said, "You can use them for storage, burial purposes. Plenty of room for whatever." He got a flashlight and took us up to see them. The windows were gone, he told us, and that tended to make the whole building cold in the winter. Birds had gotten in up there—pigeons; you could hear them chortling in the dark. When Howard Stricker turned his flashlight on, a couple of them got scared and flapped up to the ceiling. I saw piles of white stones like fragments from some ancient ruin. After we started living in the studio, I never went up to those floors myself, though Tom rummaged around there all the time.

The studio was two enormous rooms as gray as a cellar. You could see that at first Howard Stricker had tried to fix the place up, had even been ambitious. He'd constructed a high platform for a bed and built a big stone fireplace, and there was a wall outside the bathroom made of dull-colored chunks of marble embedded in cement. At some point, though, he'd lost interest. There was an old three-burner stove, and a refrigerator from the forties that hummed loudly above our conversation, and a sink encrusted with whatever he was painting on his pontoons.

We saw them that night—long, slender things. They did have a grace. Tom was quite taken with them. He told Howard Stricker they looked like Brancusi birds. But it worried me that you could see each seam in the wood. I thought they had an awfully homemade look.

Howard Stricker said he'd hoped he'd be through by now but he'd run out of money. He'd been advised to put many coats on the pontoons of some acrylic sealer that was terribly expensive, and he had to buy more wood to make a deck and a small cabin by August. He said he'd seen such boats in the South Pacific when he was in the service, and it was beautiful the way they skimmed the waves; the tension between the pontoons made a perfect balance.

He seemed to like having us there. I had the feeling he never had much company. He drew sketches for Tom of the inner structure of his pontoons and made us some muddy coffee that he poured out of the pot through a strainer. He said he'd invite us to the launching.

Finally Tom asked,

"I do not hate you. You're projecting."

"Well, what would it take to reimburse you for all the improvements here?"

Howard Stricker thought it over, staring at us. "Four hundred dollars," he said. "I could get more, but that would be enough. Rent's seventy dollars a month. No one's supposed to live in this building. The health inspectors will come around and bother you, but don't pay them any attention." He left the room so Tom and I could talk about it.

Tom was tremendously excited. He walked up and down in the front of the studio, trying to measure it off. "There's so much space here, Joanna. Look at the length of those walls. You could paint anything, make something huge. This is our kind of luck, kiddo. Everything from now on is going to happen just like this."

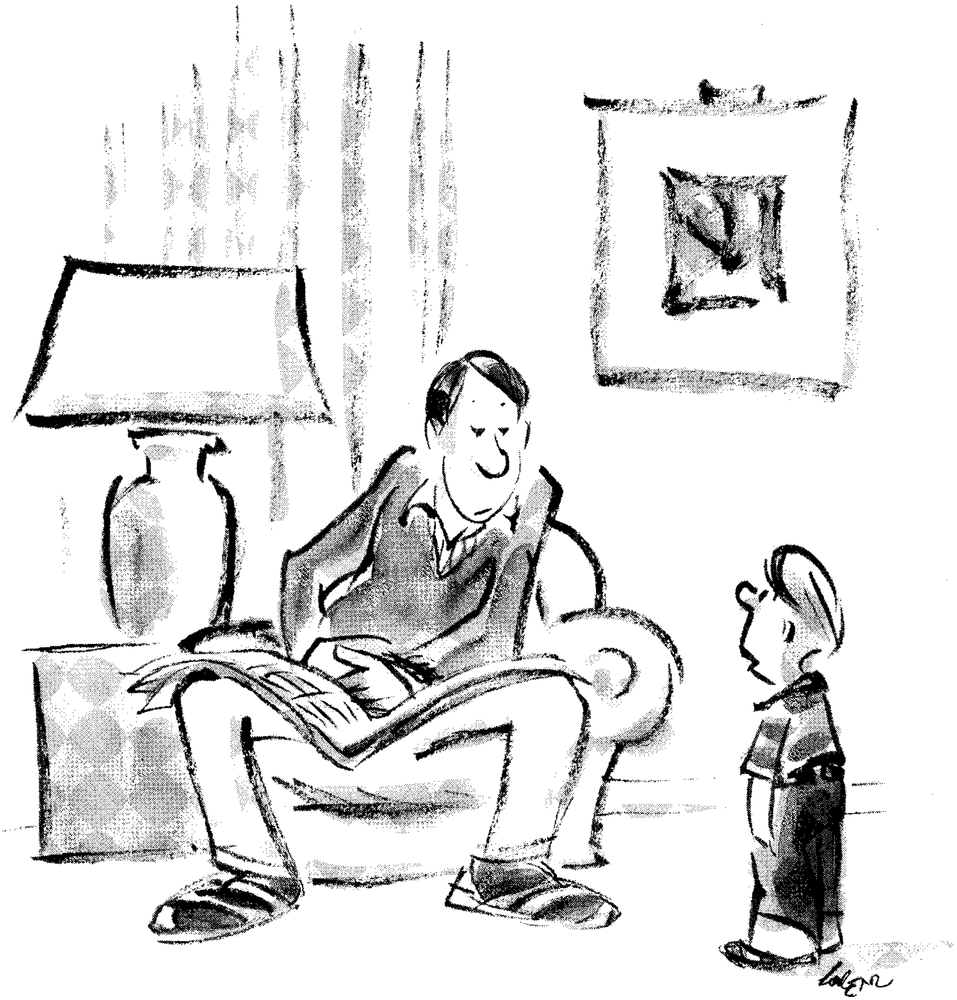
I believed it, too, though I think part of me was skeptical. There was all that grayness. It was almost as if the walls were imbued with Howard Stricker, as if his loneliness and failure had somehow eaten their way inside them. But I believed in our luck.

I HAD a dream one night after that in which I saw Howard Stricker's catamaran floating quite nicely on a deep-green sea as still and flat as a lake. It was sort of like an oversize sled with its deck high up on runners. People sat on the deck calmly drinking coffee. Then the sea boiled up into enormous waves. The boat was thrown about, tipped over onto its side. All the people on the deck spilled off like toy figurines and I found myself with them in the terrible water.

Tom said what I'd seen in my dream was what sailors called white water. He'd run into it himself on a minesweeper in the Ligurian Sea. "It was like being trapped in a tin can with the hand of God shaking it. There were times you'd get real religious out there. That was only the beginning of the trouble we had. About a week later we hit a mine. That was what we were out there for, that was the deal. A thing like that could happen any minute."

"What happened to the ship?" I asked.

He was silent for a moment. "Oh, the sweeper went down. For a while everything burned. You'd never think water could burn, would you? I had this life preserver. I floated on my back, just looking up at the sky for hours, waiting, not thinking of anything really. I mean my wonderful youth in the Bronx and all of that didn't run through my mind. I just emptied out—ready. Finally a destroyer came along and picked me up. See, it wasn't my turn. I guess I was meant to be here like this, looking out the window at Fifth Street twenty years later."



"Thanks, Pop, but today's kids don't want money, they want leadership."

• •

HOWARD STRICKER'S launching was on a Saturday at the end of June. He'd been working day and night to finish the pontoons; all the rest would have to be done at a boatyard near Coney Island. Tom said he'd help him. He went to the Cedar and rounded up a couple of artists, Bruno and George, who came along not because they knew Howard Stricker but just so they could tell their drinking friends what they'd seen. We all rode down together on the Third Avenue bus.

It was one of those bright-blue afternoons that make you think of trees and the seashore and wonder what you're doing in the dust of the Bowery. All the way downtown Bruno kept making wisecracks. "So you can't get a gallery, you jump in the river. Well, I hope that guy has had swimming lessons." No one laughed, though, so he finally just kept quiet.

When we got off at Grand Street, Tom said, "Let's do this with some wine," and George said, "Great. This is some far-out opening, all right." I guess it was Howard Stricker's vernissage in a sense.

Howard Stricker didn't have much to say to anyone. He wasn't thinking about anything but protecting his pontoons. He kept lashing rope around them different ways, then not being satisfied and starting again. They were too long to go around the bends in the stairway, so he was going to lower them out the front windows on some pulleys he'd made. "I'm hoping for the best," he said, looking up at Tom, wiping some of the sweat off his face. He sent Tom and Bruno downstairs to wait for the pontoons on the sidewalk.

From there you could see how fragile the operation was. The pontoons dangled awkwardly, trussed up in the air three stories above the pavement. They lost their gracefulness when you saw them like that. To me they looked more unreliable than ever. I found myself thinking again about those seams where the water might get in.

Howard Stricker's launching caused a commotion on Chrystie Street. Italian housewives were hanging out their windows, and a crowd of sidewalk *superintendents* gathered—*men* from the garage next door and even some bums who stumbled over from the strip of park across the street, where the greenest green was the green of broken bottles. The bums were rubbing their rheumy eyes and poking each other. "Lookit that! What's those wooden things?" If you looked in their direction, they'd shout, "Hey! Got some change?" They gave each other wise, significant glances when they saw Tom's wine. "How about that, now?"

Howard Stricker had rented an old flatbed truck. After the pontoons had been loaded on it, and the little platform he'd built out of scrap wood to hold his outboard motor, he ran upstairs for the last time and came down with a duffelbag and a box of tools. Before he got on the truck, I remember, he stood very still on the sidewalk, staring up at the windows of his studio. Then he reached in his pocket and handed Tom the keys. "Well, it's your place now."

He wouldn't drink the wine. "Nothing for me," he said in that curt way he had, as if words were just exhalations that got wasted.

Tom turned to the bums and held out the bottle. "Go on," he said. "Take it." They must have been startled by such good fortune, but they grabbed it right away.

THE truck took us all the way across Grand Street to the launching place on the East River Howard Stricker had picked out, where it didn't take long at all to attach the three parts of the boat to each other and lower the whole thing into the water.

Then Howard Stricker swung himself down off the pier and crouched over the motor on his little homemade platform as the current began carrying him away from us, ostensibly toward Brooklyn. There was a breeze from the north, and the river was running fast. The pontoons skimmed the surface just as he'd said they would.

We all went wild, even wisecracking Bruno, waving our arms, yelling, "Bon voyage, Howard! Bon voyage!"

He heard us and scrambled to his feet with a funny, stunned smile on his face. He was a man walking on water who couldn't believe it.

Tom said, "Come on, Joanna," and we said goodbye to the others and started making our way back across Grand Street. I had the idea he wanted to spend the rest of the afternoon in the studio now that we had the keys, but when I asked him if that was where we were going he said, as if he was tired, "No, kiddo. Not today."

"Well, I wouldn't really want to go there right now, either."

He didn't seem to want to talk, and after we'd walked on a bit I said, "What are his chances?" which was

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KANALOA

When he woke his mind was the west
and he could not remember waking

wherever he looked the sun was coming toward him
the moon was coming toward him

month after month the wind was coming toward him
behind the day the night was coming toward him

all the stars all the comets all the depths of the sea
all the darkness in the earth all the silence all the cold

all the heights were coming toward him
no one had been on the earth before him

all the stories were coming toward him
over the mountain

over the red water the black water
the moonlight

he had imagined the first mistake
all the humans are coming toward him with numbers

they are coming from the beginning to look for him
each of them finds him and he is different

they do not believe him at first
but he houses the ghosts of the trees

the ghosts of the animals
of the whales and the insects

he rises in dust he is burning he is smoke
behind him is nothing

he is the one who is already gone
he is fire flowing downward over the edge

he is the last he is the coming home
he might never have wakened

—W. S. Merwin

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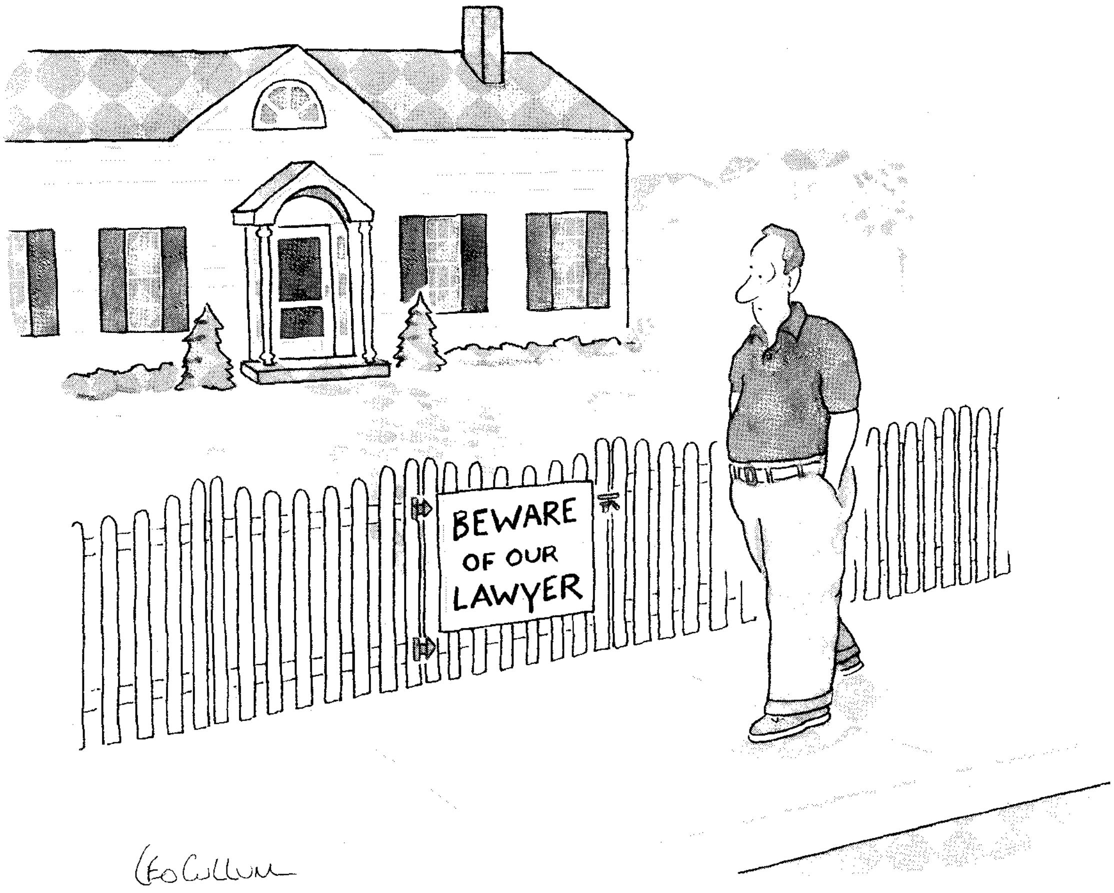


the question I'd been holding back since the beginning.

We were standing on a corner waiting for the light to change. "In a heavy sea," Tom said, keeping his eyes on the light, "that boat will snap like a pretzel. If he doesn't leave before September, he'll never make it around Hatteras."

"But hasn't he thought of that?" I wanted to save Howard Stricker. I wanted someone to talk him out of going, to tell him to be very careful.

"Oh yeah," Tom said. "He's thought of everything."

I HADN'T told my mother I was living with Tom or moving with him to a studio. That was not the kind of news you gave your mother in those days. I just told her I was thinking of changing my phone number.

"What are you doing that for?" she asked suspiciously.

I said it was because some nut kept calling me. For a few weeks after that, she kept wanting to know about the nut and whether he'd called again and whether I'd reported him to the police and whether I'd gotten a chain for the door. Finally she said, "Well, I think you should change your number," and I said, "Yes, that's the simplest way to take care of that nut."

Just before we moved to Howard Stricker's place, though, I called her and told her I'd like her to meet this man, this artist, Tom Murphy, I'd been seeing lately.

"What kind of name is that?" she said. "Irish? Catholic?"

"Names don't matter to me," I said sternly.

"Nothing matters to you. I know."

"Well, frankly, Ma," I said, "this man matters." It was the first thing I'd told her in a long time that was the absolute truth.

She didn't say anything. I guess she just stood there in her old pink chenille robe in her avocado kitchen wondering about everything I wasn't telling her. From the time I was eighteen and first started sneaking away to the Village and getting mixed up with artists, our entire relationship had been based on alibis.

"I'm going to make roast beef," she said. "It's nicer than chicken."

When you've been at war so long with a person, you forget they might wish you well, that they might even be happy for you.

The Sunday night Tom and I went out to Queens, the whole house smelled of furniture polish and my mother's best china was on the table—I hadn't seen those gold-rimmed dishes since my father died. My mother brought out wineglasses and put little cork coasters under them that showed Mexican peons asleep under sombreros. "Would you like some sherry?" she asked us. It was strange to feel like a guest rather than a daughter.

My mother was taking painting lessons in the neighborhood that year—watercolor. Her teacher was Japanese. She brought out some studies of pots and flowers painted on rice paper. "There's some really nice color here, Mrs. Gold," Tom said. He pointed out the places where my mother ran into trouble with perspective. He told her how van Gogh had built a special frame to help him get the perspective exact and how he'd carried it with him everywhere until he no longer needed it. My mother wanted to know where she could get a gadget like that.

"You know how I dried these?" she asked him. "I didn't want to leave them out on the table, because of the cat. So I stuck them to the refrigerator overnight with magnets."

"That's certainly not very Japanese, Mrs. Gold," Tom teased her.

"But it works!" My mother was laughing, flushing like a girl. "You should try it."

She wanted to know whether Tom did still-lifes, too, or did he do figures. He told her he'd started out that way, of course, but now he was an Abstract Expressionist. My mother was disappointed, though she still maintained her smile. "I've heard of that," she said politely. "Isn't that what people are buying now?"

I assured her some Abstract Expressionists had made millions. I tried to create the impression of a boom.

"I hope you'll return to still-lifes again one day," my mother said. But she liked him. I could tell.

Later, when we were all at the table and Tom was carving the roast, my mother said to me suddenly, "You know, we have no men in our family. That's really terrible, isn't it?" Then she started telling Tom about my father, as if she'd forgotten she felt he'd let her down, as if she'd never said to me, "Don't throw yourself away on anyone."

"My husband was very talented artistically. He could have worked for the magazines, but because of the family he thought it wiser to have a business. He photographed the biggest weddings, you know, all over the borough, the fanciest affairs. His customers were always thrilled, because he made them look natural. He just spoke to them in a very quiet way until they relaxed totally. There's quite an art in that."

When Tom said he'd like to see my father's work, my mother sighed and looked embarrassed. "Oh, most of it's gone. I couldn't keep those files. What could I do with all those pictures of strangers? When the Viennese bought the business, he cleaned out the shop. Did you show him the shop?" she asked me.

I told her I had. We'd stopped and looked in the window.

"Well, that work isn't good—everyone smiling with so many teeth, like morons." My mother stopped and demonstrated. "There's no sensitivity, but he makes a living. He has an assistant, a nice Puerto Rican. My husband never had that. I pleaded with him, but he wouldn't listen. So . . ."

She caught her breath and leaned toward us over the red gladiolas we'd brought her. "Joanna may have told you—he went to a wedding and never came back." That was how she always put it when she explained to anyone how my father had died. It had become her tragedy; the wedding was an irony that somehow made it worse.

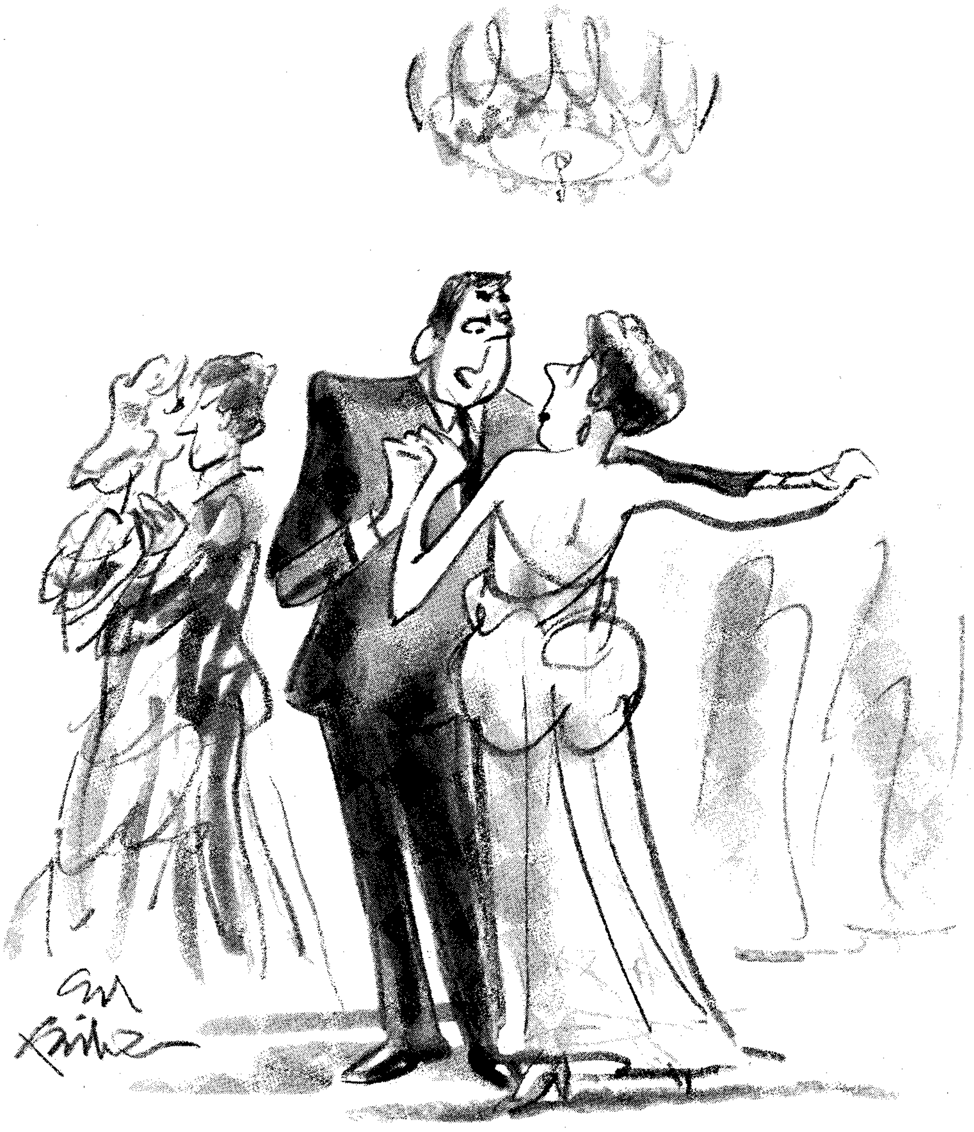
"It was this time of year, the big month. He'd worked every weekend, a man with a heart condition. The affair was on an estate—Oyster Bay—in a big garden. In the morning the temperature was ninety-nine. I said, 'Don't go. You'll kill yourself.' 'They have tents,' he said, and he went."

I said, "Let's change the subject, Ma!" And I heard the way my voice sounded—cold, heartless.

"WE got rid of Howard Stricker's grayness with whitewash. Even the floors we painted white—we didn't care about its being impractical. We put every dime we had into the place and ate chili every night. There was nothing left over to spend on canvas.

One night we went out when we were tired of working. We had hot-and-sour soup in Chinatown and wandered all the way down to Wall Street. It was 1 A.M. Wall Street was deserted, though a light burned here and there. Tom spotted an empty U.S. mailbag that had been left out in front of one of the buildings and bent down to inspect it. He grinned up at me. "What about it, kiddo?" It was made of perfectly good heavy canvas. No one was watching, so we rolled it right up and took it home with us. It was probably a federal offense, but it made us awfully happy. We felt the streets had given us something—that, too, was a sign of our luck. Tom cut up the bag and made two small paintings. They were the first he did in the new studio.

We picked up a round table the same way—another gift from the streets. We found it abandoned outside an old bar in Little Italy that was modernizing itself into green Formica. It had dark rings on the wood from its previous life; later there was a black spot where a cigarette of Tom's burned into it. I was thrilled to get that piece of furniture. It had a real bohemian chic, I thought. Someone gave us a spider plant, and Tom hung

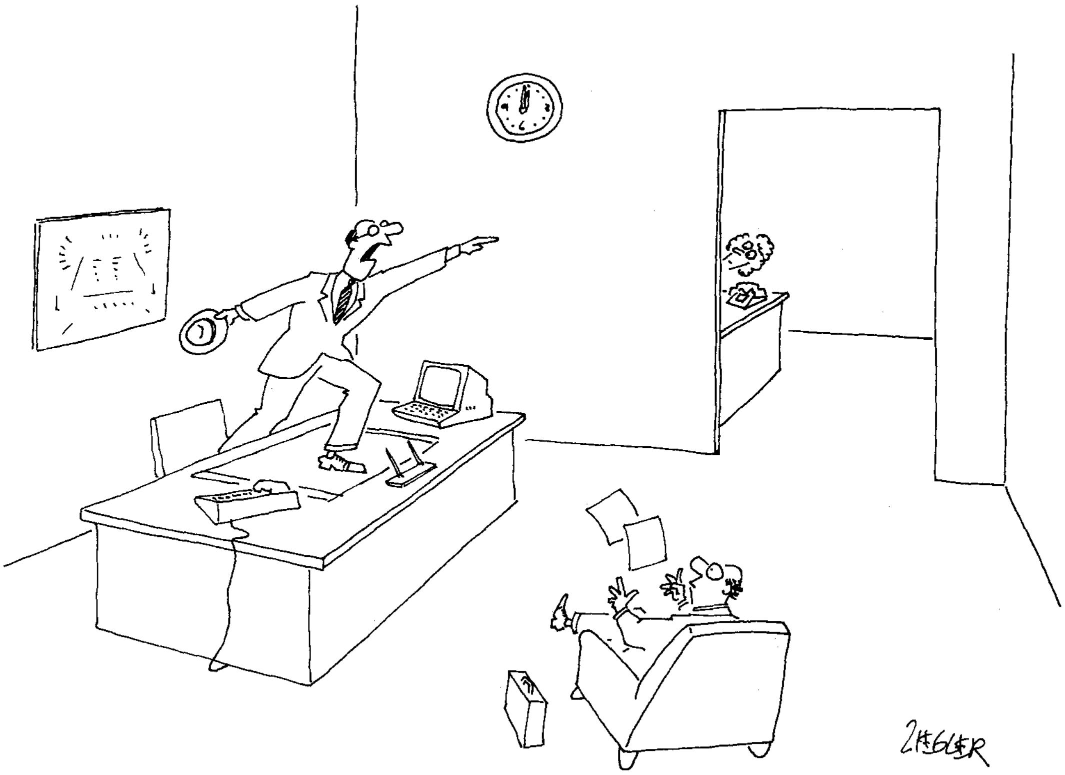


"You dance divinely. And, coming from a secular humanist, that's quite a compliment."

it over the table from the ceiling. I can see that table and two blue Mexican chairs half facing each other, set at an angle as if Tom and I have just pushed them back a little and walked away.

I remember whiteness. Whiteness especially in the mornings, looking down from the high platform bed. Everything seemed afloat, unanchored. The spider plant was singing, trembling toward the light.

We were together in that place fourteen months. I couldn't stay on without Tom.



"Lunchward ho!"

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"MAKE the light," Tom used to say to cabdrivers who were rounding the corner on Grand Street. The accident happened right there when he was all alone. Maybe he was making the light.

Friends came over afterward and packed for me. They sent everything to my mother's. For years my mother kept the boxes I couldn't open. "Leave them," I'd say. "I don't need anything." She said I was being foolish. "You don't remember what's here. We could at least give this stuff to Goodwill."

Finally I got a knife and cut the tape on one of them. There were some chipped yellow plates wrapped in newspaper, which seemed neutral enough. She was right, I'd forgotten things. I worked my way through the box quite calmly, with curiosity. At the bottom was something round and quite heavy, also wrapped in newspaper. As I tore away the paper, I saw that someone had wrapped a stone. It was an ashtray Howard Stricker had left, made out of a polished piece of granite. Tom used to keep it on our round table. Someone had actually wrapped it, cigarette ashes and all. Can you imagine—ashes?

WE had to have wheels, Tom said. So he bought us an old red Harley for next to nothing. We rode it out toward Coney Island to look up Howard Stricker, inquiring around various boatyards till we found him. This was a Sunday in July. He'd built some of his deck by then, but had made no progress on his cabin. To raise more cash he'd been working as a maintenance man on the Whirlwind and some other rides. He couldn't get over it that we'd come all the way out on the bike to see him.

He was living in an Army tent on his half-finished deck. "What a suntan, Howard!" we said. It really was a terrific tan, deep and even. It made him look younger, as if there was more life in him. For the first time I thought it might really be O.K., that he'd probably make it to wherever he was going.

He offered to cook us some brown rice on his camp stove, but Tom said, "No, forget that," and found a place to buy us all hero sandwiches—really great ones with cheese and meat and tiny hot peppers.

"Certainly this is the opposite of brown rice," Howard Stricker said, chewing thoughtfully.

The three of us sat on the deck on wooden crates, the pontoons rocking in the swells of water beneath us. A crowd of gulls flew in, arriving suddenly out of nowhere. Tom stood up and started flinging pieces of Italian bread at them, throwing hard, like a pitcher. They'd swoop and rise, swoop and rise, making their loud, harsh squawks. There was one all the way out in Gravesend Bay that wouldn't come in. The feast its friends were having didn't interest it for some reason. That gull was keeping its distance, bobbing up and down in the waves by itself.

"See him out there," Tom said. "That one's the wise one."

"Sometimes you get one like that," Howard Stricker said.

All that separated us from the Belt Parkway was a strip of gritty sand with some marsh grass growing in it. I kept hearing cars whiz by with a sound high-pitched like wind. After a while I didn't hear it. I just looked out at the shine on the water.

—Joyce Johnson

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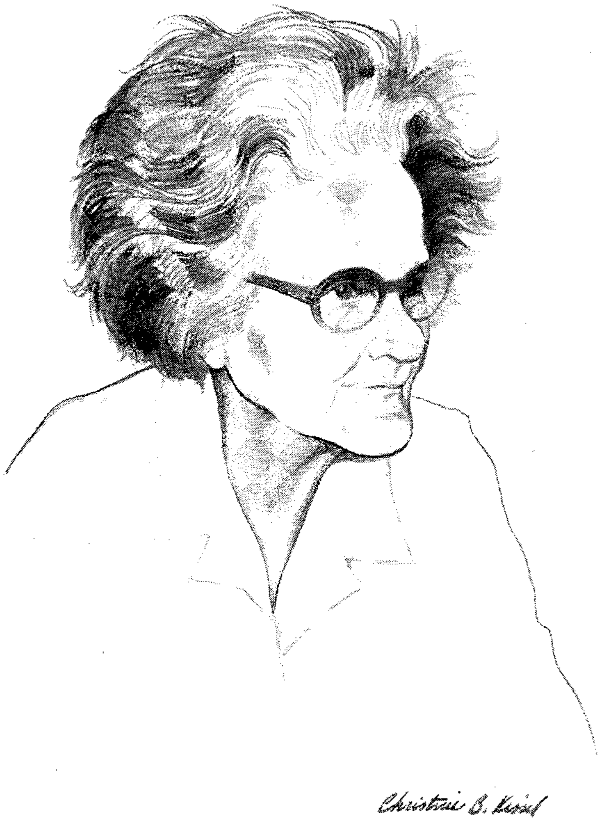
HARTFORD—Governor William O'Neill announced here last week that the Connecticut Coalition for Literacy has joined forces with International Business Machines (IBM) to launch an experimental statewide program to combat adult illiteracyycy thrrhrrhrrhrough the use of comppmputers.

—*Southbury (Conn.) Voices.*

Good luck.

PROFILES

THE PRESENT MOMENT



IN repose, Eva Zeisel's hands are ladylike—the fingers tapered to close-clipped, unvarnished, but impeccably manicured nails and held together, curved lightly, in a gesture conveying stillness. When she uses them for a practical task, they become strong, youthful, and compact. Extending in a nearly straight line from her wrists, they are doing, touching hands, with a life and intelligence of their own. When she spreads them out for expression, they lose their compactness and acquire an almost double-jointed suppleness, and they show their eighty years then; they seem big, and loose, and full of knuckles and joints, and her fingers acquire a far-flung quality. I first saw Eva Zeisel as a dignified, foreign-seeming person sitting upright in a black dress, white hair brushed back from a high forehead. Then, next to me on a couch, she had acquired an uninhibited, lounging physicality and confident openness that left me with the afterimage of a near-naked, pipe-smoking Mama-chief of an island tribe. It was her playfulness that gave me this impression. It seemed to arise from a base of absolute authority. Later that same evening, she became a cozy, gingerbread grandmother, absorbed in a child's troubles with pasta. I've since learned that Eva Zeisel can be Byzantine and she can be forthright. She can be logical in a crystalline way; she can be purely intuitive. She can be tempestuous; she can be serene. Yet there is something that's always the same. I came to associate it with her brownness, the bleached brown of a walnut—a white skin with a brown aura that seems to steady everything around her. It's there in her eyes, which change little—dark-brown, opaque eyes, instruments for seeing a world that is what it is, no more, no less. It's there in the way she eats pasta. For her, pasta is pasta—no more but certainly no less. She says, "All that matters is the present moment. Everything else is unreal."

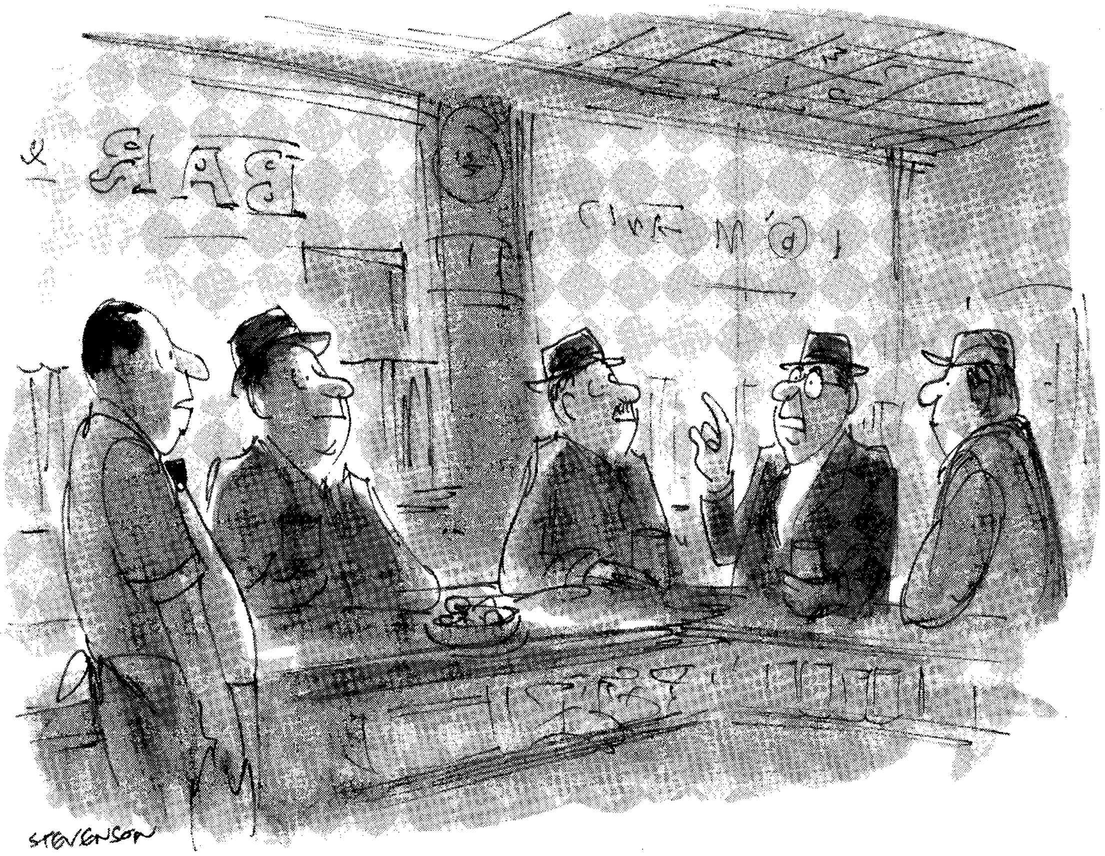
Another way of describing what is always the same in Eva Zeisel is to say that she has a dense creatureliness, a quality of being living clay. This would be so no matter what she did, but, as it happens, she is a ceramist, an industrial designer of tableware. I learned at our first meeting that a travelling exhibition of her work was about to open at the Brooklyn Museum, and one morning a few weeks later we met in order to see the show together. She had a windy motion about her that day. Her thick hair stood up in flamelike shapes of white, nickel, and rust. (Her hair has all these colors in it, but they seem to appear and disappear, perhaps depending on how she brushes it.) Her clothes—a dress, a scarf, a coat—were of varied dark patterns that worked together unexpectedly, and she wore them loosely, even impatiently, with a kind of detached elegance. Before setting out for Brooklyn, we walked, looking for a place to eat. Eva chose a coffee shop on Varick Street, a rough place, with good short-order food, wise-cracking regulars, and a drunk who slept at the table next to ours. She ate ham and eggs with frank enjoyment, then sat with arms akimbo on the table as we talked. The conversation touched on pre-First World War Vienna and Budapest, Weimar Berlin, Stalinist Russia, Hitler in Austria, and postwar America. We took excursions into the arts-and-crafts movement, the modern-design movement, the feminist movement, the peace and civil-rights movements. Always the tang of experience in all its immediacy, paradox, and confusion was there. The conversation had the fresh jaggedness of a section of orange split open.

When we walked into the exhibition—"Eva Zeisel: Designer for Industry"—Eva, bustling and happy, presented her work to me as if she were showing me a collection of beloved little pets. The dishes—bowls, cups and saucers, teapots, pitchers, casseroles, and salt and pepper shakers—were white, dotted, striped, or solid colors. The colors were subtle, luscious, and profoundly chosen: Eva started out in life as a painter. The pieces basked, yearned, nestled. The exhibition was the flower of a lifetime. It conveyed joy and simplicity; it conveyed many things. But, perhaps because the outlines of a life chopped and roiled by twentieth-century history were fresh in my mind from our talk in the coffee shop, what struck me most was peace. The exhibition had an air of steady, quiet fertility that was at odds not only with Eva's story but to some extent with what I had seen of Eva herself. She enjoyed showing me her work and then left it utterly behind as we went on to an exhibit of Asian art in another part of the museum.

IN the early years of the century, on the edge of Budapest, there was a large garden. Enormous pines grew in groves on the rises and in the dales; there were varieties of peach, pomegranate, filbert, and almond trees. In one part of the garden was a formal park, in another were fields of corn. There was a pond with a honeysuckle-covered bridge; there was a swimming pool and under it a grotto. Bats lived in the grotto; there were stalactites; and two waterfalls flowed into it. The streams joined and then vanished underground, to reappear before a Madonna in a grove of pines in another part of the garden. In the middle of all this was a house in the English style—that is to say, it was simpler than the houses normally occupied by the upper bourgeoisie of Budapest. In 1918, Eva came to live in this house with her parents, Sándor and Laura Striker, her two brothers, and, on and off, her maternal uncle Michael Polanyi. Eva was twelve. Soon after their arrival, her father's business began to fail, and the garden was let go wild. "I slept under whatever was blossoming, with a big dog; we always had a big dog and lots of kittens, and we made jam," Eva told me in the coffee shop. "When Communism came, in 1919, Father bought cows, pigs, sheep, hens, and ducks, but we didn't know what to do with them. The ducks were floating on the pond, eating the goldfish. The pigs ran off and ate the grapes. The two cows immediately had calves and then gave top quantities of milk, but we didn't know how to convert it to cheese and butter. It was high-comedy time in our agriculture." She painted outdoors, in the garden, and in a greenhouse that she converted into a studio. "In the evening, I would sit in a spot at the edge of the garden. From there you could see Budapest twinkling under the stars. There were many moments of this quality."

The family into which Eva was born was, on her mother's side, both well established and adventurous. In the late eighteenth century, it had become one of the first Jewish families to be landed. In the nineteenth century, it had excelled in industry. Eva's grandfather built railroads, her grandmother was a saloniste whose guests included revolutionaries; politics was to become the family pursuit in the twentieth century. Eva's uncle Karl Polanyi was general secretary of the Radical Citizens Party at the time of the short-lived government of Count Károlyi, which succeeded the Hapsburg monarchy. Karl was also a founding member of the Galilei Circle, a progressive intellectual movement. (Karl and Michael later achieved international eminence as political intellectuals.) Eva's mother, Laura Polanyi, was one of the first women to attend a university in Hungary, and she earned a doctorate in history, became the editor of an economic review, established a progressive kindergarten, and was a candidate for Parliament under the Károlyi government. The government fell before the election, and the Communists took over. Count Károlyi's paintings and silver were stored in the Striker house. The Communists rode up the alley of chestnuts to the house to arrest Eva's parents, but things turned out well, because the commissar had been a member of the Galilei Circle. A Rumanian occupation followed, and Rumanians also rode up the alley of chestnuts to the house. During the leftist regime, soldiers were quartered there. All this was going on in Eva's teens.

At eighteen, she went to the Academy of Fine Arts. After a year and a half there, she decided that "for absolute independence and security, you learn a craft." She told me, "You do something with your hands, and then you buy your life with it. I wanted to be clear that I would be able to do what I wanted." She became an apprentice in a traditional potter's shop by the railroad tracks in a poor section of the city—an unusual decision for a young woman who had been raised by governesses in a society in which young women went to dinner parties accompanied by a private chaperone. (In another context, Eva said, "There was still a complete division between the classes. We had no idea how normal working people—the plumber, the shoemaker—lived, and no interest.") She continued, "No one followed me, ever, into the workplace, no one came with me into the smells, the sounds, into being a part of it. No one—not my friends, not my family. I went alone, and throughout my life my workplaces were my windows on the world." At the potter's, she mushed clay with her feet and then kneaded it by hand; the men urinated on the clay, and she developed a rash. She fed the kiln, and she accompanied her boss into the houses of her own class to build ovens. "The smell of all this



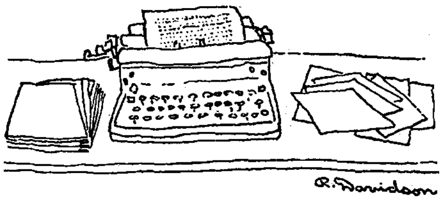
"Caldwell knows whereof he speaks. At least until around eight-thirty or nine."

lingers, a moist little sour smell—the typical smell of clay which accompanied me all my life."

After six months in the potter's shop, Eva became the first Hungarian woman to be admitted as a journeyman into the guild that included the potters and ovensetters, and set up her own shop in the garden. Then came a job as a designer in a factory which took her away from home during the week, and then a position in a workshop in Hamburg. "Hamburg was a rough harbor town, and our shop was close to the Reeperbahn—one of the last red-light districts in Europe. We looked out on a courtyard surrounded by two-story tenements, very much alive with constant activities—there were pigs, gardens, much garbage. The courtyard was subdivided by little wooden fences, and innumerable cats of different sorts of deformation sat on the fences like evil spirits. There were goats and all sorts of dirty things, and things growing. There was a café with a riding circle in the middle and these ladies riding with their clients. The horses kicked sand in your coffee, and you could see the ladies' frilly underwear as they galloped by—the surrogate wives of sailors. I wrote to my mother for clothes, but what she sent was useful only for Sunday visits to Thomas Mann families to whom I had introductions. My companions were a mean old potters' master and a benign deaf-mute cripple, who stank to high heaven. I sprinkled him with cologne, and he brought me sandwiches.

"On the second day, they wanted to surprise me as a young lady to be shocked. When I came in, there was a life-size male organ of clay. With great objectivity and no fuss, I disposed of it—that was my hazing. There was also Mr. Lange, an able-bodied seaman, who fired the kiln. He was a gnarled, colorless little gnome with legs in an O, crooked feet, reddish hair, missing teeth, and long arms. He decided to protect me. When I worked long hours, he always stayed till I left. He was always very gentlemanly. He had a group of blind friends, and when we were paid we would all go out for a beer—the deaf crippled man who was smelly, the mean potters' master, the able-bodied seaman, his blind friends, and me—so I was really one of them."

Her next job, in 1928, was with Schramberger, an earthenware manufacturer in the remote town of Schramberg, in the Black Forest. "They assigned me a small room in the attic. Not even a room, really—there were storage places right and left. There was a long table facing the window, a turntable prepared with some clay, and a bucket of water. Outside, there were telegraph wires. I spent nearly two years in this lonely attic. In fact, all through my life I have been very much alone. I designed a whole assortment, hundreds of pieces, tea sets, dinner sets, objects—it was quite fun to design them any way I wanted—and I also prepared the salesmen's assortments, and photographs for publicity. But you can't conceive and design every minute, and time passed slowly in my little attic. I was in the sky alone. When it rained, I looked at the drops on the telephone wires—some slid faster, and I made bets with myself which would win. I would put bread crumbs on the table for a little mouse to eat. Then I would tap my pencil and off she'd go. It took a long time to train such a mouse, but one morning I found her drowned in the bucket, and so I had no more



MOVE

Whether it's a turtle who drags herself
Slowly to the sandlot, where she digs
The sandy nest she was born to dig

And lay leathery eggs in, or whether it's salmon
Rocketing upstream
Toward pools that call *Bring your eggs here,*

And nowhere else in the world, whether it is turtle-green
Ugliness and awkwardness, or the seething
Grace and gild of silky salmon, we

Are envious, our wishes speak out right here,
Thirsty for a destiny like theirs,
An absolute right choice

To end all choices. Is it memory,
We ask, is it a smell
They remember,

Or just what is it—some kind of blueprint
That makes them move, hot grain by grain,
Cold cascade above icy cascade,

Slipping through
Water's fingers
A hundred miles

Inland from the easy, shiny sea?
And we also—in the company
Of our tribe

Or perhaps alone, like the turtle
On her wrinkled feet with the tapping nails—
We also are going to travel, we say let's be

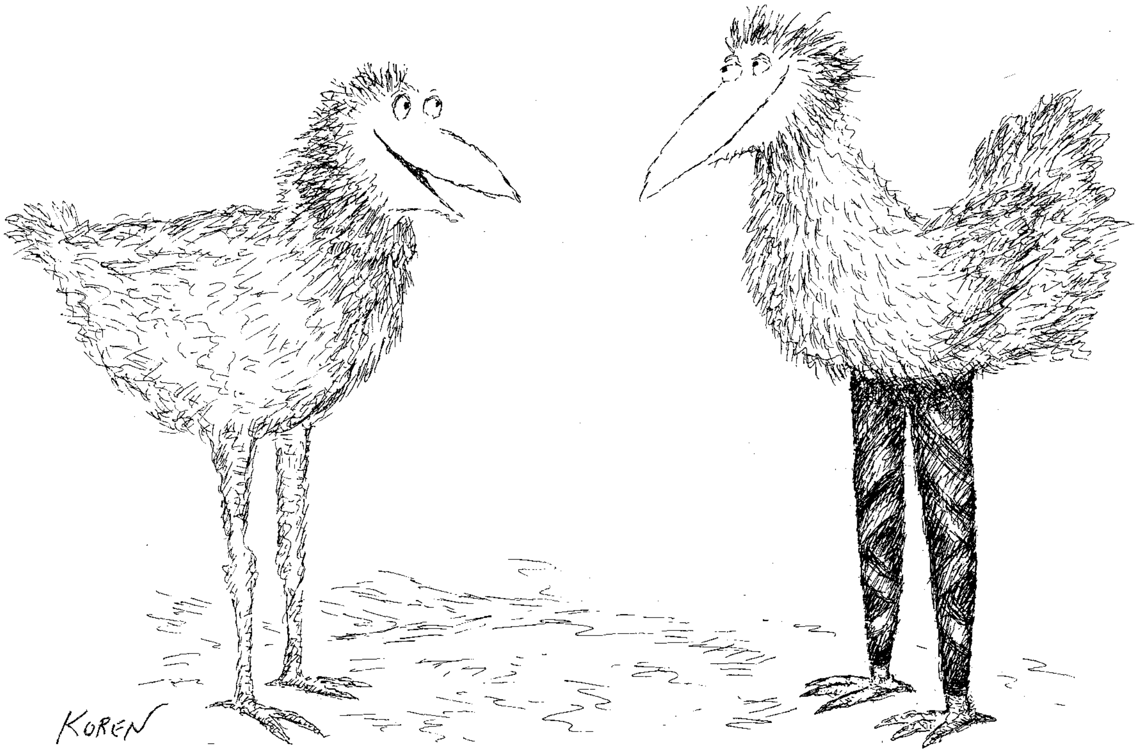
Oblivious to all, save
That we travel, and we say
When we reach the place we'll know

We are in the right spot, somehow, like a breath
Entering a singer's chest, that shapes itself
For the song that is to follow.

—ALICIA OSTRIKER

• •

companionship. In the factory, the class of people I really belonged to, the white-collar workers, were the most disgusting kind of German middle class—potential Nazis, no doubt about it. At this time in Germany, you had to belong to a politically identifiable unit—Social Democrat, Democratic, Center, Nationalist, or, later, the Nazis. Everyone was put in a box. I joined the Social Democratic Party. It was the party of the respectable German worker. And you also had to belong to some sort of club, and I joined the Nature Lovers. In the winter, we skied through the pine-fragrant forest and the meadows, past the lovely large thatched cottages of the Black Forest, and we built a weekend house far, far in the woods, and there I was, building this cottage with my working-class friends.



"Great tights!"

• •

"These were hard times, Depression years. The standard for the worker was very low. The diet was skimpy. There was only ersatz coffee, and hardly any green vegetables. But there was total health insurance. Even the dentist was paid for. And working conditions in the factory were regulated: there were rules about time, sick leave. In one of the more modern factories, the first conveyor belt was installed. My economist uncle, Emil Lederer, came to visit this conveyor belt so that he could decide whether it was anti-social or not. There were regular skirmishes between young Communists and young Social Democrats in which they would hit each other on the head, and this was important, because on a larger scale this was the split of the working class which made Hitler's victory possible. One May Day, the workers marched through town and then, when the parade was over, a tiny group of Nazis gathered and marched. I knew these people. They were the unsuccessful sons of local merchants, a grabby sort of people somewhat outside of society, maybe twenty or thirty sickly-looking, cheesy-faced, silly unintelligent young men. After seeing the very solid citizen-workers who had gone before, you would have found it hard to believe that they would be successful."

In Schramberg, Eva had a room in a house at the edge of town, high on a hill, "looking across the valley and the surf-green meadows to a ruin and a castle." She arranged a darkroom there. "Sometimes I was kissing a young man, and sometimes even a married young man, and, my windows being very exposed to town, it seems that my reputation was hurt, for as I used the darkroom the lights would go on and off." Eva says she is a "simple" person; this sentence is an example of a side of her that is not simple. She also says that though she had many affairs, none were lighthearted romances. "I would have liked to be lighthearted, but all of my affairs were very heavy-footed." The heavy-footed affair of this period was with Arthur Koestler, whom she had known since childhood and whom she saw in Paris, where Schramberger sent her for two months a year to keep abreast of developments in modern design.

"By then, the garden in Budapest was sold," Eva said. "Since then, I have perched in the world." In four years, she had gone from hand-thrown traditional pots that she had made in the garden to designs for mass production: urban, sculpturally geometric pieces in the modern idiom, reflecting the influence of the Bauhaus and the Deutscher Werkbund in Berlin. These pieces seem to have been carved out of cubes and pyramids and then softened. There is generally no superimposed ornament or decoration—the play is in gently skewed symmetry and varied planes. Most of the pieces are amusing in some way. In general, they have a bull's-eye competence and assurance. All are thoroughly modern, yet after Eva left Schramberger she wrote an article for a German publication taking the modern movement to task for being humorless and indifferent to beauty, and repressing artistic individuality. Eva left Schramberger, at the age of twenty-three, partly because the company stopped putting her name on her product. She went to Berlin and began designing for Carstens, a very large firm, which owned several factories and had a reputation for producing artware that met the highest aesthetic standards. Again, she was involved in the entire process of mass production, from design to manufacturing and promotion.

In letters and memoirs Eva has described Berlin as "a city filled with contradictions—science, design, politics, starving mothers and children, the fat bourgeois with his cigar, the drab, impoverished, déclassé officeholders and pensioners hiding their poverty and resentments, the brutal, ugly paintings of the German Expressionists, the sugar-white modern architecture that was beginning to proliferate, and high unemployment. The fashionable town seemed obsessed with modernity, urgency, fads—its dance was the frantic shimmy, the language full of vulgarity. Vulgarity was chic. There were also the lovely concerts of Casals, the disciplined dance evenings of Mary Wigman, and the esoteric apartments designed by Marcel Breuer, for very sophisticated, wealthy couples, where everything floated in shadowless, watery light, designed in accordance with the *Neue Sachlichkeit*—the new objectivity—the purpose of which was to change the world through design, and even to bring peace. I think I was alone in my life more than most people. Oh, but in Berlin there were writers, physicists, actors, students, professors—it was the center of the world for me. I was *not* alone! My brother and I had a huge studio, with a double-high window and two terraces looking out over tall trees in the back yard. My studio became an annex of the Romanisches Café, the Forum Romanum for the exchange of ideas on how best to save the world. We gave parties sometimes of a hundred—friends bringing in new friends, all involved, devoted, explicit, concerned."

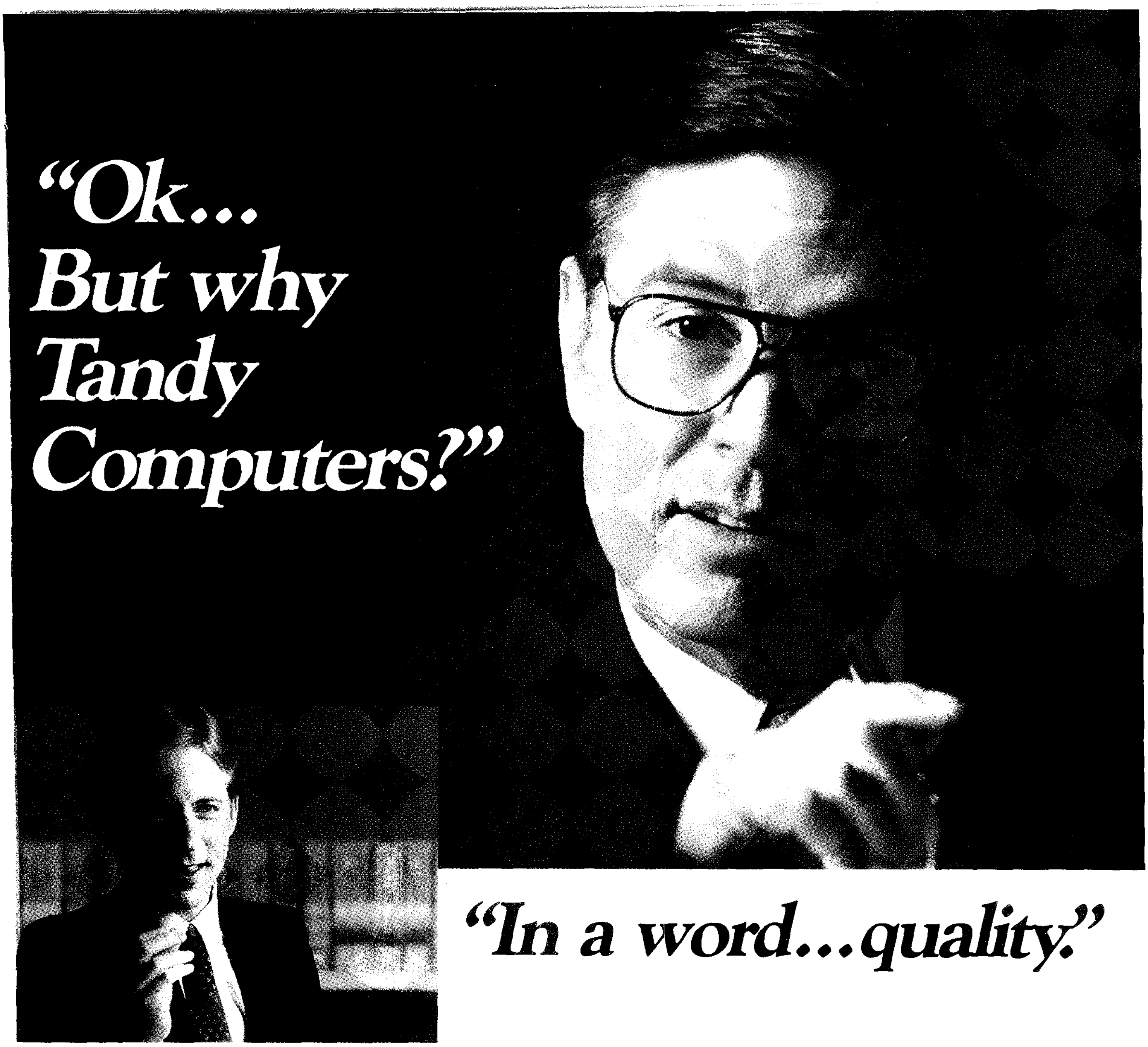
Victor Weisskopf, an old friend and eminent physicist, describes the Eva of Berlin days as "magnetically attractive, both physically and intellectually, a beauty not in the sense of the movies but in the sense that her intellectual interest and openness shone through. She was always present, always completely attentive. People, including me, came to her with their problems. She taught me to be generous. She said, 'I must tell you that you will never get through life if you are not more generous with your money.' "

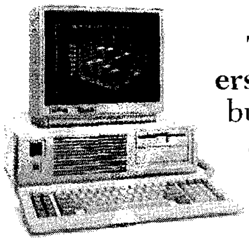
Eva also wrote of Berlin, "The atmosphere was one of hopelessness and disgust with Western civilization. Typical book titles were Spengler's 'The Decline of the West' and Hans Fallada's 'Little Man, What Now?' Near the university, and in the working-class districts, Nazi street fights among students and workers had already begun. And Socialists and Communists also fought each other as well as Nazi gangs. It was not yet clear in which direction our world was to go to pieces. At the same time, the town was filled with Russian émigrés. Their cabarets, children's books, songs, and dances were full of color, rhythm, and hope, and conveyed the idea that somewhere in the East there was a healthy, positive young culture—different from ours. One day, rather unexpectedly, I decided to look behind the mountain to see for myself. The most sociable, most elegant section of my life—the only elegant section—abruptly ended, and the next years were penetrated by the ubiquitous smell of Russia, the smell of old, well-worn wet clothing, and the overpowering sympathy this smell evoked."

EVA's decision to go to Russia was pure whimsy. She left Carstens in the lurch, and at the last minute, in order to get a visa, she became engaged to her friend Alex Weissberg, who was working in Kharkov as a physicist. She planned to spend only a short vacation there, but soon after arriving, in January of 1932, she visited the office of the Ukrainian China and Glass Industry, was offered work, and accepted it. One of her first assignments was to visit factories in remote areas of the Ukraine. "At the first town, my train arrived in the middle of the night and was met by a troika—a sled with large fur blankets that you wrapped around you, with a little place to look out. We travelled over the endless steppes with wolves howling. At a shtetl I visited, my room, when I finally reached it, consisted of a bed and a many-paned window. The room was heated from outside, so one wall was burning hot, but they had forgotten to caulk the windows. I sat against the wall with my back burning and my toes freezing, looking at the candle burn out while rats jumped up and down. I was two weeks out of Berlin. The factory there was run by brilliant, charming Jewish youths. The workers were old Jews. If someone comes from a foreign land into such a remote town, it is an official visit. One is expected to speak to the workers. I was thankful that they would not be able to understand me when I spoke in German. I came into a huge loft, black with people. There was a table covered with a green felt cloth, behind me a picture of Lenin, in front a vigil light hanging. I started to speak, and they understood every word, because they knew Yiddish, which is close to German. The questions they sent up to me were touching and lovely, asking how designers work.

"In the country, there was serious hunger. In one factory, I

"*And here's one for you!*"

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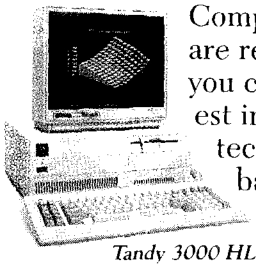
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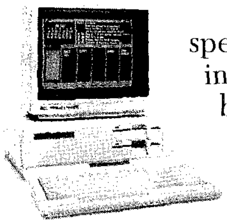
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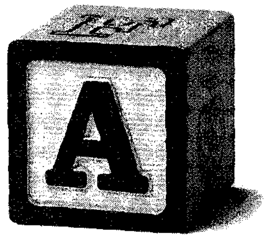
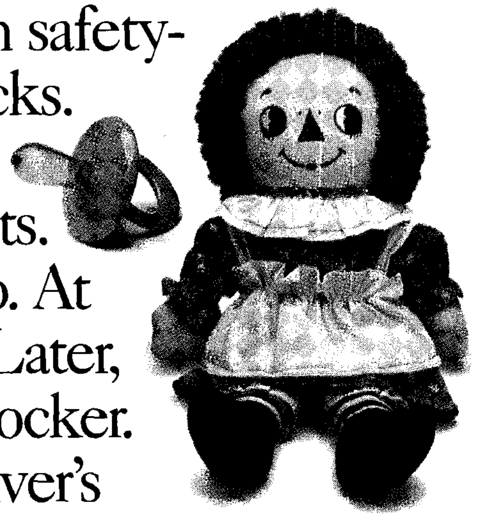
There is one thing your kids will never outgrow.



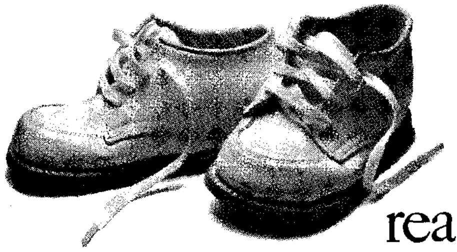
The Honda Civic 4-Door Sedan is a car that will grow up right along with your kids.

The backseat, for example. It's a good place for a little one to start life, with safety-seat anchors and child-proof door locks. There's also room for teddy bears, storybooks, and other childish pursuits.



The trunk will grow on you, too. At infancy, it's an oversized diaper bag. Later, a toy chest or the team equipment locker.

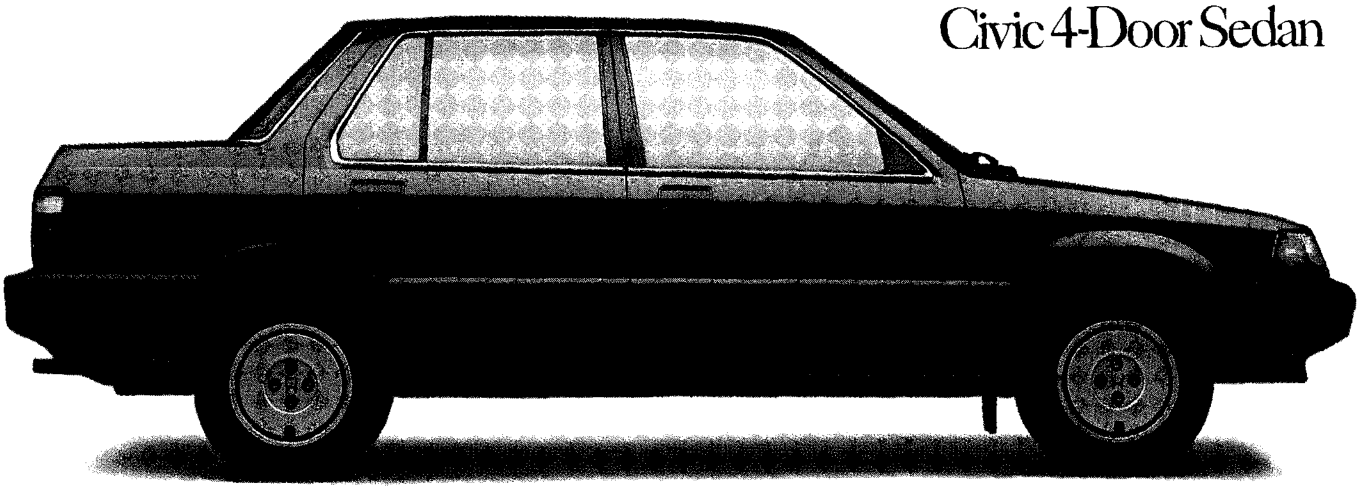
Now, for the adult stuff. The driver's seat and steering column adjust easily to Mom or Dad.



There's also front-wheel drive and a responsive 12-valve, 1.5 liter engine.

As you can see, there are lots of reasons to own a Civic 4-Door Sedan. Still, the best reason may be a little one.

HONDA
Civic 4-Door Sedan



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was puzzled to see a third of the workers sitting at tables eating and the other two-thirds circling around them. It was because there was only enough food to feed each worker every third day.

"Early that morning, I had been sitting with a manager in his office, and he had a piece of gray bread brought to his desk. He offered me half, and I was about to refuse, but then I realized I had to accept it, because of the meaning of the gesture. The bread was his food for the day."

Eva eventually went on to factories in Leningrad and near Moscow, and along with her regular work she set up an apprentice system for model-makers and developed ceramic electrical fixtures. She also designed perfume bottles for a business run by Mrs. Molotov.

"In Leningrad, I lived in a hotel with two Babylonian kings dressed in long coats for doormen, with a lobby like that of the most precious little palace, and filled with exquisite antiques—probably exactly as it had been before the revolution. My room, on the top floor, had a tiny balcony, from which I could admire the white nights. All the anecdotes I remember have something to do with kindliness, a large capacity for suffering, and acceptance. In the street one day, there was a drunken man with a cart and a horse. He got off the cart and came around and kissed the horse. 'I don't want to restrain you anymore,' he said. 'Go and be free.' Abandoning state property was a crime, so people came around and tried to stop him from freeing his horse, but he kept going back to talk to the horse. Finally, they sat him in the back of the cart, with someone else driving. But he kept saying 'Whoa!' and the horse would hear and stop. The people trying to help him treated him with patience. Another time, there was an accident—a man's legs had been cut off by a trolley, and the man was saying 'There were legs. There are no legs. There were legs. There are no legs.'

"From Leningrad, I would travel to a factory deep in the country. Once, I stood at a crossroads for a day and a half, in the rain, knee-deep in mud, with tears streaming down my face, waiting for a truck to pick me up and take me to the factory. Another time, I went to sleep on a table in a remote railroad station and when I woke up I found people having tea on the table all around me, being very quiet and careful not to disturb me.

"In the Ukraine, in 1933, there was real famine among fields of ripe grain. The grain had to be harvested by students from the city, because the people were too weak to do it. They boiled it in caldrons right in the fields, and then everyone got sick, because it was green. But parallel to all this were the hopeful, beautiful dreams of utopia—maybe not by the starving peasants but in town. Party members got the least money. Physicists who were Party members walked in shoes with their toes sticking out. When some peasant women on a bus saw the red silk lining of my jacket, they said, 'Look at what sumptuous material we already have!' They used 'we.' There was a remarkable respect of fathers for their sons: 'They will see the promised land. For us, everything is difficult, but for them there will be a new country, with a new ideology and new ideals.'

"There were terrible things going on—the resettlement of the peasants. Slowly, one knew about this. Cadres of Young Communists were sent out to get from the country every bit of bread that the poor peasants were hiding. They burned houses and farm buildings to get the grain that was hidden under them, and took away the last bit needed for seed. I met a young man who said that he had been in one of these cadres and when they came back they were punished. They had been given instructions to be ruthless, and then were punished. He had been excluded from the Party and had lost his girl. He had had a nervous breakdown. His chin and his tongue had grown abnormally large—a symptom, he told me, of extreme stress."

In the Soviet Union at this time, the rejection of ornament was considered a sign of the spiritual bankruptcy of the West. Eva got in trouble for encouraging the use of geometric motifs, but in general her work became rounder and softer, and luxurious in a way quite at odds with modernist ideology. I'm thinking in particular of a tea set with formally elegant lines and in a deep blue broken by tigerish silver stripes. She married Alex Weissberg in Russia (for appearance' sake, at her

Handelsman

"No question it took a lot of guts to write this book, but it would take even ***more*** *guts to publish it."*

• •

mother's insistence) and lived with him for a while, but most of the time in Russia she was on her own. She had Communist friends, and Communist lovers, but she was non-ideological. In 1935, at the age of twenty-nine, she became Art Director of the China and Glass Industry of the Russian Republic. In a photograph from this period, there is a group of males in suits, brows beetled, eyes staring, mouths drawn downward, chests thrown out —and Eva, a lithe, dark young woman in a simple dress, relaxed and companionable.

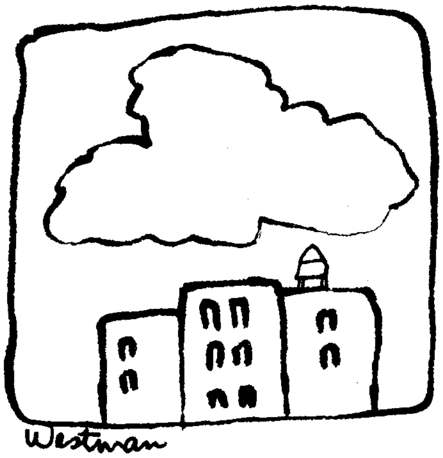
ON May 28, 1936, at four in the morning, Eva's mother, who was staying in Moscow, woke her daughter with an embrace. Eva was delighted, for she loved her mother very much and "we were not a family where physical contact was usual." Her mother told her that the secret police were in the living room. Eva was taken to Lubyanka Prison, where she was held for three days, then to a prison in Leningrad, where she was locked in a cupboard for an unknown period and then moved to an isolation cell. After several weeks, she was called out and informed that she was accused of plotting to assassinate Stalin. Eva decided, "I have closed my life. I have had a wonderful time, but there is nowhere to go from here."

Her first interrogator telephoned the Kremlin in her presence. A while later, she found herself before a board of seven inquisitors, who tried to get her to say that her accuser—an engineer named Bykhovsky, with whom she had worked—was her jilted lover. She refused. "If I now started to say something that wasn't true, I might be caught in a net." One line of questioning was clearly meant to establish that she had imported a modelmaker from Germany who was a crack shot, in order to carry out the assassination. The purpose of another line of questioning, concerning a vacation she had taken in Paris, was utterly obscure to her.

"The prison was totally quiet, so every noise was very jarring and seemed to have terrible meaning." In this silence, the prisoner next door vented her rage and frustration in a way that reminded her of a rhinoceros. She concluded that "the minute your dignity is gone you are lost," and adopted a system of thought control, eliminating all memories of warmth and life, all notions of a future, and any thought that might provoke "temper, impatience, self-pity, a sense of urgency, or revolt against what had happened." She substituted mental projects, such as figuring out how she would construct a bra, playing chess with herself, and holding imaginary conversations in French. She learned to communicate with her neighbors by knocking on the wall in code. She did gymnastics. Pacing around the four corners of her cell, she wrote poems in her head, all in four-line stanzas with a simple, marching metre. One of these read:

Here atheists . . .
With folded hands beg their God
Asking for improbable feats
To save them from their hopeless lot.

One night, the improbable feat happened. In her cell, she heard these words: "Eva Alexandrovna Striker—we will destroy her anyway. Your deposition makes no difference." She surmised that the words came from a room in a wing catercornered to hers and one floor up. Evidently, the window in the room was open, and by an acoustical fluke each word came to her clearly. She figured out that what she was hearing was an interrogation, brutal style. At one point during the night, in Eva's clear hearing, the prisoner being interrogated was told of Eva's vacation in Paris and pressed to sign a document stating that she was a courier from Trotsky, who had then been living in France. The prisoner eventually signed. Thus Eva learned that there was a second accusation against her, and what it was. Far more significant, she had overheard an interrogation carried out in a style that was clearly illegal. The information had not been extracted from the man —it had been presented to him, and then, under duress, he had been forced to sign a statement that it was true. Eva had heard a whole night of this procedure in detail, and that gave her a weapon, for an appearance of legality was extremely important to the high command. (Indeed, on paper the Stalinist trials appear to have been prepared in a perfectly legal manner.) "It was a scandalous slipup, and very dangerous to the whole investigation, for me to have heard this."



Westman

Eva requested an interview with her current interrogator, a young man named Elias, who, she had reason to believe, liked her very much even though it was his job to convict her. But when she saw him, before she could speak he told her that two pistols had been found in a sewing machine that she had stored in a house where she had lived earlier in her stay in Moscow. On hearing this, she decided that it was pointless to try to save herself. She gave up. She began to see her body as dead, and when she was confronted with Bykhovsky, her accuser, she saw him as dead, too. Then Elias did something that, to this day, is inexplicable to Eva. He went to Moscow to check out the story of the two pistols. (It's inexplicable because it was clearly the wish of the high command that the accusation against Eva stick, and because Eva felt he knew she was innocent in any event. His job was to make the accusation look credible.) What Elias found in Moscow was that although two pistols had been found in Eva's sewing machine, they did not belong to her but to a Hungarian revolutionary whose family she had been living with. (Years later, the revolutionary, a very old man by then, apologized to Eva in a high courtly manner over tea for the trouble he had caused her.)

This news revived Eva's hopes; she decided once again to try the tactic of challenging the entire investigation. When she broached the subject to Elias, she says, "He came out from behind the desk and put his arm around me, saying 'Eva Alexandrovna, I have always been good to you. Tell me all about it.' "

She asked, "If there is a second accusation against me, will I be told what it is?"

Elias was visibly shaken. She told him that she knew she was accused of being a courier from Trotsky, and she recounted the interrogation that she had overheard. She said that this information had come to her in a dream. She said that she wanted to make a deposition accusing the entire investigation of using illegal methods. This

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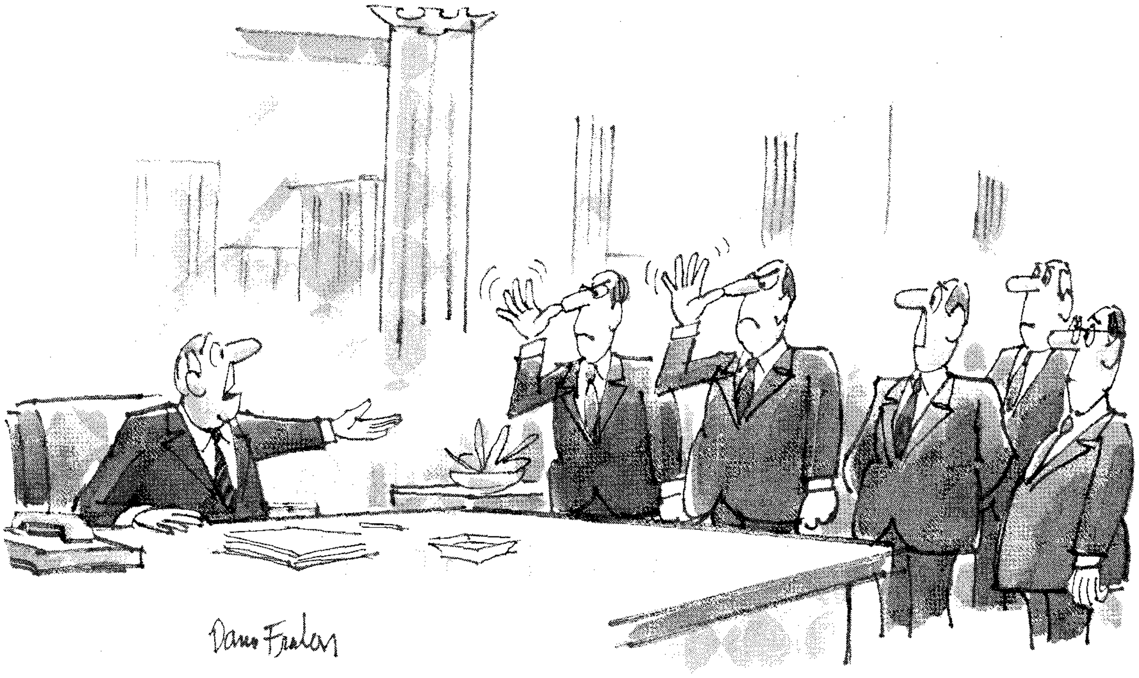

"That's it? That's the minority report?"

was a request that Elias felt he could not ignore.

The strategy seemed to work, for the next time Eva saw Elias he was full of encouragement and hope. He told her that all she had to do was to indicate that Bykhovsky had admitted to her that he was a counterrevolutionary, and then she would go free—or, at worst, receive a light sentence. He said that it would be impossible to release her without that, but if she did not admit to anything they would have no choice but to accuse her of the whole. The system left no other way. He said that her mother was waiting for her downstairs. Eva coöperated. She began by making up a vague conversation with Bykhovsky about the differences between Stalin and Trotsky over agricultural policy. She argued for hours with Elias, who was systematically exaggerating her statements on paper. Then, when she was finished, he spoke to her in a voice—a deep, shaken voice—that was completely different from the one he had been using, letting her know that she had just doomed herself, that he had tricked her into lying, and that this filled him with pity and disappointment.

Back in her cell, Eva concluded, "With my dignity intact, nothing could happen to me in life or death. But now that my self-respect was lost I was vulnerable. I was no longer 'I.' " She decided to commit suicide. She composed a poem asking God to be on one side of her cot "when the last thread snaps," and "Gallows Humor" to be on the other side:

> Let a little burst of laughter
> Be a bridge to the hereafter.

Then she went to work on her wrist with a piece of wire.

The next morning, she was found alive—because, as she learned later, she had been cutting her wrist the wrong way. For a foreign prisoner to attempt suicide was a black mark for the investigators, and she was angrily asked why she had done it. She said that it was because the confession she had made the day before was false, and had been extracted through a false promise. This was also an illegal method. She was returned to her cell. For a time, her emotional stability disintegrated, and, with it, her program of self-control. She became obsessed with endless mental rebuttals of imaginary accusations. Nearly a year passed. Then, one day, in early September, 1937, she was called out and shown a document that, because of a missing comma, she read as a euphemistic order for her execution. When she was given a new passport, she was amused by the bureaucratic mentality that required one's passport to be brought up to date before one was shot. She was put on a train with a guard. In a few days, she was in Vienna.

Eva never learned exactly why she was released from prison. A contributing factor may have been the efforts of her mother, who collected statements from eminent Russian physicists attesting to Eva's good character. (Some of these people did not in fact know Eva well, and by signing they risked imprisonment themselves in the event that she was convicted. That they signed is evidence of the persuasive force and charm of Laura Polanyi Striker.) But many years later Eva did discover what probably had led to her arrest. In the New York Public Library, she found a book called "The Secret History of Stalin's Crimes," by Alexander Orlov, who had been a high official in the secret police under Stalin, and had escaped in the period when Stalin turned on his own men. Orlov recounts that early in 1936 Stalin decided to frame Trotsky and other former leaders of the opposition for conspiring to assassinate him. In order to achieve this, "evidence" of a large, conspiratorial organization had to be fabricated. Orlov mentions Bykhovsky as one of the candidates for this fiction. In May, a conference was held at the Kremlin, devoted entirely to analyzing the case that the secret police had constructed. Stalin pointed out that they had no prisoner in hand who could be accused of having been directly sent by Trotsky to Russia to commit a terrorist act, and that this was an enormous hole in the fictional conspiracy. Two weeks later, Eva was arrested. According to Orlov's account, two loyal secret-police agents who had been active in Berlin were conscripted to stand in as make-believe defendants, confessing to having been sent by Trotsky to kill Stalin—the charge that had been made against Eva. The agents complied, and then were shot with the other defendants. Orlov's account also states that Stalin was concerned at this point that the record not show any misconduct, and directed that all interrogations be performed legally, without devices such as threats and false promises. Eva had learned from her guard on the train out of Russia that Elias, who had extracted a confession from her by a false promise, was himself in prison. When Eva read this book,

The only decision is when.

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HAPPENED ON THE
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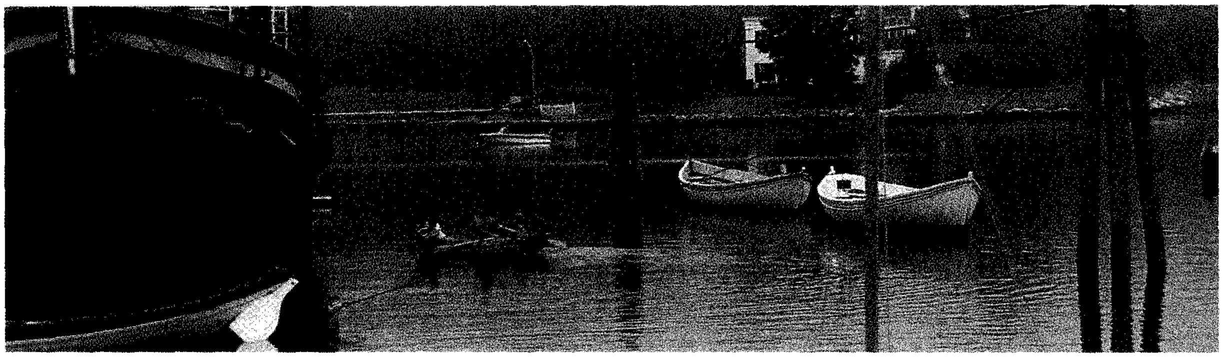

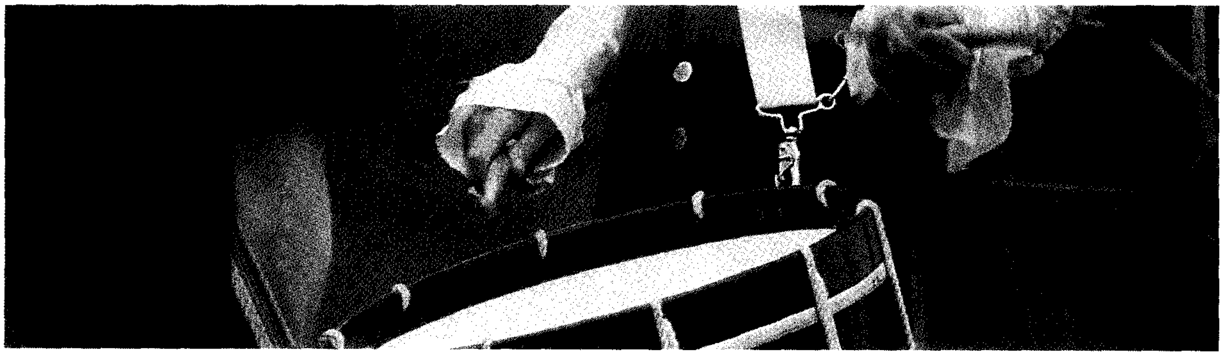

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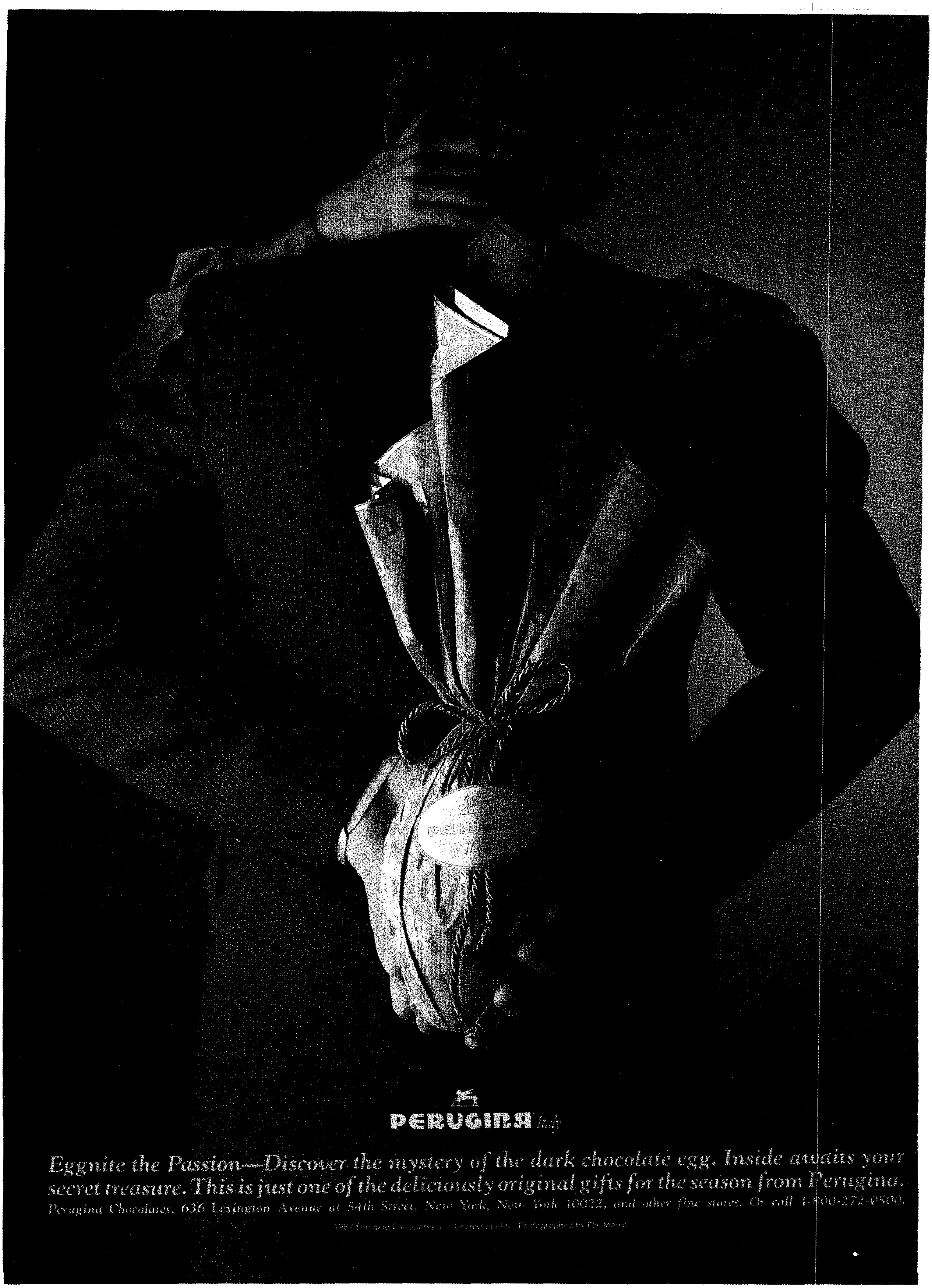

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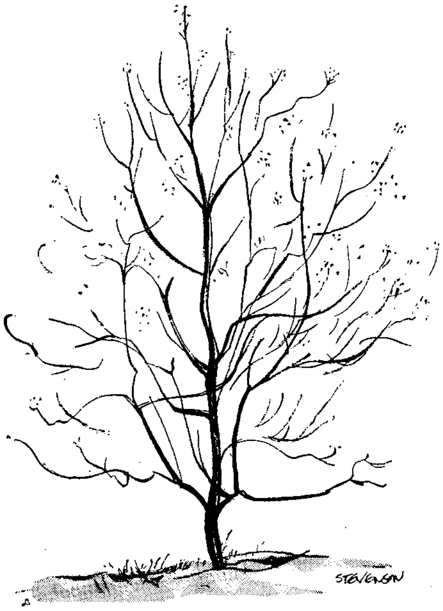
she felt sick and for some time thereafter was unable to remember Orlov's name.

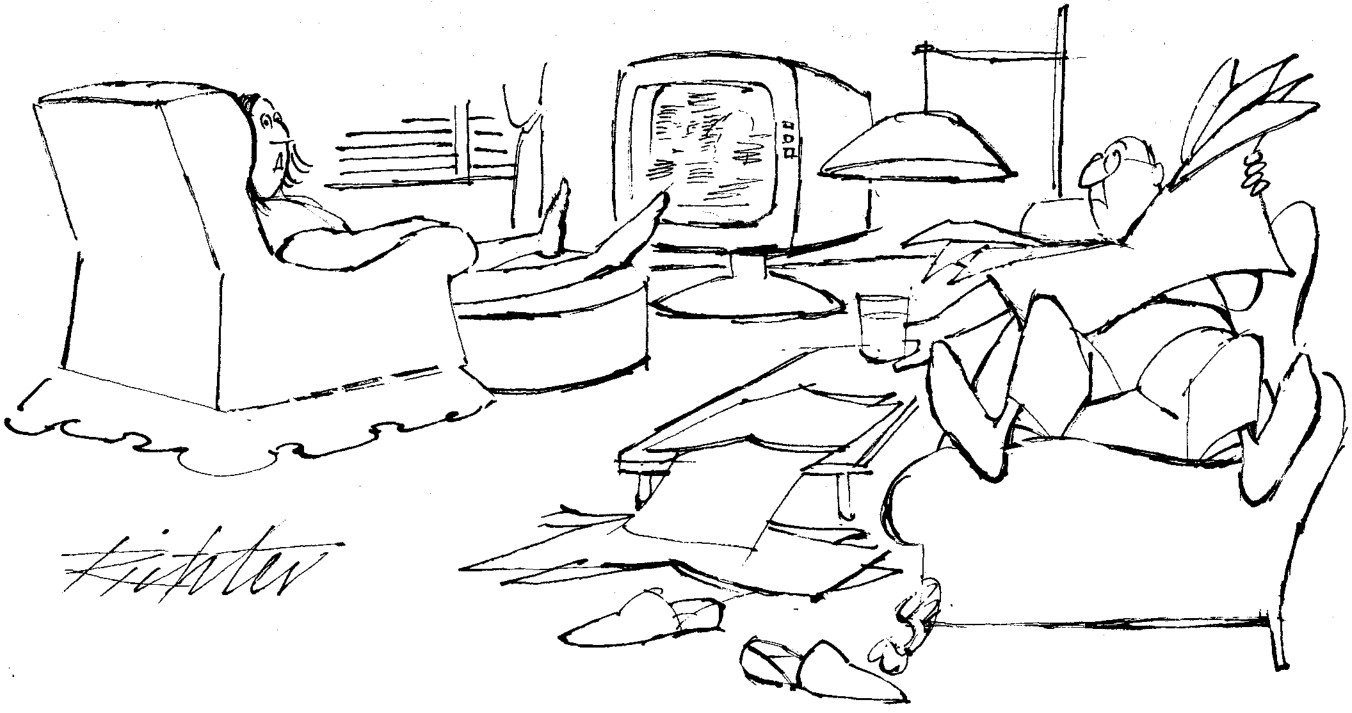
Eva maintains a Manhattan pied-à-terre on Morningside Heights. The windows are high; the room is full of sky and light, and on the day of my first visit it was a mixed, travelling December sky of platinum, pewter, and lead. The light drew lances from the diamond on Eva's brown hand. She was serene that day. Her brow was high and clear, her hair smoothly brushed back and apparently one color, white. I noticed that the indentation in her upper lip was widely set, an effect usually achieved only with lipstick, creating an evolved, cosmopolitan air. Her gaze was settled, and then—a glance as quick and sharp as the light off the diamond. Canny. When she was seated, her manner was delicate. Then she would go and fetch a box of papers and plunk it on the table with undisguised vigor and heft. There were boxes, stacks of papers, files, letters, photographs, documents, and clippings all over the room. They seemed to be actively circulating on the furniture, which fitted into the room like a loosely constructed puzzle. Eva lives, in a large modern apartment in Chicago, with her husband, Hans Zeisel, a prominent sociologist and legal scholar. She owns a house with a studio in Rockland County, where her son, John, her daughter, Jean, and three grandchildren often visit. (John is an architectural-design consultant, author of "Inquiry by Design," and Jean is an actress.) But in the pied-à-terre on Morningside Heights Eva is alone. "Life at eighty is as confusing as it is at forty," she said, friendly to the confusion. She went about the business of recollection in an improvisatory way. She would lapse into moments of silence and then launch out. She would reach into the circulating stream of papers and extract supporting material. She conveyed the peculiarity of vivisecting one's own life. She set a pace suggesting that order is a living element that can be experienced in passing but never set.

Sitting in a low armchair by a low table on which were a typewriter and signs of ongoing work, Eva leaned back, placed the tips of her fingers together, and said, with the detachment of a psychologist, "For a long time after prison, I was in a poor state. I was connected to the pain of the world by the common present. I carried the pain of the world. I know that people starve, and you know, but at that time I felt it acutely—knowing that I from Cell No. 4 am out but people in Cell No. 2 and No. 3 are there." Hans Zeisel, then a young law student, who had fallen in love with Eva in Berlin, was waiting for her in Vienna. They decided to marry as soon as a divorce from Alex Weissberg—who was in prison in Russia—could be arranged. "I was absolutely helpless," Eva said. "I let Hans' sister take me to have my hair bobbed, even though I loathed bobs. Then came the news that Hitler was about to invade Austria." Eva caught one of the last trains out.

She told me that as the train passed through the Tyrol she saw the Luftwaffe overhead and heard the cheers of the populace greeting the Nazi Army in the towns. (Hitler himself arrived in Linz two hours after Eva passed through.) "All around me on the train I heard the conversation of people to whom the world was closed. 'Can we go to New Zealand?' 'No.' 'The United States?' 'No!' That was a bad train." Eva now had moved to a couch under the windows. A passport had appeared in her hands. She beckoned me over and handed it to me, open to one of the heavy, watermarked pages. There was a small, square stamp on the page containing the words "Österreich" and "Feldkirch" (a town near the border of Switzerland and Austria) and the date March 13, 1938 (the day after Hitler's invasion of Austria). Documents in Eva's hands have a kind of living significance. They have meaning to her, and this is surprising, because she is an artistic, intuitive person whom one might expect to be impatient with papers and prefer to lose them. Her relationship to documents is tactile rather than visual, as if by touching them she were directly connected to the reality that they represent. The passport had a mute, shocking quality now. The little rectangle with words and numbers in it had become to me a tiny door in the wall of fate. "The people who stamped this passport were kids," she said. "They didn't know what they were doing. Other trains that day did not get through." Sitting there on the couch, she cried a little and told me of how she ended up in Basel that night, with nowhere to go, and on a park bench wrote a poem in the four-cornered rhythm derived from her prison cell. Then her mood became light. "Here, you take this," she said, almost tossing the passport to me. Then leaving the subject entirely behind, she went to sit in the armchair.



Eva eventually made it to England. A few months later, in the fall of 1938, she learned that her mother had been arrested in Vienna by the Gestapo. Once again, she spoke to me with factual detachment, but the grim obsession with which she had worked to free her mother showed through. With the help of Arthur Koestler and a Quaker woman called Phyllis Richards, she succeeded. Hans Zeisel joined Eva in England, and they were married and shortly thereafter set out for America. "For many years, I was depressed," Eva said. "The fates of others were with me for a very long time." She picked up an overflowing file, moved it up and down as if weighing it, and handed it to me. It contained hundreds of personal letters, dating mostly from the war years. Many were from her Uncle Michael, who wrote nearly every day. I read at random: "And Sophie? The thought of her is a constant torment to my mind and as the winter approaches the burden increases day by day," and "I have not written about the terrors of Budapest, though of course its thoughts occupy us a great deal, particularly on account of Magda's relatives there." There were cables: "Visa denied Peter." "Esther Polanyi safe her husband was taken to Dachau." There was a letter from Michael Polanyi about getting Einstein to send a letter to Stalin in order to free Alex Weissberg. There was a letter from an official of the Dominican Republic about bringing a relative in through that country: "Semitic immigration has been limited to the number who reside at present in the Dominican



"Henry, is there a moral to our story?"

• •

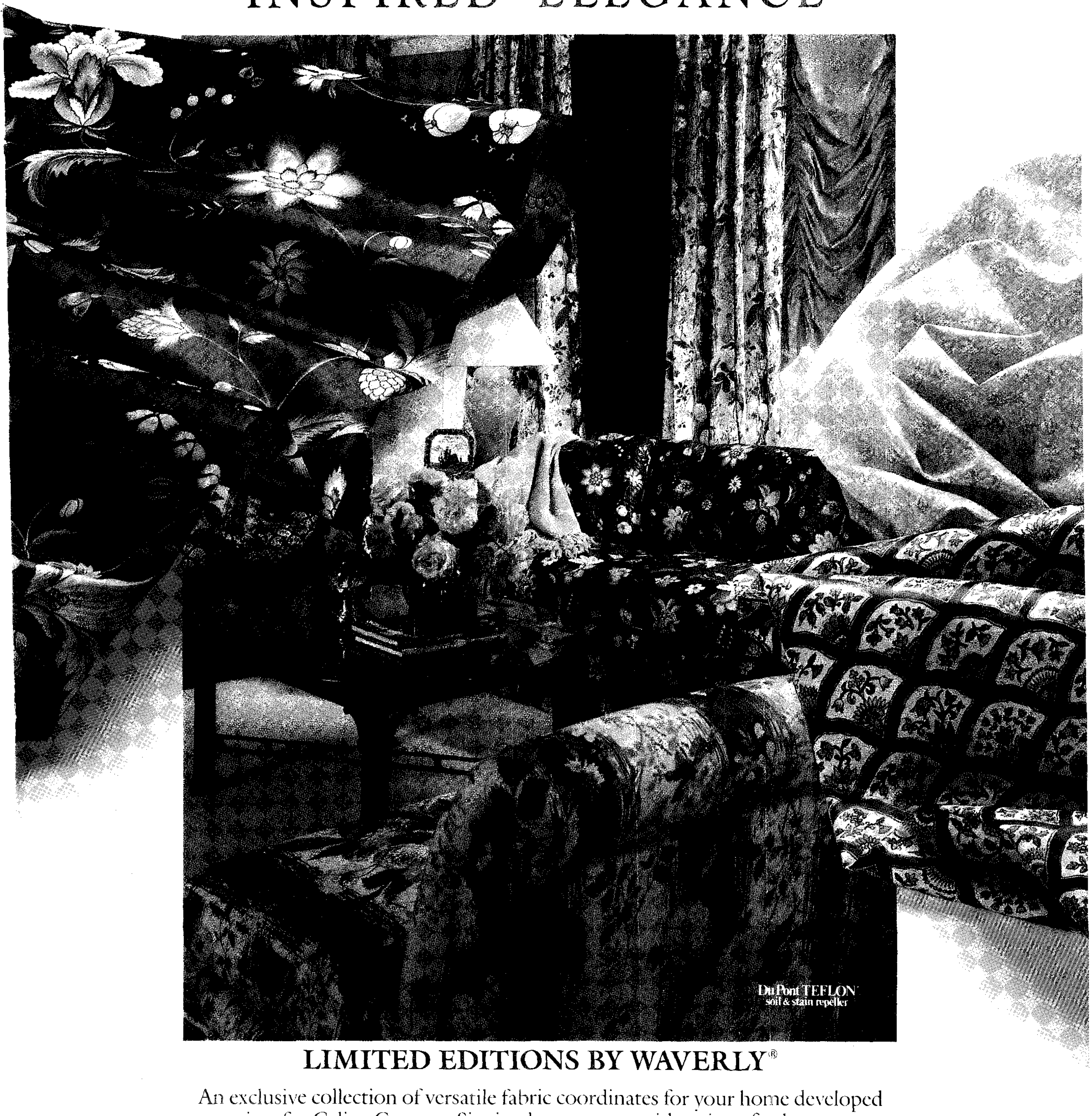
at the Museum of Modern Art. From there, this second stage of her career zips upward in the same unerring way as the first one, although Eva says of both, "It may look swift from here, but at the time it was a lot of hard work."

When Eva started to design again, it turned out that she had left behind the masculine vocabulary of modern architecture—the vocabulary of geometry and geology and stationary, inorganic things—at which she had excelled in Germany. (She had abstained from it in Russia, but that was for reasons of aesthetic policy there.) In its place was a feminine vocabulary of curves, fluidity, and organic harmony. Bosoms, tomatoes, babies' bottoms, cheeks, bellies, seals, and birds became, in America, Eva's mother lode of forms. The range of moods in her work lies between rest and flight. Ware for daily use tends to be frankly earthbound, capacious, hearty. It makes you think of the physical side of humanity—of eating and contentment and relaxation in the midst of family life. The more formal sets of dishes suggest delicate manners and conversation of a piccolo politeness. (Eva read Emily Post to get the tone of manners in America.) The pitchers, teapots, and coffeepots have a nose-in-the-air hauteur. They have about them something of birds about to take off, or the expectant, aspiring look of ballerinas on point—although generosity is there, too, in swelling bodies. As time went on, a kind of grandeur arose—casseroles on a stem base, for example, giving the look of huge chalices—and a quite unmodern coziness: a teapot with a bird's head for a spout, the lid flared at the sides like wings, or a dish with a sleeping duck for a lid. In her catalogue essay Eva writes:

> What kind of person must a designer be to have fun originating a lifetime of pleasant things and not to dry up in midstream? One has to learn not to take oneself too seriously, not to overly respect one's own designs, either while working on them or after they exist. Otherwise it is difficult to keep them fluid as well as to set them aside to move on to new moods. Nor must designers search for the very best, for perfection, because when they feel they have achieved their very best, the creative impulse is at an end. Designers must always feel that whatever they aim at and whatever they produce, there are always many more possibilities.

In the essay Eva also tells how she works. To begin with, she might try to "illustrate words like 'growing,' 'cosy,' 'hard,' 'stiff,' 'dynamic' . . . I might use my hands—hold the air between them and mold it into all sorts of shapes, pull it or push it, flatten it or let it collapse, squeeze it or poke it, or blow into it like a balloon while I hold it between my palms. And while I mold the air between my hands, I might describe in words what happens to the shapes of air." Once she has the character of the design in mind, she proceeds by visualizing each step ahead, from sketch to model, and here she describes imagination working in a systematic, muscular way: "You must imagine glazes, possibly highlights sliding around the hills and valleys of an object, emphasizing the breaks of its surface. You must imagine that a glossy surface might be dark, and that reflections intrude into the shape, that receding surfaces have a tendency to disappear by shading. You must imagine how handles feel and how pots balance in your hand before they exist, and the shape of the flow of fluid continuing the line of the spout, and the shape of a plate or handle so that it does not slip out of your hand when you pick it up. You must also imagine the innumerable outlines or profiles which will delineate an object while either you or it moves relative to the other. You must imagine lines." She writes of the complex relationship of "something to nothing," saying of decoration, "When does it impress you as jewelry? And when does it become tedious or even not discernible by its abundance?" Of shapes she writes, "When does something slim and graceful become skinny and emaciated? When does something rich, ample, and voluptuous turn into just fat? When do emotions you want to convey

INSPIRED ELEGANCE



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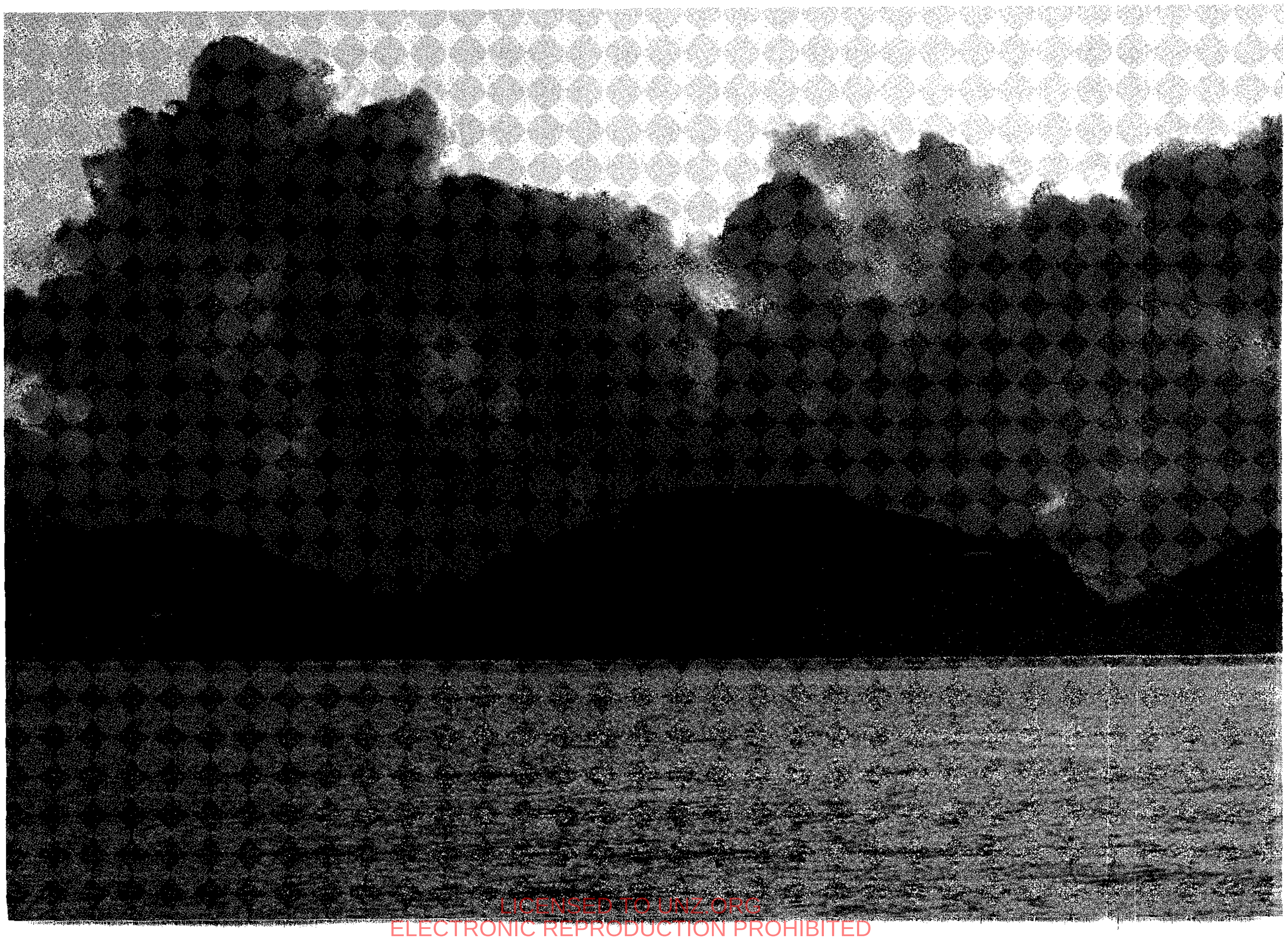

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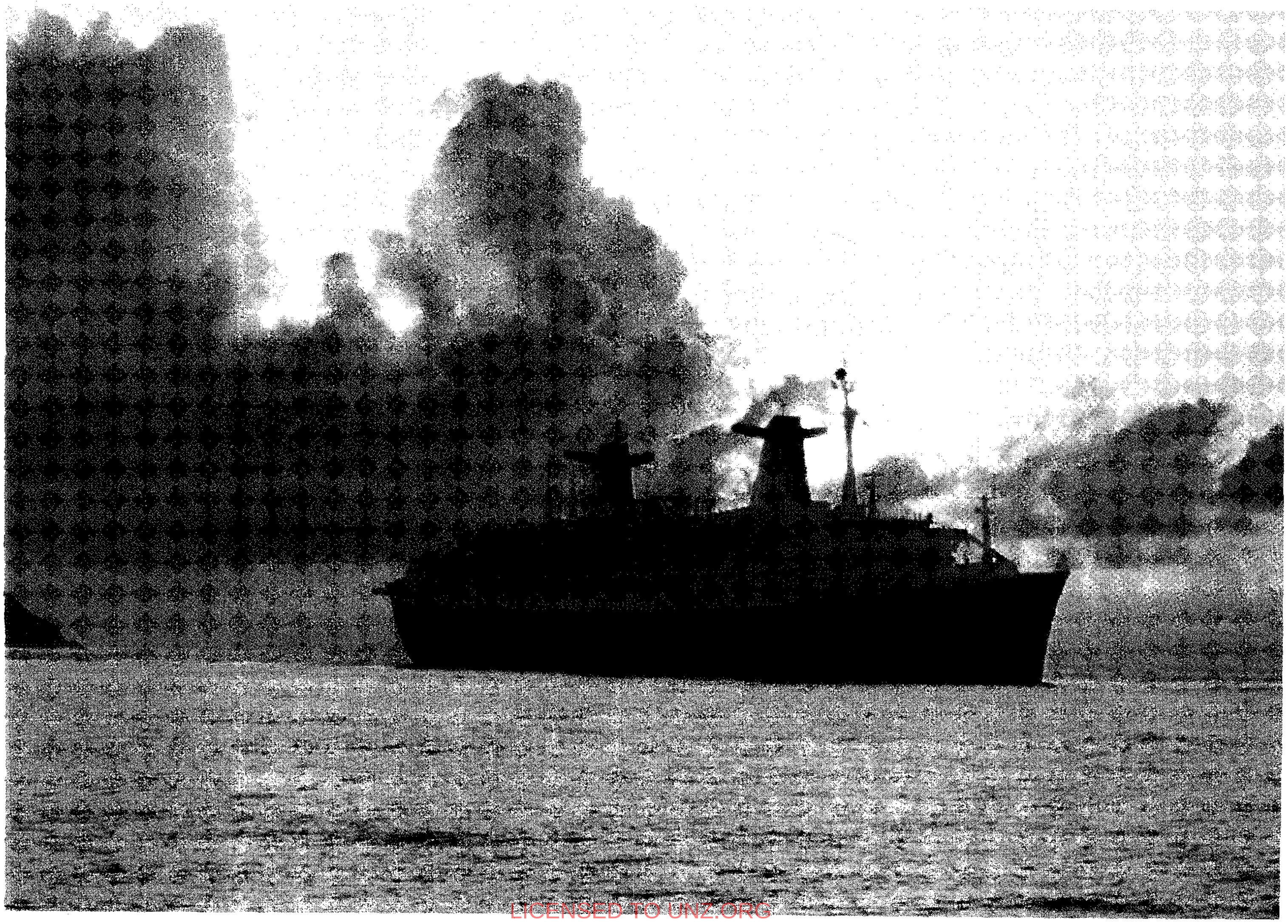
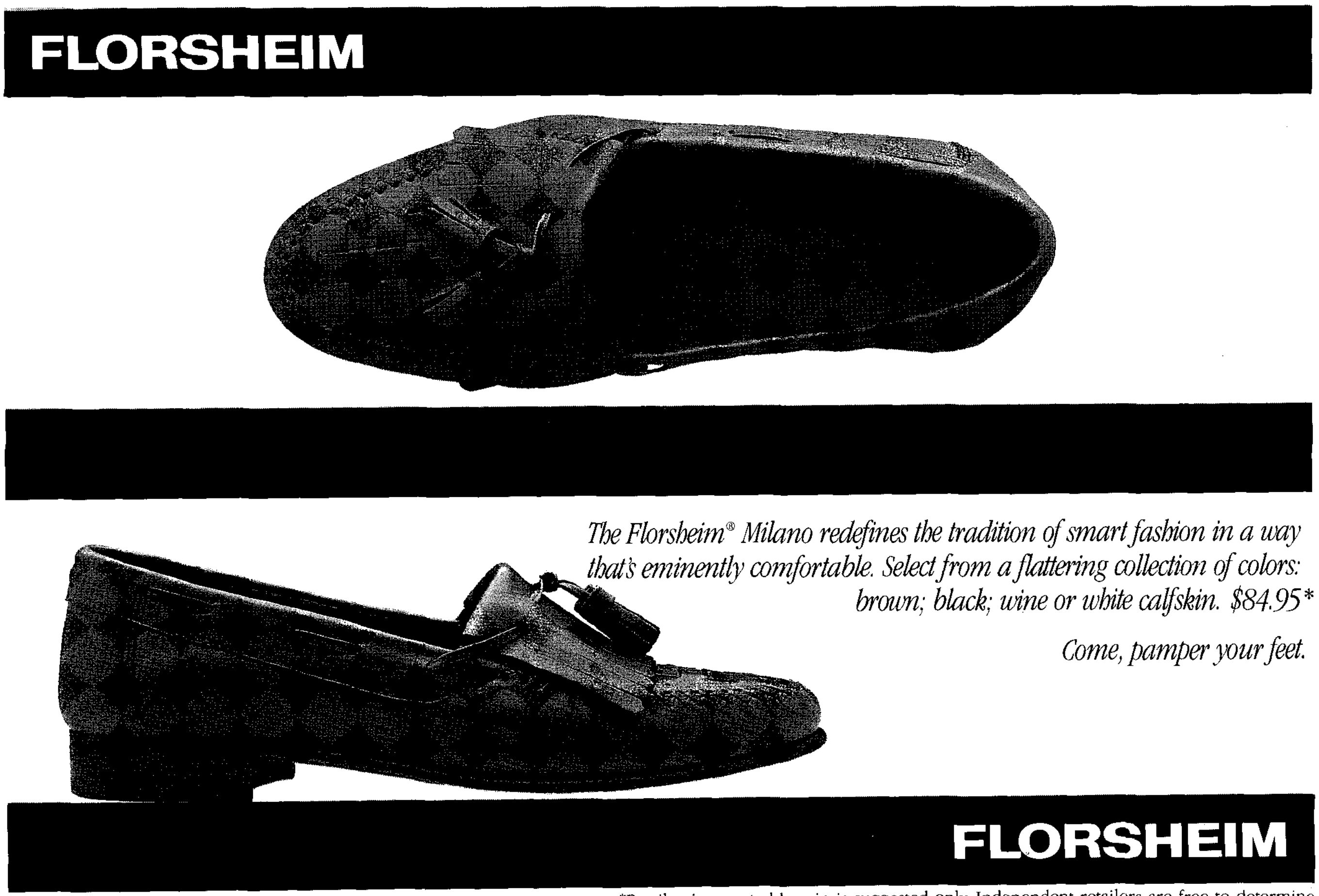


become caricatures? What does a sixteenth or thirty-second of an inch here or there do to your design? Is it relevant? You must feel this out by watching the resonance of your emotional responses."

Eva writes, "Eventually the things you design look as if they just happened, yet they were willed from beginning to end." Then, all of a sudden, she is describing the completed objects with detached delight, exactly as if they had just happened, almost as if she were seeing them for the first time: "This one looks like a tomato. . . . It seems to have been plucked off a plant. . . . You must wrap your hand around this one. . . . When you pour from it you have the feeling that the fluid originates in your palm, as your hand clings so closely to its body. . . . This one looks modest and earnestly modern. . . . Even the most pristine, restrained of these forms, the formal off-white classic Castleton dishes, with their unbroken, clear, simple surfaces, over which imperceptibly glide the yet whiter highlights, invite your hands to move over their bays and bulges or to follow the walls of their plates and bowls from unexpectedly heavy bases to their very thin rims. The weight makes them feel valuable and their thin edges elegant and fine. [All] want to be friendly and they want to be liked by you."

Eva is an unusual modernist in her attention to detail—to the aesthetic effect of a reflection on the surface of a teacup, for example. (At one time, I had occasion to ask a number of leading architects about the reflections on the glass surfaces of modern skyscrapers. None of them had considered the matter at all.) Eva is also unusual in that she did not subscribe to the modernist imperative of rejecting the past. In her catalogue essay she wrote, "I have always thought of my work as a link between the past and the future, not as a break or departure from past styles. I would have felt disoriented without the study of the roots of today's design." Nor did she subscribe to the doctrinaire rejection of ornament. About the use of ornament in postmodernism she said to me, "I do not think that any successful ornament was brought forth by the genius of one artist. I believe no other discipline in art is so dependent on group conventions developed through the generations. There is a curious relation between the perfect ease and unconcern, the happy playfulness, the spontaneity with which it can be used. The self-consciousness with which we are burdened today is due to the fifty years of form without ornament." She has also refused to accept the doctrinaire resistance of the crafts movement to the use of machines, or the idea that handicraft and industry are deeply opposed. "It has always been my feeling that designing for industry yields the same pleasure as making pots by hand," she wrote in the catalogue essay. An admirer of handicraft, she was appalled by the sloppiness of the work that passed for craft in America, and attributed it to rebellion against the precision of machines and to the fact that an adequate apprenticeship was not possible in a machine economy. "Work with the machine, not against it" is the subtitle of an article she wrote in 1946.

Eva's teaching career reflects her eclectic attitude. Within a year of her arrival in America, she was teaching at Pratt Institute, where ceramics had been viewed and taught as a handicraft. Eva introduced the industrial approach—not through theoretical exercises (the usual way this approach is



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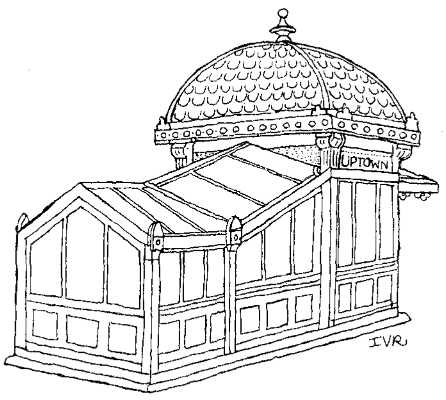
taught) but through arranging to have her students work in the factory of the Bay Ridge Specialty Company, of New Jersey, where she held a position as a designer, and where they could see their designs through to completion. A few years later, Eva also began teaching at the Rhode Island School of Design, where the approach was strictly industrial and strictly modernist, too—stressing function as the source of aesthetic values. Roy Kimmel, one of her students there, said, "Eva taught us to approach industrial design as a very fine artist, even as a sculptor. I considered her primarily a ceramist, drawing on the traditions that had produced ceramics for centuries. She was concerned with the history of design. She was very unusual—a maverick, unorthodox. Her being a ceramist tuned to mass production was unique. She was a woman, much more emotional; she was very fluid in her work. She introduced the whole aspect of emotions—a most inspiring instructor. She did not have much tolerance for unresponsive students, but she would spend any amount of time with any student who wanted to get what she was giving."

Eva grew through the experience, too. "After the first year at Pratt," she says, "I came to the conclusion that what was called limits—yes, industrial design is very limiting—was just the opposite; it was very unlimiting. I set my students this project. I said, 'Please sit down and do the most beautiful thing you can imagine. You must have been thinking a lot about it.' And they were sitting around totally frustrated, without the slightest idea of how to fulfill their dream. Then I gave them limitations—'Make something this high, with this function'—and suddenly they were all sitting there working like beavers." Out of this experience came a lovely inversion of the doctrine that form follows function. In the catalogue essay Eva writes:

> The designer must understand that form does not follow function, nor does form follow a production process. For every use and for every production process there are innumerable equally attractive possibilities.

I asked her about her personal taste in art, and her reply, in a letter, seems entirely oblivious of orthodoxy—modernist or any other. "I like Matisse because of his positive, genuine colors and dislike Cézanne because he thinks, and consequently cuts his bathing figures up into incongruous surfaces—the element of another world. . . . In general, I think that art is meant to enchant and it's not the means to depict what we *know*—for instance, what is on the other side, the invisible . . . or vulgarity, or even despair." She also wrote of "what hurts me, from what I like to look away . . . The German expressionists, Picasso (after he left the style of his circus people and became faddist). I am deeply disturbed by the proportions and finish of the Guggenheim Museum, find it crude, the width of the sausage winding down acutely disturbs me, both from nearby as well as from afar. My particular antipathy is focused on Henry Moore. . . . I also dislike Rodin with his thumbprints, signs of spontaneity cast in bronze." Among the art with which she has been in love, she mentioned Gothic cathedrals, Romanesque sculpture, Donatello, Giotto, and Leonardo—in contrast to Michelangelo and Cranach—and in particular she liked the Buddhas, with their "mysterious smiles and their smooth, touchable surfaces . . . and the spontaneity of the light drawings in the Lascaux caves. . . . I also love the garden of Versailles." Elsewhere in her letter she wrote, "Actually, I think that architectural impressions are much more memorable: I drink in the view of New York any time I drive toward it, or fly over it . . . the grandeur of the modern town with the witty jewels of the interspersed ornamental spikes. . . . Even the forest of modern skyscrapers of Chicago makes my soul sing." She once said to me, "All my life, I have been fascinated by the moment of change. Between waking and sleeping, for example. Once, when I was a child, someone walked into the room at the moment I was falling asleep. That made me very happy. The other day, I was standing on Park Avenue in the Fifties, and, looking around me, I saw that nothing—shapes, styles, building materials—nothing is as it was when I was young. The change in design is extraordinary. It's even more extraordinary if you are older. And I don't know when it happened. I was here, and I missed the moment." She laughed.



Eva's unorthodox approach was actually the key to her success. The modern ideology stressed mass production for a new, democratic world, but the fact was that "the masses" in America resisted modern design, and commercial enterprises were chary of the new aesthetics. When the Museum of Modern Art decided to try to close this breach by sponsoring a commercially viable project, it was Eva who won the competition, because, according to Edgar Kaufmann, Jr., who in the late forties was head of the Department of Industrial Design at the Museum, "Most manufacturers at that point believed modern design was mechanistic. Hers was not. She also had extensive experience working in factory conditions." Both these qualities appealed to the Castelton China Company, and the result was a dinner set that was commercially successful and was also exhibited at the Museum. Eva set herself apart from the modernist mood in another way that may have contributed to her success. At a panel discussion at the Museum, someone in the audience asked her to define "good design," and she answered, "Love is a very personal matter." In the catalogue essay she writes, "My answer . . . implied that I felt it would be presumptuous of me to go beyond offering my public my designs, and to teach them my taste, because I respected their love of beauty as a very personal matter." Elsewhere in the essay she writes, "I have read that certain technical forms demonstrate the beauty of solid shapes—but to whom? Why does one need the didactic 'demonstrate'? It is said that forms produced under a code of ethics express 'our time' . . . but to whom? To the coming ages? . . . In statements explaining the form language of our time, concern for the pleasure of the designer's public is almost always programmatically excluded, or called incidental to the quality of a design. The words 'reduce, reduce' do not herald visual delight, nor inspire us to make pretty things." In a lecture she gave in the late fifties Eva said, "All lines and forms, whether the gnarled branch of a tree, or the gentle contour of a vase, evoke emotional responses through associations, which within the same culture are similar. The designer, sharing common associations with his audience, communicates his feelings."

Eva's belief that emotional resonance is the source of aesthetics brought her into direct conflict with the modernist ideal of muteness and anonymity. In the late forties, she wrote a letter to Edgar Kaufmann, who had chastised her for stressing what she called communicative line over function in an article she had published in an art magazine. "All lines, proportions, surfaces and shapes evoke associations," she wrote. "I will try to understand your 'dead-pan theory,' but to keep a straight face is only humorous if one has a purpose to convey, and a mood behind it. Otherwise it is just a straight face. I am not speaking with scorn of the functional era in which I grew up, but I see how the lone emphasis on function induces stagnation in the development of many young artists and prevents the public from enjoying the beauty of many good things."

"She was very dogmatic, very difficult," Kaufmann said to me. "As many Central Europeans are, she was opinionated. She believed that she had right on her side."

Eva said, "I've always thought that what I think is the natural normal thing to think," and "What I don't understand, what has been badly explained, or false, I don't want to know about."

This element can cause a rise in atmospheric pressure. Opposition occurred, for example, over the catalogue for the recent exhibition—in particular over Martin Eidelberg's essay about Eva's life and work. Eva demanded changes in his essay to such an extent that in the end Eidelberg published a disclaimer with the essay which said that because of deletions it did not fully reflect his point of view. "This is an example of why art historians prefer to write about artists who are dead," Eidelberg says. "She comes on sweet and charming and then shows the tempestuous side. She's competitive, uncompromising, and erratic. She's dogmatic about herself." Eva won a number of points, and she lost some: she's still bitter about those. The matter of Jean Arp particularly galls her. Eidelberg cites—and illustrates—Arp as an influence on Eva, and this makes Eva furious. She says Arp's work made no impression on her at the time. She does not even remember seeing it. "I have been experiencing waves of gratitude to the people who put the catalogue together," she says. "It is a great asset to me. But this other business was a tremendous conflict. I suffered from it tremendously. It was traumatic. It was a stubborn procedure." David Hanks, the head of the consulting firm that originally organized the exhibition and catalogue, for the Musée des Arts Décoratifs in Montreal, says, "She is broadly educated and an art historian in her own right. She has her views. This is unusual in a designer." Victor Weisskopf says, "The Polanyis have too much sense of themselves. They know what they are worth. I don't say that they overestimate it. But they like to make people feel it. There is a lack of humility in the Polyanis." Hans Zeisel says Eva is deeply shy and tends to be hurt when she meets with opposition.

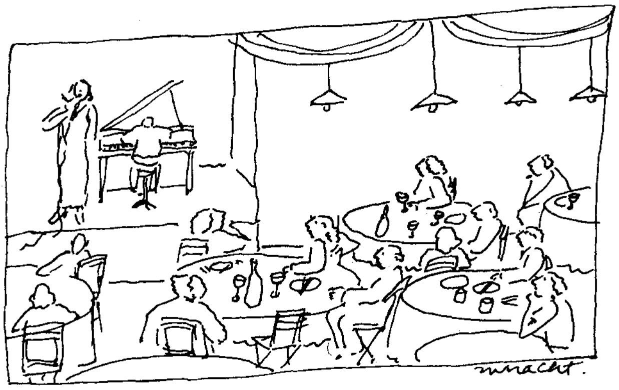
"After all those tough experiences?" I asked.

"After all those tough experiences," he said. "People don't change."

When I first met Eva, I had an impression of her as grounded in a strong, steadying zone of reality that is constant beneath the hurly-burly of what we call the important events of our lives. I assumed that she had simply been born that way and that the marvel of her was that this quality had survived intact in spite of a turbulent life. When I knew her better, it seemed to me that her placement in that steadying zone was a choice, that indeed she often had to struggle against formidable elements in her own nature to make that choice, and that the marvel of her was that she had, to some extent, learned to make that choice through the worst of her experiences. She has the garden, and she has her mother. She has these good strong things inside her. But I saw that she chooses to sit under the tree in the garden rather than to save the world. She chooses the sounds and smells of her workplaces rather than the prizes and praise. She chooses emotional resonance over intellect. She chooses the present moment. Eva struggles to ground herself in this primary reality, and it is the dynamic of this struggle that makes her what she is. Victor Weisskopf has said of his old friend, "She is not a happy person, in the sense of being self-sufficient. There is very little happy-go-lucky about Eva. There is so much ambition." He has also said, "Her development toward art was a reaction to the Polanyis. She says she is not an intellectual, which is not true. She is an intellectual. But I know what she means. Art is her refuge." The refuge is in the actual doing. She wrote in the catalogue essay, "When a potter feels a shape come alive, actually grow out of the wet clay turning on the wheel, guided by his palm and fingers, he feels in command of his world and his life, useful, justified, simple, convincing." The refuge is in the purely private pride that comes of the doing. She wrote in her catalogue, "When I met my designs in the market of a remote village in the West Indies, or in the airport restaurant in Zurich, I felt like the mother of many well-behaved children." And the refuge is in the pleasure she takes in her anonymous relationships with the people into whose homes objects designed by Eva eventually travel.

In her catalogue essay she writes, "We feel differently, more intimately, about dishes than we do about shoes or chairs or forks. If we unexpectedly come upon a chair like we used when we were children, we say, 'We had a chair like that at home.' But if we come upon dishes like we used on the dinner table with our parents, we will surely exclaim: 'Look! Our dishes!' "

One day when I was with Eva in her pied-à-terre, she got up and fetched a file. "These are letters from people, customers, ordinary people, about my dishes," she said. "Sometimes they didn't know that I had designed them for a long time, until they saw them in an exhibition, or in a department-store display that featured my name. The word 'love' appears over and over in these letters. It's the 'love' that I'm so proud of." She read from one at random. " 'I love these beautiful dishes which we have had for years.' " And then a slight note of exasperation entered her voice—because the letters were trite-sounding, because what she



was trying to communicate seemed wispy and insubstantial, because, when one got down to it, there wasn't really much that could be *said* about it. So she stopped trying to quote from the letters, and let a little stillness collect, to say it for her. In this moment of stillness, I saw a phenomenon in the sky. The cloud cover was low and dark, and against it was a separate bit of cloud that before my eyes was struck by a ray of sun. It became pearly against the dark cover, and at the same time was churned into spiralling ribbons that curled and twisted, then splayed and billowed and drifted off in misty patches and precise bits. The action in the little cloud would have been a writhing one except that there was about it the calm of energy not expended but infinitely available.

WHEN Eva was nearly sixty, she stopped designing altogether. About this she says, "Those were tremendous years—the years of the peace marches and Martin Luther King. Modern design somehow ceased to be interesting or relevant then. Also, at some point, when you do something very well, you become uninterested in being more perfect." Hans says that she left her career behind "without a second thought, without regret." She became involved in the peace movement, assembling a collection of photographs of the people in it. Then, one day, she went to visit "an old man in the country who has some furniture," and as she was looking over a rocking chair in the attic of one of his outbuildings "a book literally fell at my feet." She opened it and found that it was a nineteenth-century account of questions of executive privilege, involving Thomas Jefferson and private military expeditions to Venezuela. Eva felt that it shed light on the legality of undeclared wars. She was struck by the similarity to Vietnam. ("It is even more relevant to Nicaragua," she said recently.) Her long-standing aversion to interference in the affairs of others led her into a full-fledged historical project. Along the way, she became involved with another historical incident, in which leading citizens of eighteenth-century New York City declared that a Catholic conspiracy had fomented rebellion among Negroes, and then tried and executed a number of innocent men on trumped-up charges. For Eva, the enigma of Elias, the decent man who tried to kill her, has never been resolved. In this period, she also wrote her memoirs of the time in prison. As these three projects absorbed her attention, her name in the world of design faded away. All three projects were near completion when, a few years ago, she received an invitation from a leading Hungarian ceramic factory to go design there. She accepted, because "I couldn't pass up the opportunity to see what it was like to work in a factory in Hungary." She was seventy-six.

The Brooklyn Museum exhibition was a complete surprise. "The exhibition, and, more important, the catalogue, assure Eva's place in art history," Hans told me. "Eva says she doesn't care, but I can't believe it."

"Hans says that the exhibition assures my place in art history," Eva said. "I couldn't care less. What is future art history to me?" The exhibition, which travelled around the United States, is now going to Budapest, Vienna, Helsinki, and London.

On top of all this, Eva has received a grant from the National Endowment for the Arts to write a study of the communicative vocabulary of design. Finally, the Hungarian government decided to award her the Order of the Star—a rare honor and the highest that Hungary can give to a non-citizen who is not a head of state—"for a lifetime of achievement, a life of merit."

One day last spring, Eva called to say that out of nowhere she had received an offer to design "two or three complete sets of dinnerware, going from the lower end of the price range to the higher, for International China, a very mass-production company that wants to upgrade its image with a bang. I've accepted. The product-development manager is a woman. I always work well with women—they are not competitive. They want it very fast—by July, so that they can be marketing by November." When we spoke again, she said, "I've begun sketching. It seems I'm interested in design again." I learned from her daughter that she was working twelve to fourteen hours a day. The next time we spoke, Eva said, "I've been carving spouts and handles all day. My hands have remembered something. Not my mind but my hands."

—SUZANNAH LESSARD

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[*From the London Daily Telegraph*]

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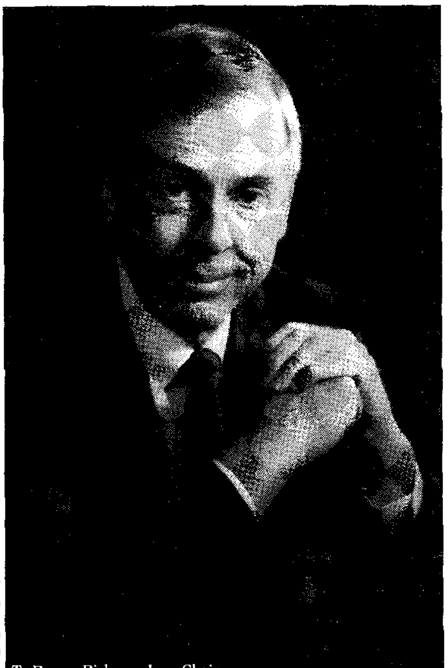

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ANNALS OF LAW

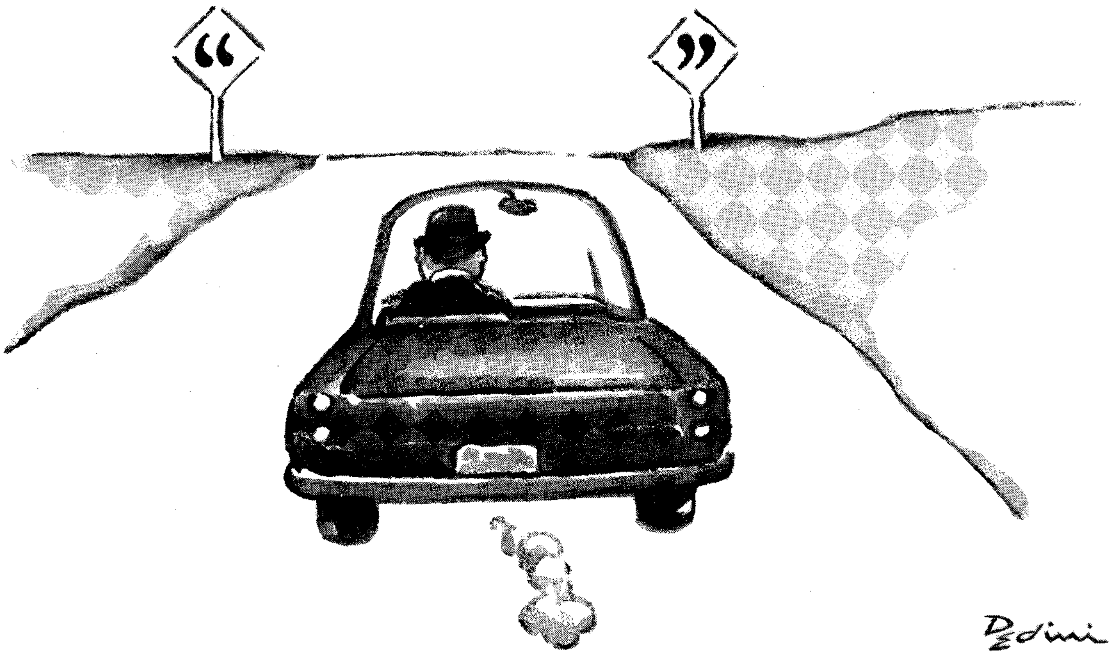
THE BETAMAX CASE—II

TOWARD the end of 1981, Jack Valenti found himself in the position of an ambassador whose country has been attacked by guerrillas. The country was Hollywood. The guerrillas were the manufacturers, sellers, and buyers of a new product, the videocassette recorder, or VCR. Like many troubled countries, Hollywood was looking to the United States government for support, and it was getting conflicting signals. On October 19th, the Court of Appeals for the Ninth Circuit ruled that the videotaping of movies and television shows in the home was a violation of federal copyright law, as Universal Pictures and Walt Disney Productions had charged in a lawsuit filed in late 1976, and that the machines used for that purpose—specifically, those made by Sony and marketed under the name Betamax—were illegal instruments of copyright infringement. In the next two days, three members of Congress—Dennis DeConcini, a Democratic senator from Arizona; Stanford Parris, a Republican representative from Virginia; and John Duncan, a Republican representative from Tennessee—denounced the Ninth Circuit's decision and introduced bills that would make home videotaping a formal exception to the rule against the unauthorized reproduction of copyrighted works.

Although the decision would have no immediate effect—first the Supreme Court would consider whether to hear Sony's appeal—DeConcini, Parris, and Duncan seemed to be treating the issue as a crisis of state. The press, also, was on the case. Almost unanimously, the nation's editorial writers agreed on the folly of the decision and the need to undo it, and a number of political cartoonists conjured up a world in which teams of "Video Police" conducted gestapo-style raids on families gathered around their TV sets.

The cartoons, the editorials, and, above all, the bills led to a sharp increase in the volume of phone traffic to and from Valenti's office at the headquarters of the Motion Picture Association of America, a few blocks up Sixteenth Street from the White House. It was Valenti's responsibility, as the M.P.A.A.'s president, to keep track of any political winds threatening to blow Hollywood's way, and as a onetime inhabitant of that other Presidential address, and a graduate of the Lyndon Johnson school of meteorology, Valenti knew a typhoon when he saw one. "We had to counterattack immediately, or else our court decision would have been nullified," he recalls. "We could have been overrun congressionally by the DeConcini and Duncan-Parris bills." What Valenti needed, and needed fast, was a palatable alternative to the home-recording exemption—some formula that would allow Congress to satisfy the clamor for action without completely undoing the Ninth Circuit decision. The decision itself hinted at the answer. The court, while accepting the plaintiffs' reading of the law, was clearly skeptical about the wisdom of ordering the Betamax off the market. Citing "Nimmer on Copyright," a standard text by Melville Nimmer, of the U.C.L.A. law school, the Ninth Circuit had observed that there are times when an injunction may do "great public injury," and when a royalty arrangement "may very well be an acceptable resolution." A royalty on videocassette recorders and blank tapes, it seemed to Valenti, could be promoted as a compromise that would preserve the interests of consumers and creators simultaneously.

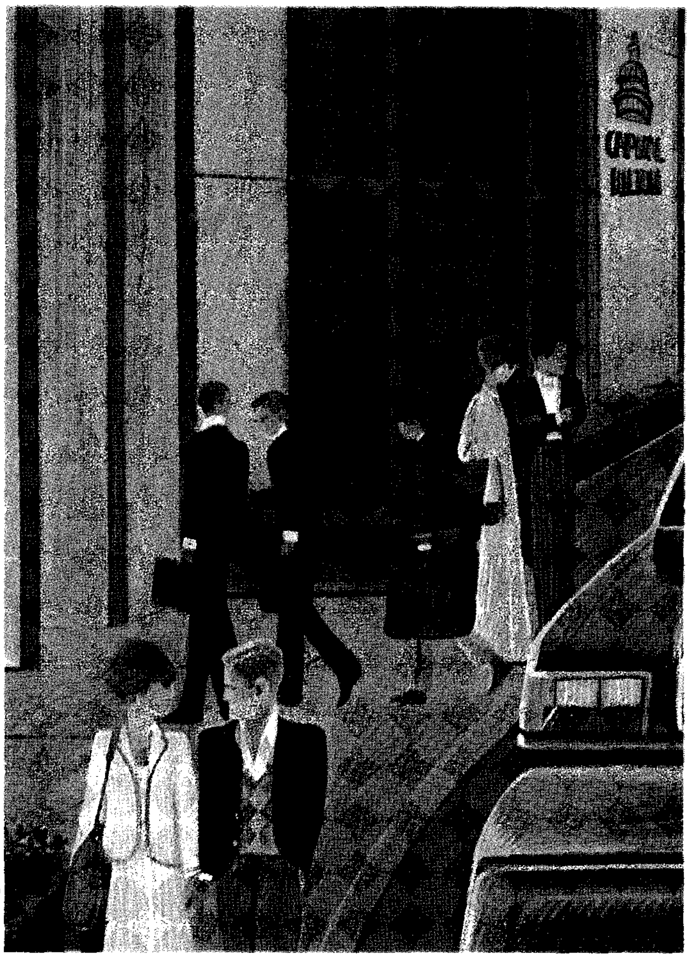
Sidney Sheinberg, the president of Universal and its parent company, M.C.A., had disliked the idea of a royalty when it was first raised, five years earlier, and he still did. He especially disliked the idea of asking Congress to do the job, as Valenti was urging. Congress, he feared, would give the copyright owners' interests short shrift rather than pass a bill that could be portrayed as hurting the consumer. The problems of cable television and jukeboxes had been resolved by congressionally imposed royalties, and in both cases the sums of money involved struck the people on the receiving end as ludicrously small. The judicial process, it seemed to Sheinberg, offered more hope than an appeal to Congress. On the other hand, he could no longer deny that VCRs were here to stay. In the five years since his decision to sue Sony, the number of VCR owners in the United States had risen from thirty thousand to some three million. Early in 1980, Sheinberg had given the go-ahead for M.C.A. to enter the prerecorded-videocassette business. He had resisted that move as long as he could, both as a matter of principle and to avoid muddying the legal waters. But the business had become too big to ignore, and, having resigned himself to the VCR's existence, he had



to admit the strength of Valenti's argument that a hard-line stand by the movie industry would only add to the allure of the home-recording-exemption bills, which threatened to make the lawsuit moot.

The executives of Twentieth Century–Fox also took some persuading. Four years earlier, Fox had been the first studio to enter the home-video business. It had done so in the belief that millions of Americans were itching to own movies, so that they could take Redford and Newman or C3PO and R2D2 down off the shelf at will. So far, the market had rendered an uncertain verdict on that theory. Many cassettes had been sold, but few had been sold to the public; most had wound up on the shelves of retail stores, which were renting them out at several dollars a turn. The video boom had set hearts on fire in entrepreneurial breasts across the land. It was as if someone had hung a classified ad in the sky: "Retail Oppty.—Lo Cash, E.Z. Entry." By the thousands, former factory workers, police officers, hair stylists, housewives, and bureaucrats cracked open their nest eggs and became the proud owners of Video Places, Patches, Palaces, Corners, Connections, Castles, Shacks, Sheds, Spots, Huts, and Hutches. The typical video dealer wasted no time on market analysis. He just found himself a storefront, or a corner of somebody else's, cleaned it out, bought a small supply of cassettes, and waited for the public to beat a path to his cash register. But after a few months he saw that people weren't buying—at fifty or seventy-five dollars, a movie on videocassette was a luxury not many people could afford—and he turned to the idea of rental as an escape route from bankruptcy.

By the end of 1981, all the major studios had gone into home video. But they remained uncomfortable; the problem, from their point of view, was that a cassette that wholesaled for forty dollars could be rented out a hundred times or more at, say, five dollars a transaction, and the studio's profit—roughly ten dollars, after materials, duplication, and distribution costs had been covered—would be a tiny per cent of the gross take at the retail level. And if the studio raised the wholesale price in order to bring its share of the rental revenues to an amount it considered acceptable, it would be putting its cassettes out of reach of the small but financially significant portion of the public that



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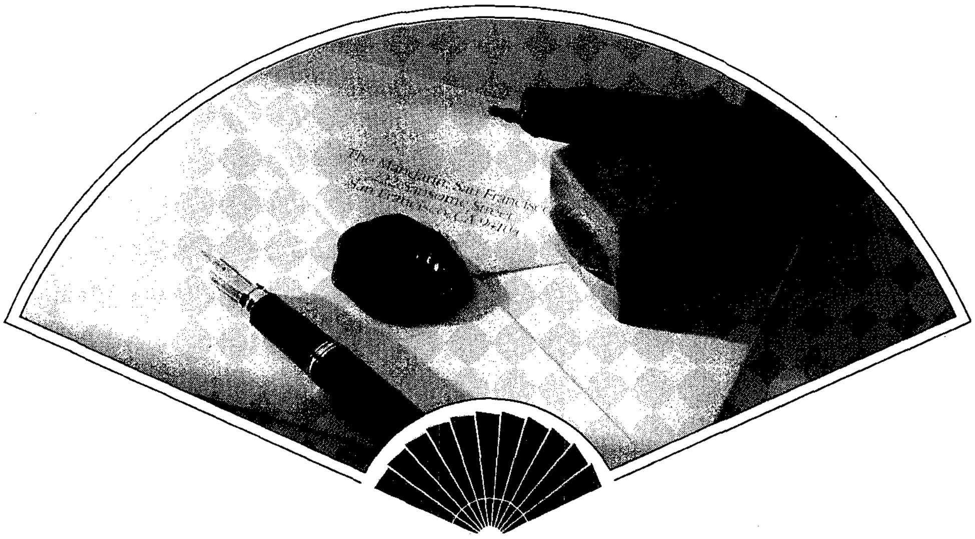
wanted to buy rather than rent. The obvious answer was a two-tiered price structure: inexpensive cassettes for people to buy, and a more lucrative arrangement for rental cassettes. But the law allowed the purchaser of a copyrighted work to do whatever he wanted with his particular copy; he could sell it, rent it, give it away, or destroy it—all without the copyright owner's permission. Several studios, including Fox, had tried to achieve by contract what copyright law denied them. They had made their wholesalers and retailers agree, in writing, to accept two classes of cassettes—rental-only and sale-only. But many retailers had refused to sign these contracts; or, having signed, had chosen to boycott the rental-only cassettes; or had bought sale-only cassettes from other dealers and put *them* out for rental. There was nothing the studios could do, legally, to stop this practice, because their contracts bound only the first purchaser, not the second. The people at Fox thought they had a better way. It was to persuade Congress to make the rental of a videocassette an activity requiring the copyright owner's approval. In the Fox view, this would make it possible to stimulate sales of videocassettes by lowering prices, impose some order on an anarchic market, and turn home video into a major element of the movie business. Before Fox gave its backing to a royalty bill, it insisted that the legislation address the rental issue as well.

The other studio executives fell into line after two weeks of intense discussions with Valenti and each other. Back in 1976, some of these men had felt a certain amount of what the loyalty oaths call "mental reservation" about Universal's lawsuit and its prospects. But the Ninth Circuit decision forced them to reëvaluate, and when they realized that a relatively modest additional effort of their own might allow them to turn a profit on Universal's and Disney's vast investment of money and good will they found the prospect compelling.

Jack Valenti has never cared to hear himself called a "lobbyist," or the M.P.A.A. a "trade association," and, indeed, those drab terms can't begin to convey his remarkable place in the taxonomy of Washington personages. A former advertising man and political operative in his home state of Texas, he was brought to Washington on November 22, 1963, aboard Air Force One, as one of Lyndon Johnson's first Presidential appointees. Two years later, he made a national name for himself by declaring, in a speech to the Advertising Federation of America, "I sleep each night a little better, a little more confidently, because Lyndon Johnson is my President"—a line that "stuck to me like plaster," he says. He scoffs at the picture of the M.P.A.A. as a bastion of political influence. "My role on the Hill has been greatly exaggerated," he insists. As a matter of cold legal fact, however, he is registered as a lobbyist, and the widespread belief that he is well suited to that role certainly helps explain why the studios, in 1966, lured him away from his post as a Presidential assistant and, by 1981, were paying him a salary that approached half a million dollars a year. (Valenti's political background was, in all likelihood, a more important credential than his background in the movie business, which consisted of one year as an usher, handyman, janitor, and backup in the concession booth at the Irish Theatre, in Houston.) By the time the Betamax issue fell into his lap, he ranked as one of the capital's longer-running attractions. Few perks



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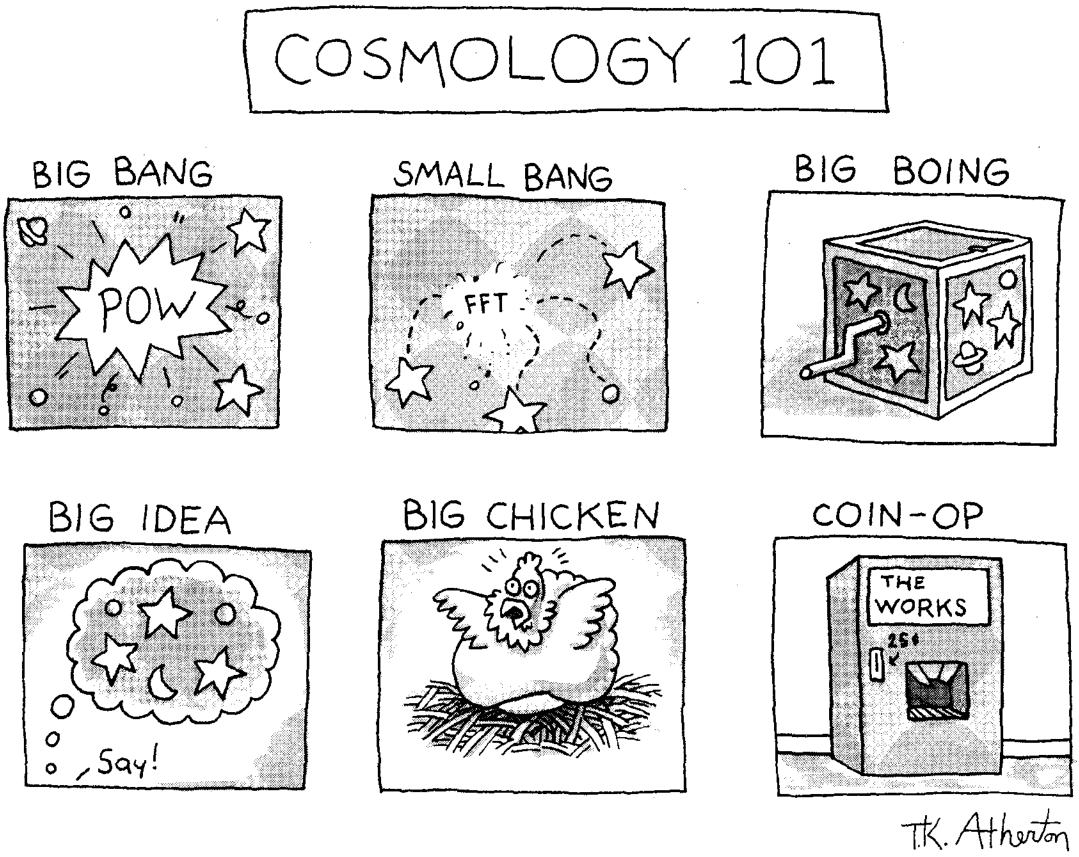
of high office were more valued than the invitations that regularly went out to members of the legislative and executive branches for, say, a dinner honoring the congressional Italian-American caucus followed by a screening of "Return of the Jedi." Few of the guests had ever lowered themselves into plusher, ampler theatre seats than those in the M.P.A.A.'s screening room, and there were not many complaints about the quality of the edibles and potables dispensed in the M.P.A.A. reception room, whose walls were graced with murals of Colonial Boston, New York, and Philadelphia. And though Valenti would never debase such an affair with talk of pending legislation, there were some who felt that these precincts were the playing field on which the movie industry's greatest political victories—in the tax and copyright areas, notably—had been won.

When Valenti began to take stock of the home-taping bills and their political prospects, the Senate quickly emerged as his biggest concern. In the House, copyright fell within the province of the Judiciary Committee's subcommittee on courts, civil liberties, and the administration of justice; and Robert Kastenmeier, its chairman, was known for his deliberate ways. But the rules of the Senate, unlike those of the House, allowed an unrelated amendment to be added at the last minute to any measure coming up for a vote; and the authority to hold hearings and mark up any copyright legislation in the Senate rested with Strom Thurmond, the chairman of the Judiciary Committee, who let it be known that he favored the DeConcini bill. "I like to think it was my persuasiveness that did it," DeConcini said in an interview with the trade magazine *Video Business*, "but I think there's a Sony plant being built down there, and fortunately they were bright enough to go talk to him." (Sony had bought land in South Carolina, Thurmond's home state, for a television factory. It has yet to be built.)

The senator whom the M.P.A.A. approached to sponsor its legislation was an obvious choice. Charles Mathias, a liberal Republican from Maryland, was the Senate's leading copyright authority and, as Valenti put it, "a champion of intellectual property, although I don't think it gets him one vote in Maryland." The proposal that the M.P.A.A. advanced to Mathias was a simple one. It took the form of an amendment to the DeConcini bill which would tie the copyright exemption for home videotaping to a royalty, whose amount would be fixed in the legislation itself (fifty dollars on each VCR and a dollar or two on each blank cassette were the sums Valenti was floating). The proceeds would go to the Copyright Royalty Tribunal—an agency created by the 1976 Copyright Act to administer the cable-TV and jukebox royalties—and the tribunal would distribute them to copyright owners on a proportional basis. But Mathias balked at the idea of naming a figure. Instead, he suggested leaving the amount to the tribunal. With some uneasiness—there were already rumblings of dissatisfaction with that agency's performance in the cable area—the movie companies agreed.

Mathias introduced his amendment on December 16th, eight weeks after the Ninth Circuit's decision, and no sooner had he done so than the M.P.A.A. heard from a natural ally in copyright matters. Nineteen eighty-one had been a bad year for the recording industry. So had 1980 and 1979. After a long period of phenomenal growth, record revenues had flattened out, and since 1978 the number of new albums produced each year had declined by thirty-two per cent. Many people in the business attributed their problems to the use of audiocassette recorders to tape radio broadcasts or records (usually owned by someone other than the taper). The *Wall Street Journal* estimated that taping cost the industry as much as a billion dollars a year. Now that Hollywood was going after videotaping, the record companies and the societies of composers and songwriters saw an opportunity. If there was to be a royalty on VCRs and videocassettes, they reasoned, there



ought to be one on audio recorders and audiocassettes as well. The pressure to let the audio people into the legislation was considerable. The recording industry had its own powerful sponsors in Tennessee's Howard Baker, the Senate majority leader, who had Nashville to think about, and Robert Byrd, the majority-turned-minority-leader, who was a budding recording star ("Mountain Fiddler," his disk was called) in his home state of West Virginia. Baker and Byrd gave Mathias their assurances that if the two goals were merged the video royalty would gain important support, of which Baker and Byrd represented only the advance guard.

In early March of 1982, Senator Mathias introduced a revised amendment that prescribed royalties for audiotaping as well as videotaping and gave the copyright owner control over the rental of any prerecorded tape, audio or video. With Chairman Thurmond's coöperation, Mathias announced that he would chair hearings in April on his proposal, and also on DeConcini's. In the House, the M.P.A.A. had chosen Don Edwards, a California Democrat—and "a good soldier for the industry," to quote one of his aides—as its point man. Edwards introduced what amounted to the same bill as Mathias's, and Robert Kastenmeier agreed that he, too, would hold hearings on the issue. In the Hollywood camp, the panic of the previous few weeks receded, and a more relaxed attitude—not utterly devoid of optimism—took hold.

CONGRESS has been through some changes in recent years, and the Washington lobbyist, like any organism faced with an altered ecosphere, has evolved. Ask a young lobbyist what he does for a living and he will tell you to purge your mind of the bar girls, the late-night liaisons, the envelopes filled with small bills, and the other lurid fantasies perpetrated by Hollywood and the investigative press. Think instead, he will say, of press conferences, hearings, strategy sessions, and memos—of long afternoons at the library and hot nights at the word processor. The lobbyists employed in the Betamax controversy invested a lot of time in literary labors—in the preparation of memos, white papers, Op-Ed pieces, press releases, statistical surveys, scholarly treatises, and "Dear Colleague" letters. Although there are no reliable figures on the tonnage of printed matter generated by the opposing forces—that being one of the few aspects of the controversy never submitted to precise statistical analysis—old-timers on Capitol Hill cannot recall a bigger or more alarming deluge of documents than the one that spilled across their desks and jammed their "in" boxes in the winter and spring of 1982. From the literature generated by the Copyrightists—as the movie and record industries' forces may be called for convenience's sake—a reader could learn about the "windfall profits" of the VCR manufacturers. "In 1981, one company alone (Matsushita) had profits which exceeded those of the entire U.S. motion picture industry," one of their handouts reported, while "six out of ten movies fail to recoup their investment and more than 50 per cent of the members of entertainment-industry-related unions are out of work." Arrayed against the Copyrightists was a hastily formed alliance of Japanese and American electronics companies and trade associations, which had officially dubbed itself the Home Recording Rights Coalition (after flirting with and rejecting the snappier "Right-to-Tape Coalition," lest they be mistaken for a movement to get the government off the backs of the nation's wiretappers). The word "windfall" was popular with the Home Recorders as well; it was how they described what a royalty would mean to the movie industry.

Both teams of lobbyists prepared lengthy written analyses of the effects of VCRs on commercial-watching. Eighty-seven per cent of VCR owners used their pause controls to delete commercials, and 57.4 per cent used their fast-forward controls to achieve the same end on playback, according to the Copyrightists' literature. Even if VCR owners watched every last commercial, the Copyrightists insisted, sponsors and creators would suffer, because taping was said to interfere with assumptions about "program sequencing" and "audience flow." The Home Recorders, on the other hand, asserted that "data indicate that only a small portion of the VCR audience deletes or skips commercials, and . . . most watch commercials in their entirety when they play back recorded programs.”

Both sides prepared primers on copyright, explaining that the law as it stood permitted home taping (according to the Home Recorders) and prohibited it (according to the Copyrightists). And since the value of legal arguments, like the value of clay pots, tends to increase with antiquity, both sides supplemented their findings with scholarly inquiries into the constitutional aspects of the controversy. It seemed that the Founding Fathers, even as they were forming a more perfect union, establishing justice, insuring domestic tranquillity, and so forth, had found time to address the issue of home recording, albeit indirectly. On the Copyrightists' behalf, Laurence Tribe, a professor of constitutional law at Harvard, prepared a forty-nine-page treatise, with a hundred and twenty-five footnotes, which demonstrated that a law allowing uncompensated and unauthorized taping would violate the Fifth Amendment's clause on taking property without due process and just compensation. “What Congress proposes to take without compensation is not only property but liberty as well, because copyright is a special kind of property—a right to possess, and to control the reach of, one's own expressions,” Professor Tribe wrote. A home-recording exemption, he added, would “endanger, and might indeed impermissibly abridge, First Amendment rights,” because “motion-picture and television producers will speak less often if the reward for their efforts is greatly reduced.”

The Home Recorders' reply, prepared by two Washington lawyers, Robert Bruce and Ricki Rhodarmer Tigert, was only half as long (twenty-five pages) with half as many footnotes (sixty-nine), but it was no less emphatic. “VCR usage enhances the exercise of First Amendment rights by expanding the availability of a scarce broadcast resource,” Bruce and Tigert wrote. The legislation sponsored by Senator Mathias and Representative Edwards, they warned, threatened to trespass on the privacy rights guaranteed by the Fourth Amendment, because the process of setting and distributing a royalty might well require an intrusive examination of VCR users' viewing habits. “One particularly frightening possible remedy,” the authors observed (without mentioning that it was a remedy no one had seriously proposed), “would be the instal-

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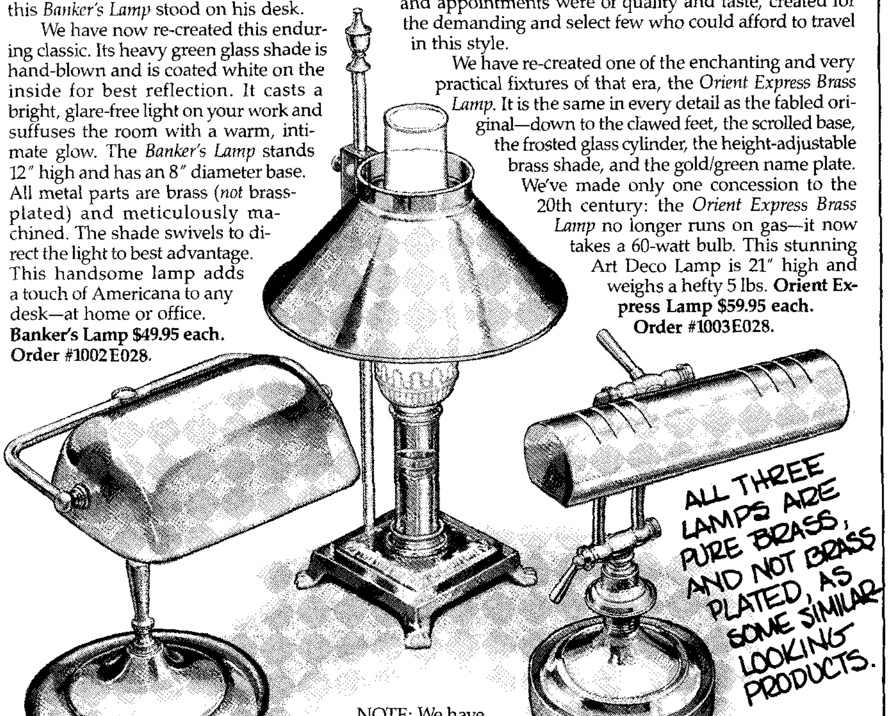
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lation of a device on every VCR to monitor everything that is recorded, in order to set charges for recording copyrighted material."

While all this was going on, the Home Recorders made an informal survey of congressional sentiment. The results were disconcerting. Support for the M.P.A.A. legislation seemed to be growing, and there no longer seemed to be very much enthusiasm for pushing ahead with the home-taping bills in their unamended form. From the beginning, the Home Recorders had been a quarrelsome group, given to venting differences between Japanese and American interests, VCR and videotape manufacturers, and other semi-strange bedfellows. They had also experienced something of a leadership rivalry—between Jack Wayman, an official of the Electronic Industries Association and one of the coalition's founders, and Charles Ferris, an old Washington hand who had been retained, at a high fee and over Wayman's objections, as an outside lobbyist. Now an inferiority complex took hold of the coalition. Its members worried that they were in over their heads in a contest with the movie and recording industries. "They have spent twenty or thirty years currying favor on Capitol Hill, very successfully and honestly, by having people down to Jack Valenti's place for movies, by bringing recording stars in to visit members of Congress, by inviting people to concerts and having movie and recording stars at fund-raisers," one lobbyist said at the time. "They've done a very good job of that, and, given the fact that this is not an 'issue of conscience,' I believe that members are inclined to vote something for them. You'll find that this is especially true in the Senate. Senators tend to want to run for President, and everybody in that capacity has to raise money from Los Angeles or New York."

The first House hearings on the Betamax issue did nothing to restore the Home Recorders' confidence. They were held in mid-April, in a moot-court room of the U.C.L.A. law school. Except for the studiously even-handed Kastenmeier, the House members who attended—Don Edwards; Patricia Schroeder, of Colorado; and Tom Railsback, of Illinois—were clearly friendly to the royalty idea, and the hearings had been scheduled so that Hollywood's witnesses got the first day of testimony to themselves, with the presence of Clint Eastwood among them assuring a high level of press coverage. In addition to Eastwood—who, in a brief and soft-spoken appearance, communicated his fear that movies would become less attractive as an investment if home taping was not restrained—the M.P.A.A. offered a balanced team of witnesses representing theatre owners, production people, producers of training films, and other unglamorous parties. When the Home Recorders' turn came, their first two witnesses, Charles Ferris and Jack Wayman, filled up an hour and a half between them, and covered much the same ground. When they were finished, Kastenmeier had to caution the remaining anti-royalty witnesses to "summarize, and conserve what time remains." On the third, and last, day of the hearings, the witnesses for the recording industry made a poignant and effective statement of their economic woes, which Valenti cited as dramatic proof of what would happen to the movie industry if videotaping was allowed to reach the proportions of audiotaping. The Home Recorders, preoccupied with the video issue, had not thought to prepare any rebuttal to the audio witnesses.

After the Los Angeles hearings, the Home Recorders held a retribution session. They had muffed it. "We let the other side pick the forum," one lobbyist explains. "It was their show. We were sort of along to provide counterpoint—if the media should happen to pick it up."

A week later, Charlton Heston and Beverly Sills were the headliners at a Senate hearing in Washington. "I am not an expert in the law," Heston testified, "nor am I knowledgeable about legislative language and the—to me—mysterious processes from which emerges a congressional bill. Others will better inform you and answer your questions in those areas. But I do know something about filmmaking. I do know something about the high-risk-taking that is part of our daily lives. I know something about the torment and the exhaustion and the long days and nights that go into the creation of a film, from the time the idea is born until that moment of truth when your film begins to unfold in a darkened theatre before the ultimate arbiter of its fate—the audience. I know something about all that."

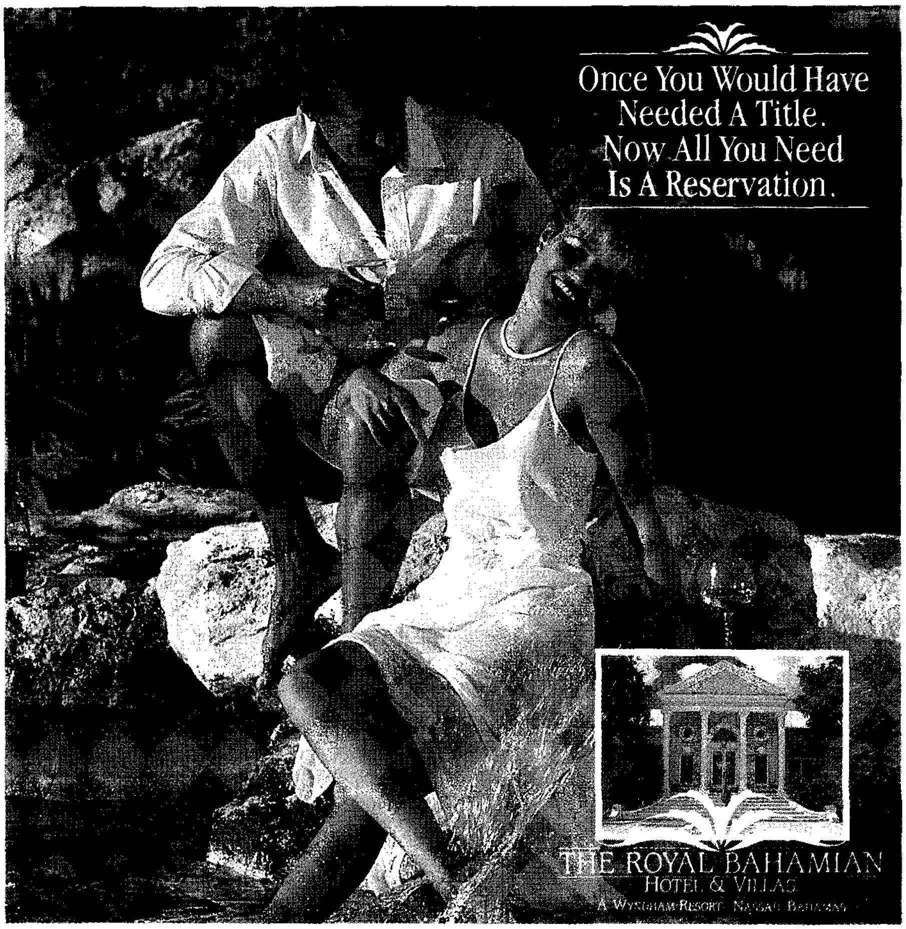
Beverly Sills told "a little story that happened to me not more than two weeks ago." A stranger had approached her and boasted of having, on videotape, "the most complete collection of everything I had ever done on television." He had offered to sell her copies of her own performances. "A big thumb will be thrust down on creativity," she testified. "I can see it already."

When Heston and Sills departed, so did most of the television crews and newspaper reporters—no doubt grateful to the Senate schedulers, who had spared them the duty of listening to Ferris, Wayman, and the other low-profile witnesses for the opposition. Several members of the panel also found it necessary to depart at this juncture, to attend to pressing business on the floor. "The senators turned out for Charlton Heston and Beverly Sills," one Sony executive recalls, "and we got to talk to the legislative aides."

The intensity of the feelings on both sides suggested to many people on the Hill that caution was the ticket, and so, unsurprisingly, neither chamber was very far along in its deliberations when, on June 14th, the Supreme Court stepped into the act by granting certiorari in the Betamax case. The M.P.A.A. and its allies had been hoping that the Court would refuse to hear Sony's appeal and thereby create a legal emergency that Congress would have to correct. After the Court's announcement, they issued a statement vowing to press the offensive on the legislative front without regard for events on the judicial. But they understood that a chance to do nothing and put the blame on another branch of government would be difficult for Congress to resist.

THE interior of the Supreme Court could hardly have any more columns if Cecil B. De Mille had designed it, and dozens of reporters had to settle for column-obstructed views of the oral argument in Universal v. Sony, which followed the justices' lunch break on the afternoon of January 18, 1983. "It hasn't been this crowded since the Akron abortion case," one of the veterans told a newcomer from the video trade press. Even the abortion issue had not provoked as many amicus-curiae briefs as the twenty-seven filed on Sony's and Universal's behalf. The Court had never had so many friends before.

Sony's lawyer, Dean Dunlavey, seemed unintimidated by either the setting or the knowledge that six years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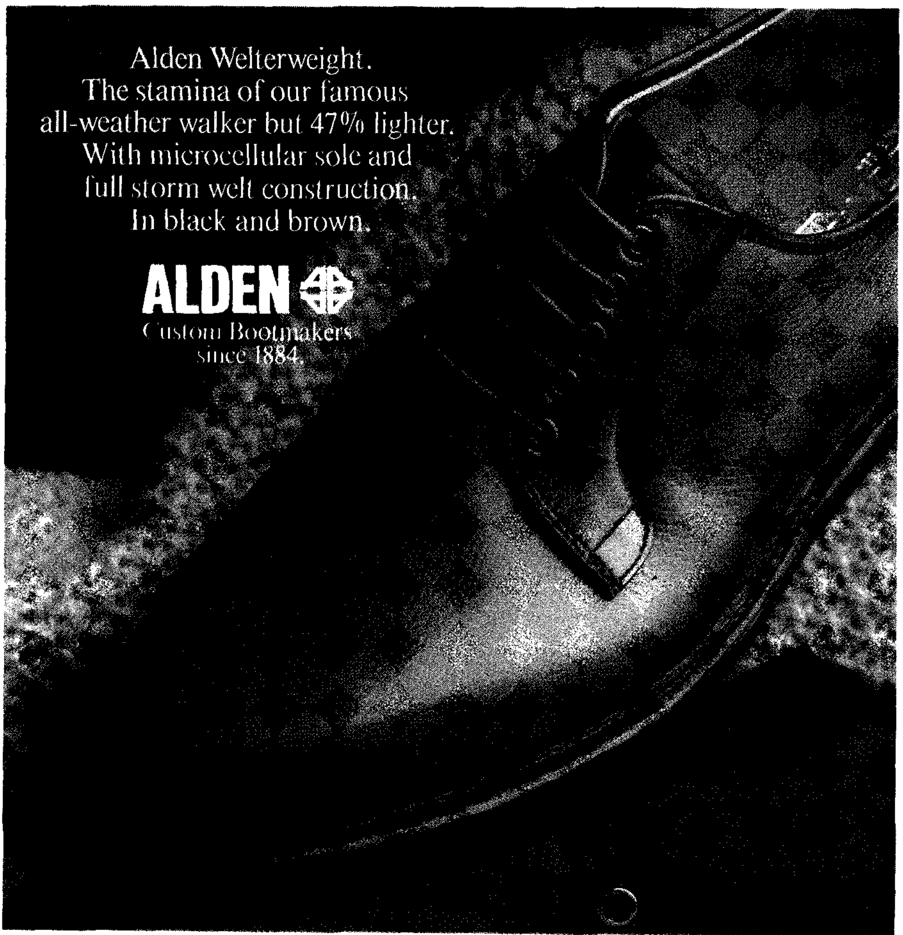
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of effort and millions of dollars of expense might be riding on his performance in the coming half hour. The only emotion that showed in his delivery was contempt for the Ninth Circuit, which, he told the justices, had "rolled over" the facts of the case and "substituted its own impressions in every respect," as though "there had been a whole new trial in absentia." The "ultimate issue," according to Dunlavey, was "whether under the current law all Americans are going to be denied the benefit of time-shift home television viewing because a few program owners object."

When Dunlavey pointed out that every Betamax customer received a printed warning against copyright infringement, Justice William Rehnquist asked if it wasn't true that "the package was delivered to the purchaser with that thing wrapped up inside so he'd never see it until after he got it home." Rehnquist also challenged Dunlavey's assertion that Universal and Disney had "put their programs on television intentionally, with the purpose that anybody who has the means of doing it can receive it." That was like saying that a publisher who sends his books to a bookstore "should have no objection to people making a lot of Xerox copies of the book," Rehnquist said.

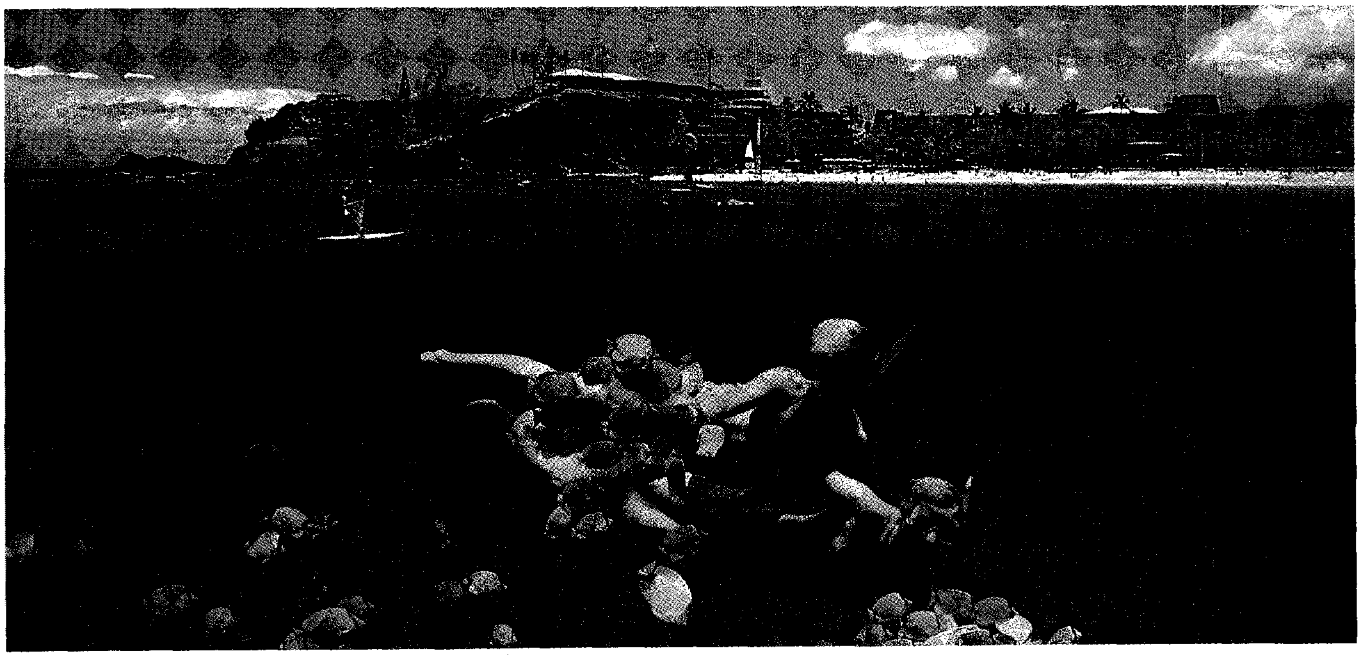
"It's more like the publisher . . . who, having put his book in the bookstore, knows that whoever buys it can then read it, give it to a friend," Dunlavey countered.

Justice Byron White defended the quality of the Ninth Circuit's opinion against Dunlavey's harsh evaluation of it, and he questioned the claim that Universal and Disney represented the views of a small fraction of copyright owners. Many television shows, White noted, contain musical compositions whose copyright owners might object to the taping of *their* works, regardless of the sentiments of the owners of the surrounding program. An amicus brief citing just that concern had been filed by the National Music Publishers' Association, he added.

"These people have come out of the woods in just the last couple of weeks," Dunlavey said. But he conceded that "the copyright within the copyright" was "a problem."

Universal's lawyer, Stephen Kroft, appeared more conscious of the solemnity of the occasion, and more temperate. He tried to soften the Court's perception of his clients and their aims. He spoke of a royalty as one of "several alternate remedies that are available and, I think, are even likely." The plaintiffs were not suggesting that "an individual Betamax owner in his home is the same as a commercial pirate," Kroft said. "We're talking about millions of Betamax owners. And when they get done making their copies, they end up with millions of copies. . . . It just makes no difference that the millions of copies end up in their hands because they make them individually . . . rather than buying them from a film pirate. The end result is exactly the same."

Jim Mann, the Supreme Court correspondent for the Los Angeles *Times*, felt that Kroft's presentation was "on a loftier plane than Dunlavey's and at times showed flashes of eloquence." But neither lawyer had come off very well, in Mann's opinion. "Listening to the Betamax arguments, one had the sense that technology is hopelessly outpacing law—and, for that matter, the English language," he wrote. "All too often, both lawyers appeared overwhelmed. They looked like a couple of



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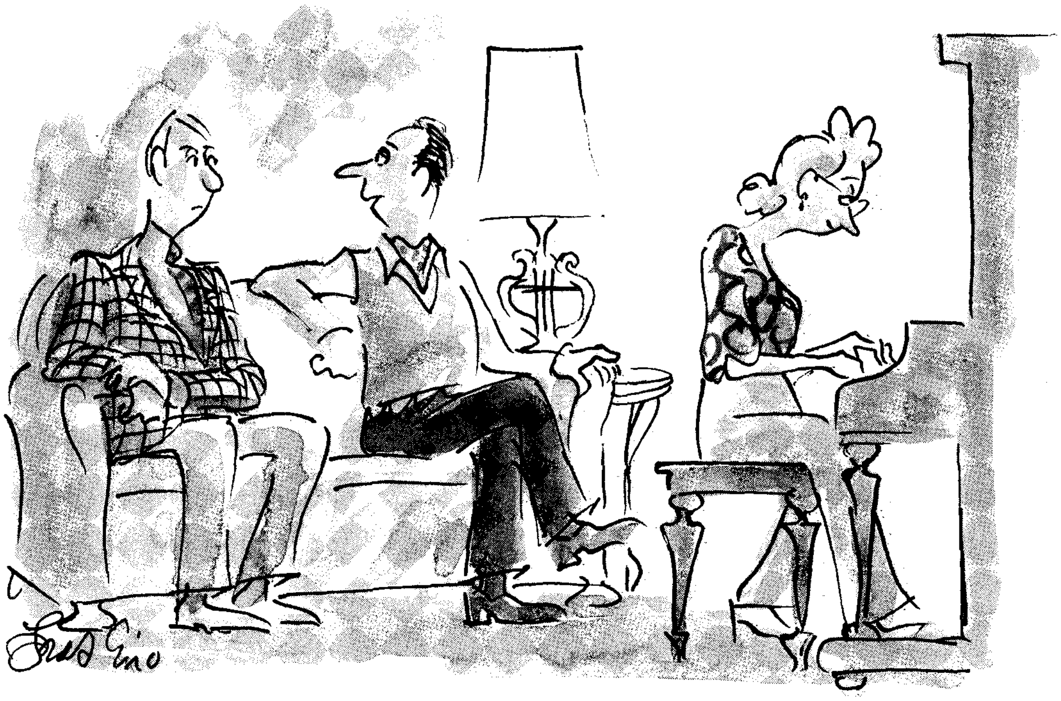

“Vivian ends every set with ‘Que Será, Será.’ ”

linguists assigned to explain the computer in a half hour to a panel of ancient Greeks.”

In the spring of 1983, the lobbyists mounted a vigil at the Court, like nervous nobles awaiting the birth of a royal heir. It would be their responsibility to put the proper spin on the decision as it sailed out toward the nation’s living rooms. Whatever the outcome, both sides anticipated an immediate resumption of legislative hostilities, and they intended to be off to a running start. Toward the end of June, as the pace of judicial business quickened in anticipation of the summer recess and only a few cases remained undecided, the passage of each week focussed attention on the next. Relief—of a sort—came on the last day of the session, July 6th, when word was dispensed that the case had been “restored to the calendar for reargument.” The justices had decided not to decide. They would have the lawyers back in the fall.

WITH the Betamax case safely tucked away in the judicial bedchamber, a less devoted group of lobbyists might have seen a chance to rest from their labors. But the Home Recorders and the Copyrightists carried on with exemplary vigor. Valenti, Ferris, and Wayman took part in a series of panel discussions and debates, appearing before the Congressional Arts Caucus, the National Association of Attorneys General, and the International Television Association; and on the Cable News Network, the Larry King radio show, and the CBS Morning News. The two coalitions continued to generate leaflets and Mailgrams at a prodigious pace. And the hearings, too, went on much as before, with the witnesses gradually committing their testimony to memory. At the outset of each hearing, the lobbyists would deposit stacks of statements, studies, and press releases on the press table, and the reporters would glance at them just long enough to assure themselves that they contained nothing new. “I’ve listened to these people so many times I could write this story right now,” a reporter from the trade press remarked as yet another Senate hearing on the Betamax issue got under way.

In the normal course of events, nothing would have given Jack Valenti more pleasure than the opportunity to work and speak for a cause in which he fervently believed. An inveterate quoter, Valenti keeps a journal of his favorite utterances, and he has firm ideas about the English language. When the rise of the home-video business caused some people to label movies a form of “software,” he was horrified. “I believe the end result of the creative labor is so fragile, is so full of gossamer lace . . . ,” he explained to a gathering of the International Tape Association, “that to call it software is an abomination.” But the burden of responding to the Home Recorders’ rhetoric was getting to him. “There’s more misinformation and disinformation spread by that group over there than by the K.G.B., for God’s sake!” Valenti told a reporter. Jack Wayman and the Electronic Industries Association were especially grating. During one congressional hearing, Wayman referred to Stanley Gortikov, the president of the Recording Industry Association of America, as “Mr. Greedikov—er, Mr. Gortikov,” and he invariably described the royalty as a “tax,” explaining, to fend off any objections, “Well, I always say that if it waddles like a tax, and it quacks like a tax, it’s a tax.”

Valenti’s debates with Ferris often ended with the audience taking a vote, and, Valenti says, “Charlie learned—too quickly—that if he called for a vote he was bound to win, because his argument was simple to state. Charlie would say, ‘Nobody ought to be taxed for taping in their home.’ That’s one sentence. Now, to refute that it takes me fifteen minutes to go into the whole tormenting journey of how you invest in a movie, how you rely on post-theatrical markets, the history of copyright and why it’s important. I tried to compress it all down to one page and commit it to memory. It was impossible to do. I was like a racehorse carrying fifty pounds of lead pellets in my saddlebags, and Charlie was carrying none.”

The Home Recorders had succeeded in defining the terms of public debate. Again and again, the Copyrightists stressed that they spoke for documentary filmmakers, writers, unemployed actors, and other people who were not necessarily sitting pretty. But nothing they said or did could shake their cause free of the label “Hollywood” and all that it implied—limousines, hotel suites, cocaine. “For the studios, it’s Christmas in May,” Jack Wayman remarked during a satellite-fed appearance with Valenti before a meeting of the International Television Association in Toronto. Valenti, for

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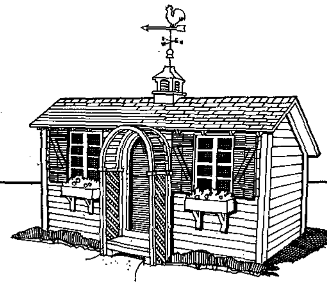
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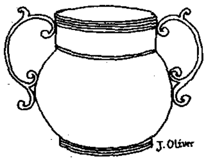
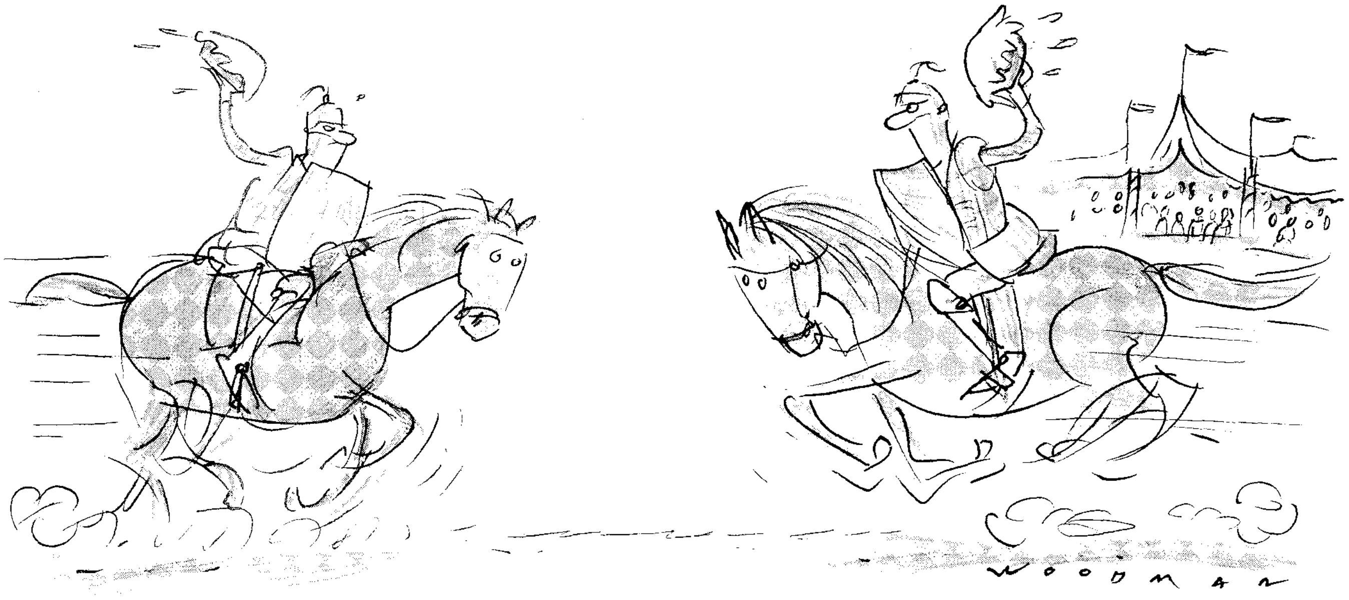
his part, tried to promote the royalty idea as a necessary defense of American creativity against Japanese exploitation. “We’re talking about a massive trade asset to this country,” he would say. “American audiovisual materials —movies and television—return to this country almost a billion dollars a year in surplus balance of trade. We’re one of the few products in America that have a trade surplus with Japan, for God’s sake! I guarantee you that if it were reversed—if the Japanese dominated the world in television and movies and the Americans were exporting machines to Japan, gobbling up and ruining the value of Japanese-created material—the Japanese Diet would be passing laws to protect their creative people.” Once started on this theme, however, Valenti sometimes drifted into phrases that were susceptible of being misunderstood. He regularly referred to his adversaries as “the Japanese,” and at a House hearing he drew boos with a reference to Ferris as “one of the Japanese lobbyists.” “Well,” said Valenti, looking surprised, “if I am saying something wrong, forgive me. . . . He certainly is not M-G-M’s lobbyist.” Debate on the home-video issue reached “new highs of acrimony,” *Variety* reported in August of 1983. “In a town where even the most violent disagreements are usually couched in careful terms, the latest phase in the homevideo battles seems to be spurring extraordinary levels of bad feelings, with MPAA prexy Jack Valenti dismissing the claims of EIA’s Consumer Electronics Group senior veep Jack Wayman as the words of a ‘stupid idiot,’ and Wayman commenting that Valenti knows nothing about homevideo, and is ‘just mouthing what Hollywood tells him’ to say.” *Variety* concluded that “the mud is being slung so deep some fear Congress may fear to tread in it.”



As the press grew weary of the issues, it turned its attention to subsidiary matters, such as the astonishing number of prominent former officials of the United States government who had gone to work for the Home Recorders or the Copyrightists. By the middle of 1983, the two lobbying coalitions had assembled, between them, a vast Washington brain trust, studded with former Cabinet members, ex-Presidential aides, and retired members of Congress. The amount of money the lobbyists were making, and spending, became a popular topic of conversation on Capitol Hill. One congressional aide, who had been assigned to recruit witnesses for the House hearings on the issue, remarked that it was becoming harder and harder to find a “copyright virgin”—an expert who had yet to go on the payroll of one side or the other. “It’s corporate pigs versus corporate pigs” was another aide’s assessment. “So you sort of watch it like a pig fight. All these people running around with five-hundred-dollar suits and three-dollar cigars. You walk into the hearing rooms, and it’s wall-to-wall pinstripes.”

If there was an epicenter to the skepticism—a place where the Betamax affair was viewed more suspiciously than anywhere else—it was the offices of Robert Kastenmeier, the chairman of the subcommittee through which the relevant legislation would have to pass before it came to a vote in the House. Although not associated with any cause or bill that had gained national attention, Kastenmeier’s name was linked to a way of conducting congressional business which had enjoyed some success by example. He operated in the open. He had been the first subcommittee chairman to invite the press and the public to attend a markup. He listened to what witnesses said at hearings, asked questions that seemed to be intended to elicit information, and gave every sign of taking the answers into account as he formed his opinions. His own views were slow to develop—annoyingly slow, to some tastes—and he rarely bothered to announce them. Known or unknown, they were not usually of wide interest. His subcommittee’s main concerns—courts and prisons—stood way down on the scale of congressional priorities, and its hearings did not often attract the press. Just about the only problem he had with his subcommittee was filling it. “People didn’t really seek to get on,” he recalls, “and there were people who would get on and off.”

Now, rather abruptly, a seat on the Kastenmeier subcommittee became a precious commodity. In 1981 and 1983, the demand so far exceeded the supply that Peter Rodino, the chairman of Judiciary, decided to expand it —from seven members to eleven and then from eleven to fourteen. Kastenmeier viewed this wave of popularity much as the guardian of a homely heiress might view a porchful of handsome suitors. He wanted to believe the



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best, but suspected the worst. He couldn't help noticing that the surge of interest in his subcommittee coincided with its immersion in two major copyright issues—cable-TV royalties and the Betamax affair—that set wealthy copyright owners against wealthy copyright users. Nor could he help noticing that two of the new members (Carlos Moorhead and Howard Berman) hailed from Southern California, while five more (Pat Schroeder; Romano Mazzoli, of Kentucky; Barney Frank, of Massachusetts; Thomas Kindness, of Ohio; and Dan Glickman, of Kansas) wasted no time in speaking up for the movie industry and its fellow copyright proprietors. The possibility that Jack Valenti and the M.P.A.A. had had a hand in the expansion process crossed Kastenmeier's mind. Even if they hadn't, he suspected a connection between the growth of his subcommittee and an increasing awareness that there was, as he put it, "an awful lot of money in intellectual property."

The House Judiciary Committee, despite its exalted role in the Watergate deliberations, was forbidding territory for an up-and-coming member of the House, what with the sensitive issues it faced—school prayer, busing, abortion, and capital punishment among them. The home-taping conflict was less treacherous and more rewarding. "For the first time, people who aren't Right-to-Lifers want to talk to you," a subcommittee aide explained. "You can have a fundraiser and just put out the word to Warner Brothers and M.C.A., and so on. Plus you'll get invited to Jack Valenti's dormitory for movies and buffets, and if you want to see a movie you just write down the name and they'll send it up to you." One member of the Kastenmeier subcommittee—Mike Synar, of Oklahoma—had adopted a policy of refusing money from political-action committees outside his state. It was a costly policy. He received $18,525 in PAC contributions for 1982, while most of his subcommittee colleagues hauled in at least four times as much. Nor was it always necessary to take sides in order to share in the bounty. "It's a protection racket," one movie-studio lobbyist says. "Most of us don't think we get much of anything for our campaign contributions. It's just the price of doing business."

It seemed to Kastenmeier that if some of his colleagues had their way the subcommittee would soon be devoting all its time to home taping and other such questions and none to the PAC-less interests of courts and prisons. He also worried about letting big business set the choices within the field of intellectual property. How was authorship and creativity stimulated, he wondered, by giving copyright protection to such things as televised football games? "We need to step back and see where we are—where technology is taking us," he said. "One of the concerns I've had is—even if the great industries agree, is the public interest also served?"

THE Supreme Court reargument in Universal v. Sony took place on the first Monday in October of 1983. Dean Dunlavey began the proceedings by treating the justices to a short course in the history of American television. "The small screen has gone to the large screen," he said. "Black-and-white has gone to color, tubes have gone to transistors, and live broadcasting has gone to delayed broadcasting, using pretty much the same videotape recorder that we're concerned about here this morning. . . . That same videotape recorder has been put in the hands of the public so that, instead of a necessary live viewing, there can be a delayed viewing. And the question this morning is, Can the copyright owners, or a few of them who are profiting by exploiting their product on free television, arrest this latest progress of science?"

Normally, the facts at issue in an appeal are those set forth in the trial judge's opinion; as a formality, lawyers and judges alike must pretend that history stopped there. But a lawyer is permitted to introduce "common knowledge" into his argument, and a judge may, in his conclusions, take "judicial notice" of certain inescapable truths. Dunlavey, in his reargument, made liberal use of these concepts in order to acquaint the Court with the dramatic growth of the video business in the past few years. If the law was ambiguous, the justices would have to look outside the law to reach their decision, and when they did he wanted to be their tour guide, pointing out the Betamax as an ingenious, versatile, popular invention in the great American tradition of technological discovery.

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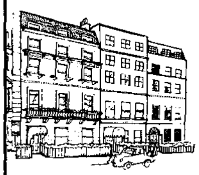

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shouldn't be using the copyright owner's works against him, all other things being equal," Dunlavey said. But, he asked the Court, what *was* the effect on the copyright owner? "The Ninth Circuit, with no explanation, simply says, 'It seems clear that home recording does tend to diminish the potential market for the Universal-Disney works.' No explanation. Just ipse dixit." The plaintiffs, Dunlavey continued, had argued that home recording would injure the market for prerecorded cassettes, "but the fact of the matter is that the prerecorded movie is available across the country." Watching prerecorded cassettes constituted "thirty per cent of the primary reason why people are using videotape recorders—thirty per cent," he said. (He didn't bother to say that prerecorded tapes could, in theory, be played equally well on a machine with no recording capability.) "They complained that there would be a decrease in the future audiences of their television product and their motion-picture product. In fact, Mr. Sheinberg . . . took the stand and in all seriousness said this will be the ruination of the movie industry." But "M.C.A. has just reported its highest six months' revenue in history. . . . There is no sense in wandering off into a hypothetical assumption of horribles as to what might be done with the tapes. The fact of the matter is that they're staying within the household, only people within the intended audience are seeing them, and then they're being erased, and absolutely no harm is being done."

Stephen Kroft—"his approach . . . sincere, his manner calm, his presentation thoughtful," according to a critique in *The American Lawyer*—laid out his case in equally broad strokes. "Underneath all the legal arguments and legal labels that we've thrown around in this case, the case is really very simple and straightforward," he began. "Petitioners have created a billion-dollar industry based entirely on the taking of somebody else's property—in this case, copyrighted motion pictures, each of which represents a huge investment by the copyright owners. And, contrary to what petitioners would have the Court believe, respondents are not the only copyright owners who have raised express objections to these activities. The Court has before it amicus briefs raising such objections from over seventy copyright owners, including such people as the CBS television network, the producers of approximately ninety per cent of the programs on prime-time network viewing, and many, many producers of educational and cultural programs, such as the Children's Television Workshop, the Lincoln Center for the Performing Arts, and the producers of the National Geographic series and the Smithsonian Institution specials."

When the justices weighed in with their questions, Kroft answered with strict interpretations of law. What would he say, Justice White wanted to know, if, hypothetically, fifty per cent of the programs on television were uncopyrighted or owned by producers who had no objection to home taping?

"I'll go you one better, Justice White," Kroft replied. "If there were only one show on the air that was copyrighted and that could not be copied without objection, if the petitioners sold this device with knowledge that it would be used to copy that show . . . I believe the petitioners would be liable."

Justice John Paul Stevens asked Kroft if he would make the same argument for photocopying. Was it his "view of the law . . . that as long as Xerox knows that there's some illegal copying going on, Xerox is a contributory infringer?"

"To be consistent, Your Honor, I'd have to say yes," said Kroft.

"A rather extreme position," Stevens commented.

Toward the end of 1983, the lobbyists again took up their vigil at the Court, and, with no other outlets for their energies, they speculated endlessly about what the justices would say and why it was taking them so long to say it. But the speculation was almost completely untainted by facts. Even the people closest to the case claimed no special insight. Kroft interpreted the justices' comments in the reargument to mean that two of them were leaning toward Sony and one toward Universal. "But, you know, litigation is a funny thing," he added. "Sometimes you read the wrong signals." Weariness was his strongest feeling about the case. "I was thirty-two years old when I filed it," he said. "I'll be forty years old next week. What is that—twenty per cent of my life? And if we win, that won't be the end of it."

On the morning of January 17,

1984—three and a half months after the reargument, and more than seven years after the case had been filed—word went out that one of the decisions handed down that day would be Universal v. Sony. The employees at the Court's Public Information Office were sitting at their desks, with a well-burnished wooden railing guarding them from the fifty-odd lobbyists who swarmed in. The distribution process was simple: one of the Court employees would raise a hand with a copy of the decision in it, and the copy would be plucked away. "A lot of sedate, well-dressed people got very pushy and grabby," says Michael Blevins, who was there on behalf of the E.I.A. The lobbyists had been prepared for the possibility that some study and expertise might be necessary for an understanding of just what they had. Instead, a quick glance at the first page was enough. "We now reverse," Justice Stevens wrote, speaking for a majority that also included Brennan, White, Burger, and O'Connor. "One may search the Copyright Act in vain for any sign that the elected representatives of the millions of people who watch television every day have made it unlawful to copy a program for later viewing at home, or have enacted a flat prohibition against the sale of machines that make such copying possible." The majority gave its approval to time-shifting as "a noncommercial, nonprofit activity" that "has no demonstrable effect upon the potential market for, or the value of, the copyrighted work." But the opinion volunteered that Sony would be in the clear even if the Court had ruled the other way—even if it had conceded Universal's and Disney's right to protect their programs from the assaults of the Betamax—because Universal and Disney had no standing to object to the taping of any programs but their own.

The opinion attached particular importance to the fact that Fred Rogers, the creator and star of "Mister Rogers' Neighborhood," had, in the original trial, given a deposition endorsing the practice of home taping. So long as some copyright owners felt as Rogers did, it seemed to the Court, "the business of supplying the equipment that makes such copying feasible should not be stifled simply because the equipment is used by some individuals to make unauthorized reproductions of respondents' works." The plaintiffs' arguments had made no provision for an artist who cared more about the size of his audience than about the amount of

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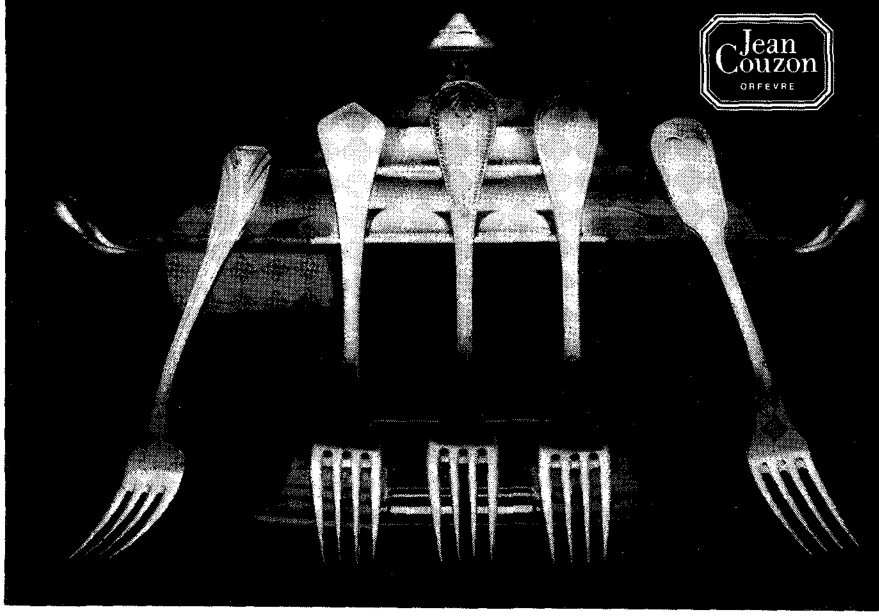

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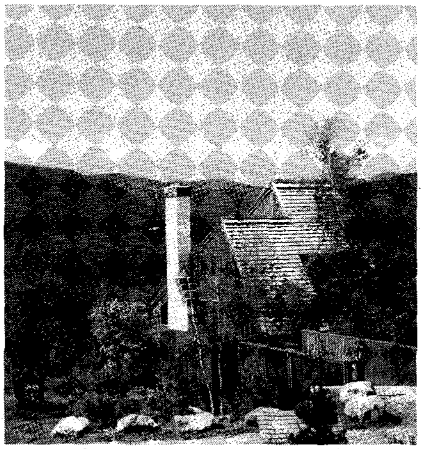

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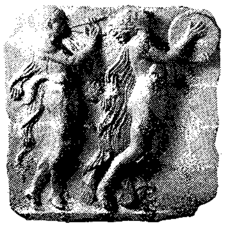

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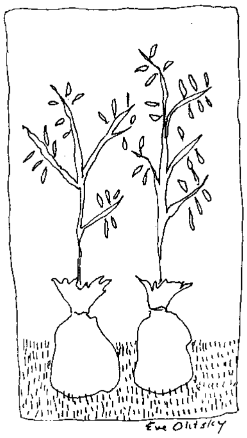
his earnings. "Both Hollywood and high-tech industries spent millions of dollars on high-powered lawyers and reams of briefs," an anonymous commentator wrote in *Copyright Notices*, the in-house journal of the federal copyright office. "Yet the testimony of Fred Rogers . . . may have tipped the scales."

In retrospect, it became clear that Sony had benefitted from some extremely fortunate timing, for it had rounded up Rogers and the other non-objectors when Universal, to all appearances, was out to forbid home taping altogether rather than to set up a system of compensation for it. If the non-objectors had been aware of the royalty option, some of them might have found it attractive. In fact, several weeks after the decision, two of them—the National Basketball Association and the Faith Center Church of Glendale, California—formally renounced the depositions they had given Sony. Now, when it no longer mattered, they objected to home taping after all. (Fred Rogers' view, however, remained unaltered. "I've always thought of the 'Neighborhood' as a chance to have a ministry with families, and I'm just very grateful to be allowed to do it," he explained. "I've been given a great gift. There are many compensations for what I do.")

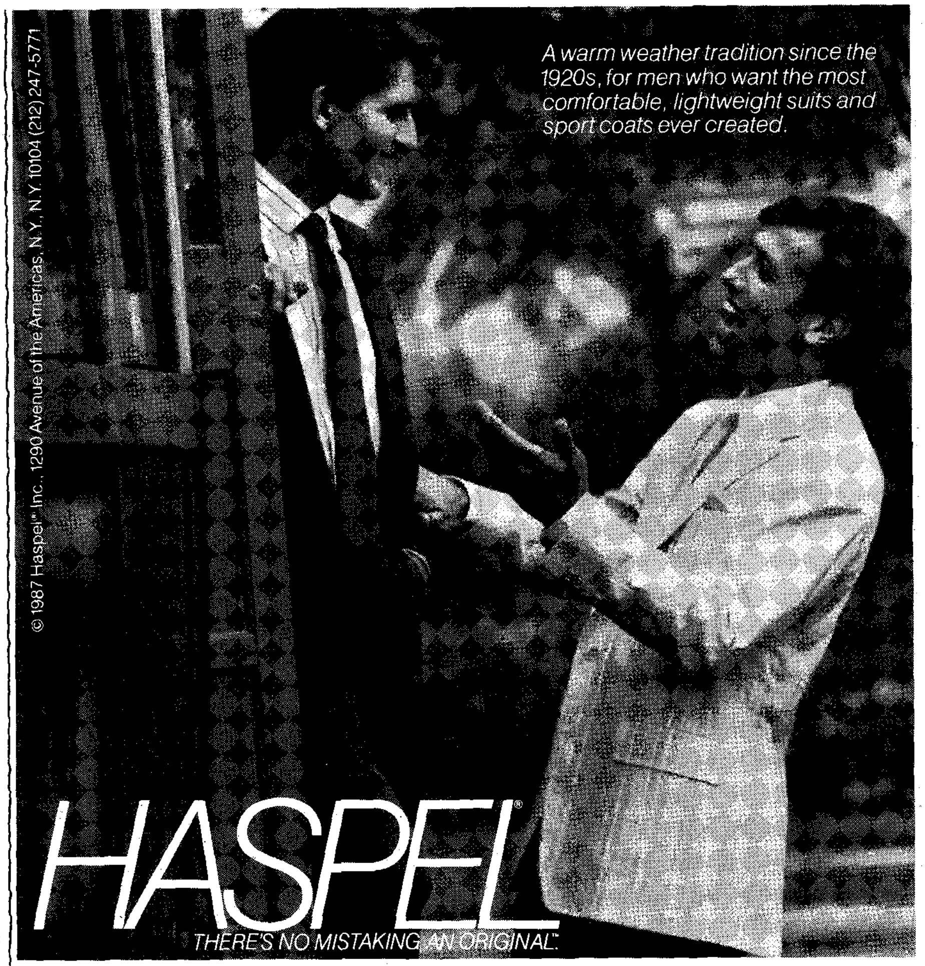


The Court had divided along unusual fault lines. The liberal and like-minded duo of Brennan and Marshall had gone opposite ways, and the four most conservative justices had also split, with O'Connor and Burger taking Sony's side, and Rehnquist and Powell Universal's. There was a dissenting opinion, written by Justice Blackmun and co-signed by Rehnquist, Marshall, and Powell, and it found the home taper and his supplier equally culpable. "Do you realize that there were four justices who would have made Sony pay statutory damages for every infringement?" Dunlavey asked. "I feel like I've walked a tightrope across the Grand Canyon, and now that I'm over I see where I've been." The neatness of the disagreement between the majority and the minority struck him as suspicious. "I'll bet you a dollar to a doughnut that there was a time during this year and some months that they've been sitting on that case where several of those justices had a divided opinion—that there was direct infringement but not contributory," he said. "There just *have to have been* some people that crossed that clear-cut line. I figure there must have been so many multiple concurrences and partial dissents and what-have-you that when they looked at them they realized they wouldn't be giving any guidance to the lawyers and the lower courts at all. They realized that the whole country was looking down their throats, and they figured they had to give the people a decision that would provide some guidance. There must have come a time when they said, 'Somebody will write a white opinion and somebody will write a black opinion, and you can pick one or the other."

The one-vote margin wasn't the only reason to suspect that the decision had nearly gone the other way. Supreme Court experts were quick to note that Blackmun's unusually long dissent opened with an elaborate recitation of the facts of the case, and "bore all the earmarks of having been drafted originally as a majority opinion," as Jim Mann put it in the Los Angeles *Times*. Blackmun himself bore all the earmarks of an unhappy jurist. Nine years earlier, he had been obliged to abstain—because of an apparent conflict stemming from his prior service as resident counsel to the Mayo Clinic—from voting in Williams & Wilkins, a landmark copyright case involving the photocopying of articles from medical journals; and the Court had split four to four, thus allowing a lower-court decision against the publisher of the journals to stand. Blackmun apparently saw the Betamax case as an opportunity for the Court to correct a grievous error. At the outset of the Court's business on the day the Betamax decision was announced, Justice Stevens delivered an oral summary of the majority opinion, and Blackmun responded with an explanation of his dissent. Stevens, he said, had made "an eloquent and almost emotional plea on behalf of the Court's judgment," but his intensity struck Blackmun as an attempt to obscure an unwillingness to enforce the law against popular opposition. The majority spoke approvingly of the judiciary's "consistent deference to Congress" in the face of "major technological innovations." Blackmun thought it would be more accurate to say that "the Court has tended to evade the hard issues when they arise in the area of copyright law," and he added, "I see no reason for the Court to be particularly pleased with this tradition, or to continue it."

Jack Valenti, for his part, told a roomful of reporters at M.P.A.A. headquarters that the five-to-four vote was "ample evidence that the Court is troubled and divided." Even the majority, he observed, had invited Congress to consider the issue. ("It may well be that Congress will take a fresh look at this new technology," Justice Stevens had written.) This made the decision "an opening shot" in a continuing battle. It was up to Congress, Valenti said, to "decide whether or not copyright is real, or whether it is mush."

AFTER the Betamax decision, the studio executives met to talk about the future. Showing the same good judgment as the Argentine generals who formally postponed the reconquest of the Falklands after their defeat by the British, Hollywood's generals agreed that 1984 was likely to be a bad year for the pursuit of a home-taping royalty, and they resolved to concentrate on the rental issue instead. This was a difficult decision for Jack Valenti and Sidney Sheinberg, but in other corners of the moviemaking world there was a sense of relief that the slate had been cleared, and there was hope that the industry, freed of the burden of a notorious lawsuit, would fare better in Washington thenceforth. Several of the studio executives and their lobbyists had long been convinced that they represented a shrewder, more sophisticated, more forward-minded view of the world than their colleagues at Universal and the M.P.A.A. "Universal is so incredibly hard-line," an influential figure at Twentieth Century-Fox complained, anonymously. "Their reaction to this technology is 'Let's squelch it!' And they have totally dominated the M.P.A.A." Hollywood, he reasoned, should stop treating the VCR as an "unwanted intruder" and start thinking about how to exploit it—and about what barriers, if any, stood in the way. The management of Fox believed that control over the rental of cassettes was a more important—and a more realistic—goal than a royalty. The people at Disney,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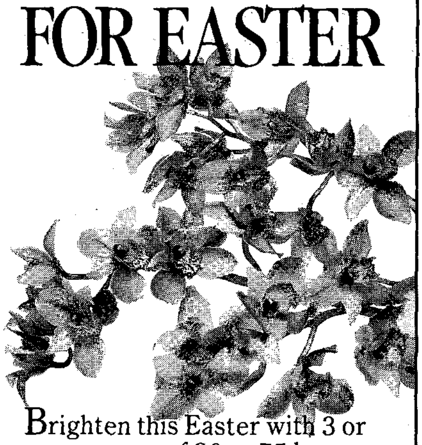

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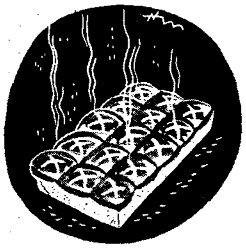
where there had been a change of command since the filing of the lawsuit, were also high on the rental issue and low in their opinion of Universal's strategic acumen. After the victory in the Ninth Circuit, Universal had filed a second lawsuit against forty-two defendants—eight foreign manufacturers of VCRs, eighteen American companies that marketed them, and sixteen advertising agencies. Disney had declined to join that action, telling the press that the company had "come to realize that the interest of all concerned can be better accommodated by the passage of new laws."



The dissidents also had quarrels with Jack Valenti's leadership style. He had made some pithy contributions to the discourse, to be sure; a congressional hearing was hardly complete if it didn't include a reference to the VCR as "an unleashed animal" or "a Pac Man devouring everything in sight." But there were times when Valenti plunged into the jungle of metaphor with a recklessness that worried even his sincerest admirers. At one hearing, he remarked that "the VCR is to the American film producer and the American public as the Boston Strangler is to the woman home alone." Conversing among themselves, away from their mass meetings, some of the Copyrightists wondered if they wouldn't be better off with a less apocalyptic approach. Robert Kastenmeier was known to be tired of the movie industry's complaints, and he did not respond well when, for example, Valenti portrayed copyright ownership as "just like your home or your car."

The people at Fox and Disney were hoping that the rental issue would be relatively uncontroversial. The repeated rental of a videocassette, it seemed to them, was no different in concept from a public showing of a movie in a theatre, and the law ought to treat the two activities the same way—as commercial uses of a copyrighted work, to be allowed or disallowed at the copyright owner's discretion. Politically the moment seemed right. Hollywood's friends in Congress were brimming with regret over the unfortunate resolution of the Betamax case and the unfortunate fact that it would not be possible, in an election year, to impose a tax—as it would inevitably be called—on home videotapers. The rental proposal had by this time been split off as a separate bill for strategic reasons, and it was a relatively obscure and technical affair that hardly anybody but a copyright scholar could understand. It struck many of the Hollywood lobbyists as a favor that Congress, cognizant of the support that many of its members had received from the movie industry in the past, ought to be able to grant.

Two weeks after the Supreme Court ruled, Senator Mathias—who had been named chairman of a newly constituted subcommittee on patents, copyrights, and trademarks—quietly scheduled a markup session on the rental bill, to be held February 22nd, and the Kastenmeier subcommittee announced that it would hold a hearing on the issue the day after the Senate acted. The Home Recorders assumed that Mathias would not be taking this step unless he had rounded up the necessary four subcommittee votes in favor of the bill. Three members (Robert Dole, Orrin Hatch, and Mathias himself) had already declared themselves for the bill, and only one (DeConcini) was known to be against. It was hard to imagine that the three remaining members (Patrick Leahy, Paul Laxalt, and Howard Metzenbaum) would not provide at least one more vote. The White House had endorsed the bill, and Laxalt took the same side as the Administration on most issues; he was also close to Hatch, a fellow-conservative from Utah. And the M.P.A.A. had succeeded in retaining Laxalt's daughter Michelle to lobby for the rental bill. The Home Recorders were not much reassured by her statement that, as a matter of principle, she would not lobby her father. ("I don't touch Laxalt," she explained. "That's been my modus operandi as long as I've been in this town.")

On February 4th, a Saturday, the Home Recorders called an emergency meeting to assess the situation, and resolved to do what they could in the two and a half weeks remaining before the markup session. Mailgrams and phone calls went out to more than fifteen hundred video dealers in the seven states represented on the subcommittee, informing them of the urgent need to telephone their senators and entreating them to pass the word to their customers. The coalition also bought twenty-seven thousand dollars' worth of ads in newspapers from the seven states. A half-page ad in the Baltimore *Sun* asked readers, "DO *YOU* WANT TO *PAY MORE* TO RENT MOVIES? IF NOT, CALL SENATOR MATHIAS TODAY!!" The public was warned that "if Hollywood has its way" customers would pay higher rental fees and have fewer titles to choose from, while "thousands of small neighborhood stores" would be driven out of business. Follow-up ads ("SENATE VOTES TOMORROW! CALL TODAY!") appeared as the markup drew nearer. Some dealers put auto-dialling telephones on their counters, so that customers could contact their senators from the store, free of charge, just by pushing a button. The result was a ferocious number of phone calls. Senator Dole's office in Kansas City was said to have received several hundred calls in the space of a single day. Some of the staff members who fielded these calls had to apologize for never having heard of the bill in question.

On Tuesday, February 21st, the eve of the markup, some twenty video dealers—several from every state with a senator on the subcommittee—flew to Washington and checked into the Ramada Renaissance Hotel, their transportation and rooms paid for by a generous commitment of funds from the Home Recorders. When the dealers arrived on the Hill that afternoon, a group from Kansas met with Doug Comer, an aide to Senator Dole. The visitors asked if they might see the Senator in person. "We were told that he was out of town and due back in, but nobody knew just when," Alan Antin, the co-owner with his father and brother of a Midwestern chain of stores known as Antin House of Video, recalls. "We found it a little dismaying that nobody knew what Senator Dole's schedule was," he adds. "We thought that maybe they were trying to sidestep us." Even Dole's personal secretary professed ignorance, but she told the visitors to call back later, just in case. Instead, they dropped in without warning, and no sooner had they appeared than "we caught a glimpse of him walking in the back part of the office," Antin says, "and eye contact was made such that he was aware that we were aware that he was there." When the dealers reinstated their request for an appointment, it was promptly granted. Dole "gave us several minutes of his time," Antin recalls, and, after hearing them out, expressed his intention to vote in favor of the markup, but hedged some

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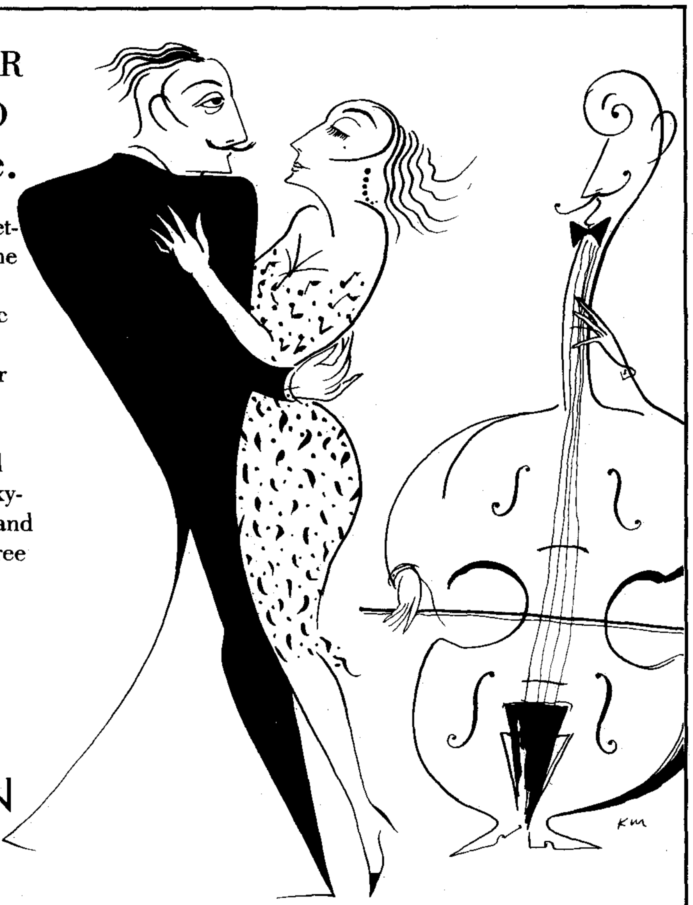

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by saying that "his feeling was that the full committee should look at the issue, in fairness to all concerned." A group of Utah dealers staged a sit-in in Orrin Hatch's office, and refused to leave until the Senator agreed to see them.

That night, some of the lobbyists and video dealers compared notes over dinner at the Szechuan Pavilion, a fashionable Chinese restaurant on K Street. There was good news from the Nevada dealers, who thought they had made a favorable impression on Laxalt. But the Home Recorders still had only one firm commitment—DeConcini's. After dinner, one of the lobbyists stopped by the Washington *Post*, on Fifteenth Street, to pick up a copy of the next morning's newspaper, which he eagerly opened to the financial section. He had been talking to a *Post* reporter about a possible behind-the-scenes story on the rental bill, and he was curious to see the result. It pleased him. Under the headline "HOLLYWOOD LOBBY BLITZES HILL," the *Post* revealed that the Copyrightists had hired a former top aide to Senator DeConcini—one Romano Romani, who, the story went on to say, had been lobbying for the bill out of his former boss's office. The Home Recorders had planted this news in the hope of sending a cautionary message to any wavering senators who might be thinking of voting the other way. In particular, they were worried that Romani's move might presage a last-minute shift of allegiance by DeConcini himself, and, just in case he was considering such a thing, they wanted to make it as awkward as possible.

By nine-thirty the next morning, dozens of lobbyists and video dealers had collected in a corridor outside the hearing room where the markup was to be held. Just before ten, word began to circulate that the Copyrightists had come up a vote short. Senator Laxalt was the holdout. Senator Hatch, the story went, had pleaded with Laxalt to support the bill, but in vain. Events inside the hearing room were in keeping with the rumor. Only Mathias and Laxalt had shown up, and Mathias briskly announced to the reporters, video dealers, and lobbyists in attendance, "I have asked the staff to canvass the absent members. It would appear from the reports we are getting that we will not attain a quorum this morning." At this, the video dealers applauded, rather rowdily. "So we will reschedule this hearing for the earliest convenient date," Mathias continued, in a soft voice. "Good morning."

THE Ninety-eighth Congress passed several intellectual-property measures in the remaining months of 1984, including an audio-rental bill supported by the recording industry, and a bill that gave quasi-copyright protection to computer chips. No further action was taken on either of the bills that the M.P.A.A. had been pushing, however, and when the Ninety-ninth Congress convened, in January, 1985, no one even bothered to reintroduce them. The recording industry made another attempt that year to secure an audiotaping royalty, but this time it decided to go it alone, unencumbered by the political burden of an alliance with the movie industry. Even so, the attempt went nowhere, partly because of the energetic opposition of a lobbying coalition in which Jack Wayman, Charles Ferris, and a number of other familiar figures were active. The industry then turned its attention to a new threat—digital audiotape, or DAT. A number of Japanese companies were preparing to bring DAT systems to market, and the technology was said to be capable of making virtually perfect copies of records, tapes, and, most ominously, compact disks, which sold for twelve dollars and up. At the end of 1986, the Electronic Industries Association of Japan turned down a plea for the installation of special anti-copying circuitry in each DAT machine, and the recording industry fell back on the hope that Congress would make the circuitry mandatory. There were signs, including a White House endorsement, that this idea might fare better than the various royalty proposals, but it was by no means clear that Congress would act before DAT reached the market.

Similar advances in technology spurred similar fears among the leaders of other communications-related industries. Book publishers were protesting the ease with which college professors, notwithstanding the 1976 Copyright Act's stricture against systematic photocopying, could take one chapter from this volume and one from that, and thereby construct custom-made anthologies. Purveyors of computer software complained that companies would buy a single copy of a word-processing or data-management program and then pass it along to hundreds of employees. The software people had tried to defend their

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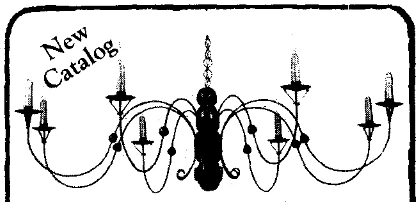

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creations against the pirates by using encryption codes, but these were almost invariably overcome with disencryption codes. In one field after another, the same two questions kept recurring: how could a customer be prevented from making a permanent copy of something intended for his one-time use ("downloading," the problem was called), and how could he be kept from transferring to others something intended for him alone? The Betamax decision and allied developments, in the view of some copyright experts, had undermined a basic concept in the financing of all expensive creative works—the notion of charging a small sum of money, toll-booth style, at regular intervals down the road. The pessimism wasn't unanimous; there were those who argued that easy copying—and ready sharing—of information was a salutary thing in an "information age," and that the market would find new ways to reward creativity if the old ways no longer served. But the process, whatever its outcome, promised to be painful. Some people—Senator Mathias, for one—went as far as to suggest that the country's future might be at stake. "Other nations have been able to do very well in—well, I won't denigrate their efforts by saying 'imitating our computers,' although in many cases that is what they have blatantly done—but in taking the computer concept and developing it on their own," Mathias observed during a congressional symposium on copyright which was held in the wake of the decision. "Software really is the place where the United States has not been seriously challenged up to this time. Unless we can protect intellectual property, a lot of what we are going to be creating will be plagiarized or pirated or trespassed on, and that will mean an awful lot in plain dollars-and-cents terms to Americans in the future."

Looking back on the collapse of the Hollywood lobbying effort, Jack Valenti lamented the inability of his side to rally the broad support that the cause, in his mind, deserved. "You've got to be pro-consumer, and we were never able to show that we were pro-consumer," he said. He singled out the fourth estate as another big headache. The New York *Times*, the *Wall Street Journal*, and the Washington *Post* had all editorialized against the video-rental bill—as they had against the royalty. "We got completely snookered—just absolutely destroyed—in the press!" Valenti exclaimed. "Sup-

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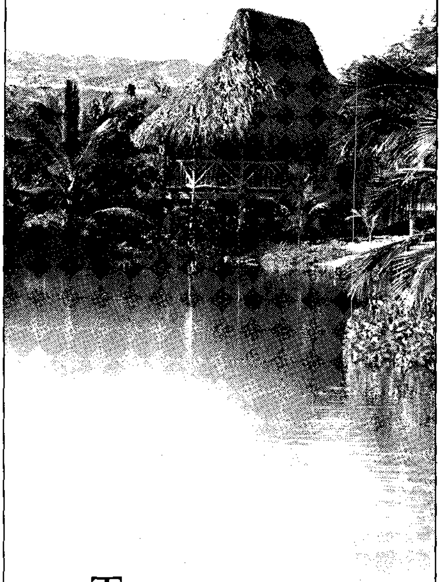

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pose I took the New York *Times* and put it on television—on some public-access channel—and there was a machine that would allow you to copy it while you sleep and you'd have your own copy in the morning, without the ads. Would the New York *Times* find that to the public's benefit? You bet your ass they wouldn't." But it was the cartoonists rather than the editorialists, Valenti felt, who had done the movie industry the most harm. "The cartoonists killed us," he said. "We became objects of ridicule. Molière once wrote that most men don't object to being called wicked, but all men mightily object to being made ridiculous, and the Molière line is quite relevant today."

Valenti professed to be hopeful that Congress would eventually take a more sympathetic view of the movie industry's problems. In the meantime, he had other worries. A Japanese company, Sharp, had introduced a VCR with slots for two cassettes, which allowed one to be copied onto the other, and Valenti put little faith in Sharp's assurances that this "two-headed dragon" or "amoeba run amok," as he called it, was not intended for export to the United States. "I don't believe that for one moment," Valenti said. "If they think there's a market for it, they'll do it. But that's just the Conestoga wagon of the jet plane in this whole business." Vidicraft, a small company based in Portland, Oregon, had come out with a product called the Commercial Cutter, which automatically removed commercials in the act of videotaping, by detecting the breaks between segments of a broadcast, timing each segment, and retroactively erasing those that lasted thirty seconds, sixty seconds, a hundred and twenty seconds, or any of the other standard commercial lengths. Valenti had predicted such a device, and the Home Recorders had scoffed. The next thing coming down the pike, he feared, was a product that would allow people to copy a videocassette in a fraction of its playing time. "The Japanese are working on it," he said. "I'm told that they have methods now of copying a two-hour movie in ten minutes. They're going to avalanche real time."

Despite the movie industry's failure to gain control over the rental of videocassettes, the studios' profits from home video grew at a fast clip. By 1986, there were VCRs in more than a third of American homes, and videocassette revenues had nudged their

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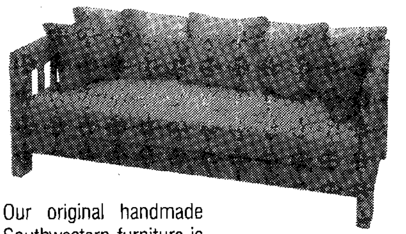

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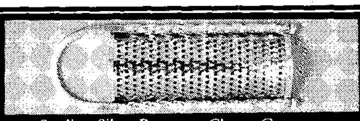

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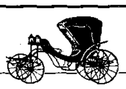

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way past movie-theatre revenues. As the business expanded, the studios began to experiment with pricing. For the first six months or so after a new title went on sale, it would be offered at a high price—say, $79.95—on the assumption that rentals would account for the overwhelming majority of transactions. Then, as the demand began to ebb, the same movie would be reissued at a lower price—say, $29.95—to stimulate consumer purchases. In this way, Hollywood managed to achieve by marketing strategy much of what it had been aiming for in its lobbying efforts.

M.C.A., although a latecomer to the business, had forged ahead with productions aimed exclusively at the home-video audience. It was producing a series of feature-length "thriller-terror" pictures for less than a million dollars each, along with an assortment of "how-to" productions for even less money, including a yoga tape entitled "Yoga Moves," and an adult sex-education tape, "Love Skills." But all this activity did not suggest to Sidney Sheinberg that he had misjudged the VCR's impact on his industry. "With the benefit of hindsight, I think it has been even more harmful than we thought," he said not long ago. "The harm is not only in the copying of material, which deprives us of subsequent potential revenues—all the arguments that we made in the litigation—but in the continuing degeneration of the concept of copyright. Whether it's people plucking the H.B.O. signal off the air, or not paying for taps on cable systems, or whatever, it has caused—and fed—a deteriorating respect for a basic and constitutionally motivated right. This is a worldwide problem that our industry faces. Now, even the plague had some positive aspects to it—scholars are always writing treatises on its role in the Industrial Revolution. But if you said to me 'Hey, would you like to turn the clock back and undo it all?' it wouldn't take me a fraction of an instant to answer." He paused just longer than a fraction of an instant, and added, "But you can't."

—JAMES LARDNER

(This is the second part of a two-part article.)

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MUSICAL EVENTS

First Thoughts

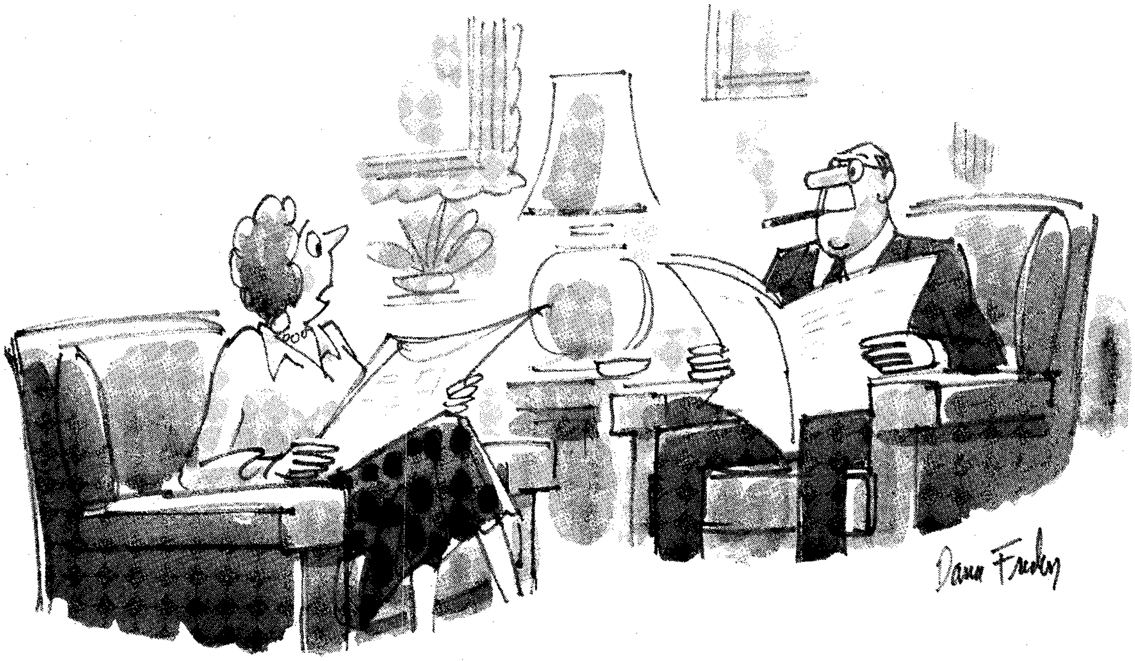
FOR surprisingly few famous operas is there just one plain text, free of alternatives. And between such radical reworkings as Gluck's, for Paris, of his Vienna "Orfeo" and "Alceste" and such little differences as those in Puccini's first and last scores of "La Bohème" and "Tosca" there is a vast variety of large-scale or small-scale revisions, rectifications, and retouchings for conductors and directors to consider. No general rules apply: neither the first nor the last thoughts of a composer are inevitably to be preferred. Each opera is a special case. Mozart revised and cruelly abridged "Idomeneo" before its first performance, partly because the Munich artists could not manage what he had first written, partly for dramatic reasons, and partly because in rehearsal the opera was found too long. "One must make a virtue of necessity," he said. For similar mixed reasons, Verdi revised and abridged "Don Carlos" and Bizet abridged "Carmen" while those works were in rehearsal. One might plausibly justify the restoration of recitative that Mozart cut because his two leading men were wooden actors, but cannot claim his sanction for reinstating, say, Electra's bravura air in Act III. (That is not to say it should never be reinstated; it's a wonderful and highly dramatic stretch of music.) And before episodes that the composers rejected are added to "Don Carlos" or "Carmen," as today they commonly are, a conductor must decide—passage by passage—whether the composer made a virtue of or merely bowed to the necessities that caused each episode to be shortened or omitted. That's not all. Verdi revised "Macbeth" (a very successful opera) because of his personal dissatisfaction in 1865 with music that he had composed in 1847, but he revised "La Forza del Destino" (an unsuccessful opera initially) in response to persistent public criticism. A century and more later, questions of up-to-dateness no longer arise. The manners of the 1847 and of the 1865 Exiles' Chorus in "Macbeth" are both now "history," and the sanguinary violence of the original "Forza," which distressed the eighteen-sixties public, proves less disconcerting today. We live in an age when composers' first thoughts are being rediscovered, assessed, and put to the test of performance. It will surely not be long before some company restores to "Billy Budd" the first-act finale that Britten removed after the first production, in 1951. He had been wounded by mocking critics who likened the crew's enthusiasm for their captain to

> "I am the Captain of the *Pinafore;*"
> "And a right good captain, too!"

In those days, the senior British critics often gave Britten more kicks than halfpence.

LAST month, two operas with uncommonly complicated textual histories were produced in editions close to those of their first publication: "Madama Butterfly," by the Opera Company of Boston, and "Boris Godunov," by the Opera Company of Philadelphia. I discussed the early history of "Butterfly" after a 1984 St. Louis production. In brief, there are four very different published scores, corresponding to the Milan première, in 1904, which was a flop; the revision performed later that year in Brescia, which was a triumph; the abridgment of that version performed in Washington and New York in 1906 (this is what St. Louis did); and the standard modern version, which had its première at the Opéra-Comique later that year. This final version was perpetrated by Albert Carré, the director of the theatre. Carré reduced the difficulties of the title role to what his wife, Marguerite Carré, could manage, and also cut anything that might offend the susceptibilities of his bourgeois audience. "Butterfly" was simplified and sentimentalized. But Puccini, who in 1904 had ferociously insisted on maintaining the strong, unconventional drama of his first conception, acquiesced in Carré's alterations and authorized the publication of this surefire version as the definitive score. His own, earlier changes had been moves in the same direction. The Toscanini material lately acquired by the Music Division of the New York Public Library includes a 1905 letter from Puccini to Toscanini (who was about to conduct "Butterfly" in Bologna) saying that by cutting much of "Che la tua madre" and also the "toilette" scene after the Flower Duet (that touching episode in which Butterfly asks Suzuki to help her to look beautiful again) Act II could be made to run better.

In Puccini's career there is a recurrent conflict between high artistic ambition and satisfaction in an ability to please the public and be commercially



"When do we all start frantically buying gold again?"

successful. To some extent, it marks all artistic endeavor; in opera, where large sums are at stake, it comes to the fore. (Leonard Bernstein has acquiesced in a frivolous version of "Candide" very different from the opera he composed.) In the short run, a Paisiello wins success denied to a Mozart, and the sentimentalized "Butterfly" triumphs where the original failed. But in the long run the original, uncompromised "Butterfly," which has begun to make its way onto the world's stages, reveals strengths unsuspected by those who contemn the popular tearjerker. It's a drama about an American serviceman who despises other, older civilizations and despises women. For his amusement, he buys a fifteen-year-old Japanese girl (she comes cheap, at a hundred yen) and then leaves her—pregnant, outcast by her family—while he returns home to acquire "a real American wife." This is also the basic plot of the revised "Butterfly," but there what was harsh, critical, ironic, or dramatically intricate has been softened or suppressed: Pinkerton's callousness and sneers at all things Japanese, Butterfly's network of family ties, the American woman's patronizing approach to her husband's pretty little plaything. Julian Smith, who has edited the original "Butterfly" for Ricordi, summed it up thus:

> The original "Butterfly" was a daring opera, unconventional in its structure, and unsparing in its delivery of what for its time was an unusually pointed moral and social message. The Milan audience of 1904 rejected the former, and Albert Carré, on behalf of the bourgeois Parisians, successfully diluted the latter. And so Puccini's original "Butterfly" underwent a tragic metamorphosis, from which it emerged perilously close to sentimental melodrama.

Boston used not Mr. Smith's score but one reconstructed from the autograph (and a corrected proof copy of the first edition) by Osbourne McConathy. The production, conducted and directed by Sarah Caldwell, in traditional, pleasing scenery by Ming Cho Lee, was delicate, direct, and precise. Sarah Reese, the protagonist, doesn't look like a Butterfly, but she is so sincere, shining, and committed an artist—each move, vocal and physical, rang true—that she was altogether convincing. She sang on the words, in clear, unforced tones. Everything she did was natural, honest, and affecting. Joseph Evans, the Pinkerton, acted his role very well, but his singing tended to sound like— well, like tenor singing. One couldn't quite believe that he was *thinking* in Italian. Chester Ludgin was a conventional, slightly stagy Sharpless. The Suzuki was Markella Hatziano, a new Greek mezzo, with a smooth, beautiful voice and an attractive presence. Goro was cast at strength: Noel Espiritu Velasco was vivid but not exaggerated. The smaller parts were capably done. Miss Caldwell laid out the drama, in sound and on the stage, with a sure, sensitive hand.

Not all Puccini's revisions were for the worse. The principal love motif, which reminded the 1904 Milanese audience of Mimì (and reminds a modern audience of "Sieh' dort den kleinen Pavillon," from "The Merry Widow"), was rewritten for Brescia and much improved. It was instructive to hear the original, but for general use the Brescia version is to be preferred. Rigid, regular, uncritical adherence to just one text is seldom sensible. In the original death scene, Puccini, having kept his heroine's voice high most of the evening, suddenly stressed her lower and middle registers. (One of the lower phrases can be heard in Emmy Destinn's 1908 recording.) Miss Reese chose revised lines here; they suited her voice better.

"Boris" is a nobler opera. Mussorgsky composed it originally, in 1868-69, in seven scenes; in 1871-72, he added the two scenes of the Polish act, recomposed the Kremlin scene, and replaced the St. Basil scene with the scene in Kromy forest. In effect, there are two different operas, with just the first four scenes and the scene of Boris's death in common. (But in three of those five scenes Mussorgsky made cuts, while to the Inn scene he added the Hostess's "duck" song.) The first "Boris" is focussed on the protagonist. The second gives a larger role to the Pretender, who now appears in four scenes; Boris appears in only three. Moreover—as Richard Taruskin has argued in a trenchant, if combative and oversimplified, article in *19th Century Music* (Volume VIII, Nos. 2 and 3)—Mussorgsky's second version embodies an altered approach to what opera should be. Mr. Taruskin maintains that "the revision was prompted by fundamental aesthetic and ideological reconsiderations." But by going on to declare that the second "Boris" is "the authentic masterpiece" (and the earlier version "but a document of a particular moment in the history of Russian opera and of its

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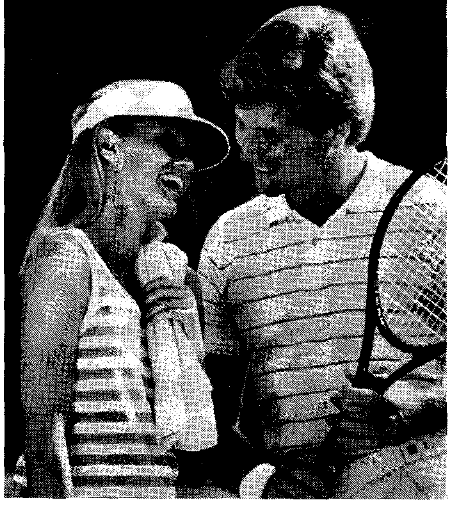

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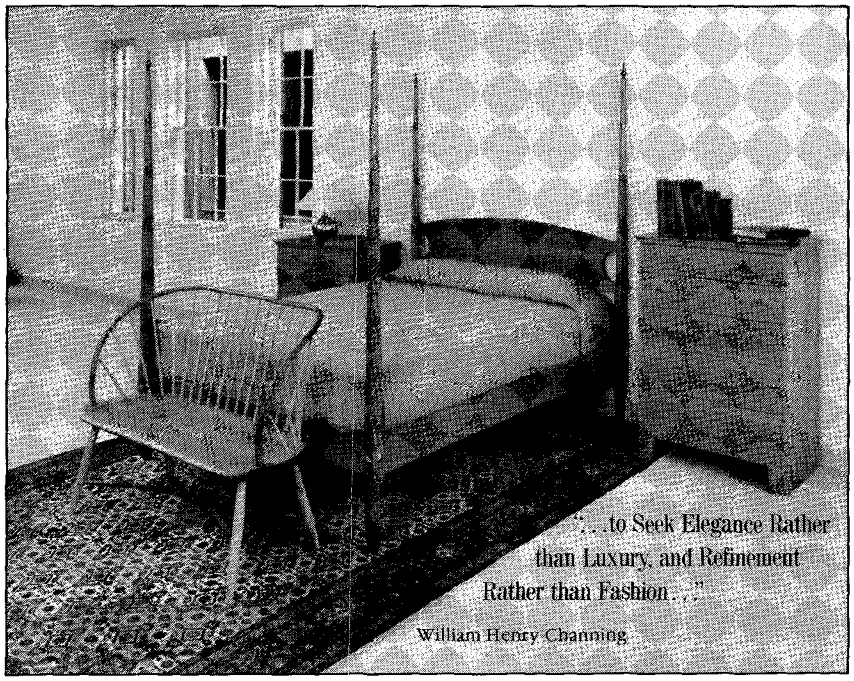
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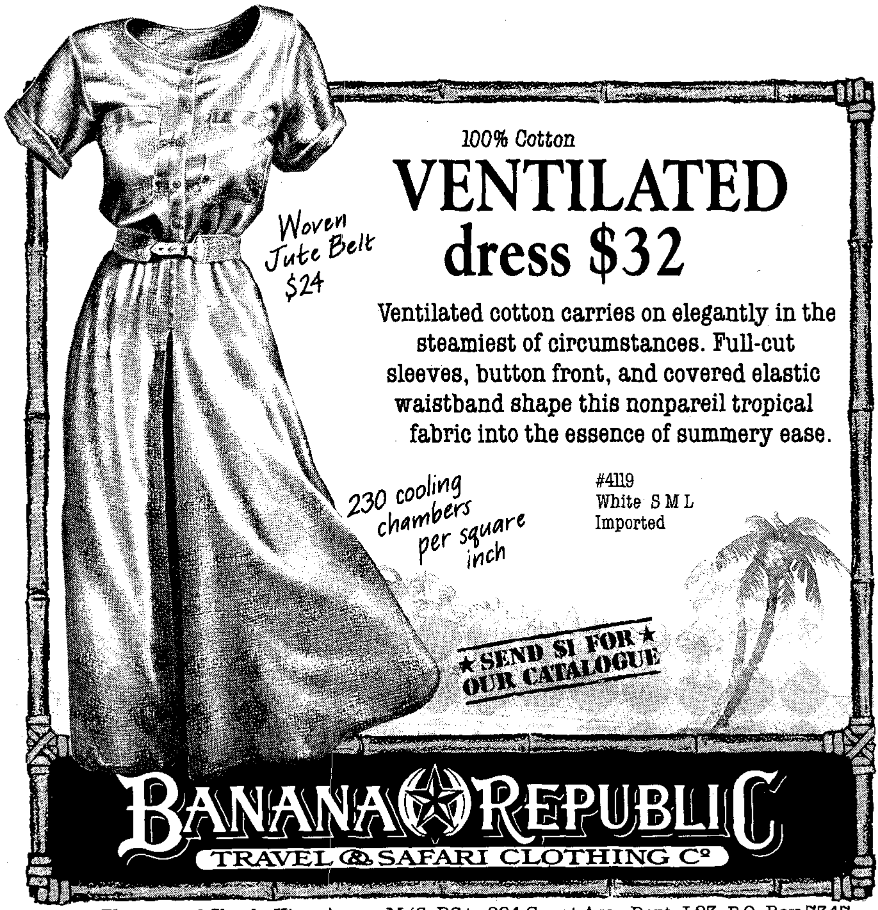
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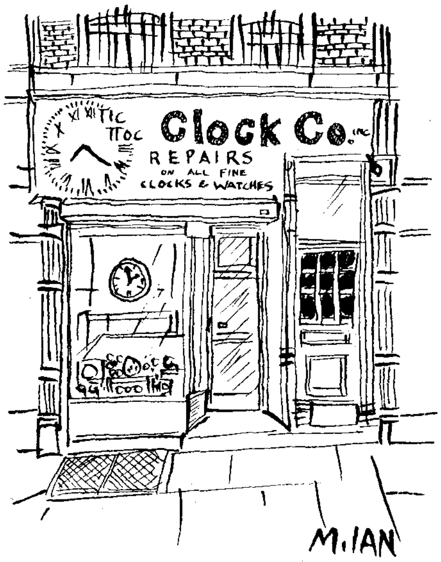
composer's creative development") he comes close to embracing an Intentional Fallacy. His arguments work on paper. In the theatre, the Polish act proves dull and draggy. The revision is in some ways greater but in others less satisfactory than the original. And the two versions are incompatible. All serious commentators agree on that, yet theatre after theatre persists (as the Met does) in presenting a conflated, long, shapeless "Boris" untrue to either of Mussorgsky's visions.

The Philadelphia production of the first "Boris" was a gripping adventure. It lasted, with a single intermission, about two and three-quarters hours. It was very well conducted, by Max Epstein—each episode firmly shaped, the flow sure, the instrumental colors eloquent, the phrasing lyrical. Nicholas Muni's production, in simple, telling scenery, was taut and intelligent. This was opera as drama, not opera as gaudy spectacle. The three basses were possibly the best to be heard today. The Boris was the Georgian bass Paata Burchuladze, making his American opera début; he is already well known at Covent Garden and La Scala. He has a huge, sonorous voice. He's young. His portrayal will surely grow in refinement and subtlety. Already it had natural grandeur, generosity, and splendor. The Pimen was Goran Simic, a young Yugoslav bass who sings at the Vienna Opera, making his American début. His voice is even more beautiful—smooth, fine-grained, exactly focussed. (Mr. Burchuladze and Mr. Simic are both prize-winners of the Opera Company of Philadelphia/Luciano Pavarotti International Voice Competition.) The Varlaam was Jules Bastin, the Belgian veteran, a gripping artist in all he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does and still a powerful singer. The large cast was without serious weakness. Curtis Rayam (the Pretender), Lee Velta (Shchelkalov), John Duykers (Shuisky), Andrij Dobriansky (Nikitich), Douglas Perry (Missail), and Kevin Short (Mitiukha) were outstanding.

The edition was not quite pure. The offstage antiphon in the third scene and the Hostess's "duck" song were imported from the revision. But these are "improvements" that do not disturb the shape or sense of the original.

THE Met has revived Saint-Saëns's "Samson et Dalila," a dull opera that was given some life by Jon Vickers' fervent performance as Samson. Mr. Vickers is sixty. His voice still has all its force; it rang easily through the high-lying music. His phrasing and his acting were impassioned. Marilyn Horne was not well cast as Delilah; her specialty is Rossini bravura, not opulent, seductive outpouring. John Macurdy, who was the Old Hebrew of this production when it first appeared, twenty-three years ago, sang the role again with steady, beautiful tone. Jean Fournet, making a belated Met début, was an accurate but foursquare conductor.

—ANDREW PORTER

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THE RELIGIOUS LIFE

[*Adv. in the Salisbury* (*Md.*) *Daily Times*]

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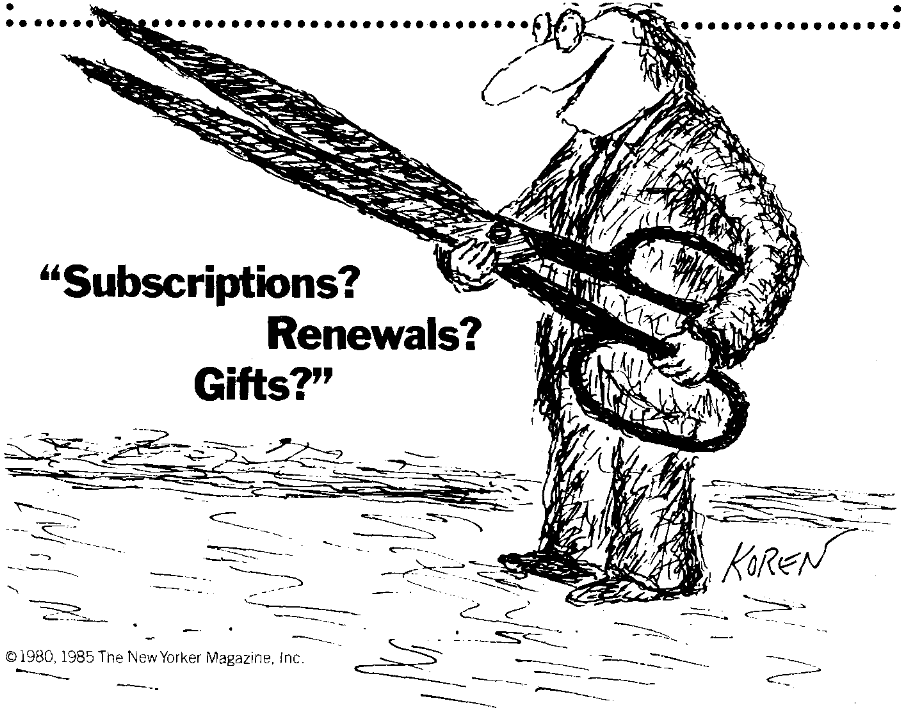
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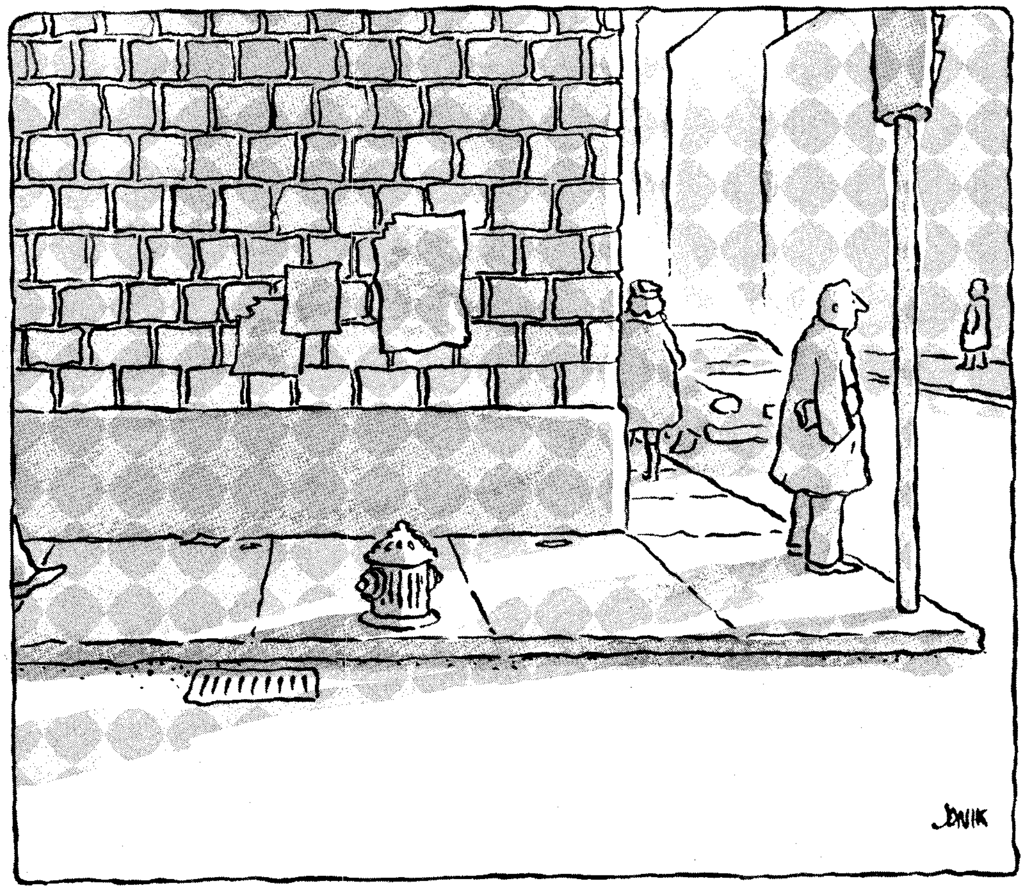
THE THEATRE

Innocent Merriment

THE production of "The Mikado" now at the Virginia originated in Stratford, Ontario, and is currently on tour through the United States. (It will play here at least through May 10th.) Under the inspired direction of Brian Macdonald, it is as near perfection as makes no matter—sassy, witty, musical, and lovely to look at. At the beginning, an enormous paper fan unfurls at the rear of an almost bare stage; then the gentlemen of Japan enter and form a semicircle while unfurling fans of their own, and presently, when Nanki-Poo, in search of Yum-Yum, sings "A Wandering Minstrel I," they close the circle around him. That opening, in its simplicity and charm, is just an indication of treasures to come. Sullivan's music delights the ear, song after song, in the arrangements by Berthold Carriere, who is also the musical director. The words (clear and unamplified) are dotted with modern references, all of them apt and funny; I'm sure that Gilbert would have welcomed Joan Rivers and Jane Fonda to Ko-Ko's Little List and approved the particular punishments that fit the Mikado's new crimes.

The apparent joy in performance, to say nothing of the skill, fills the house along with the words and music. Richard McMillan's Pooh-Bah, tall and skinny, in thick-soled shoes, is the true embodiment of the fabled Japanese aristocrat, a one-man parody of all those samurai attitudes and bits of business in all those Japanese movies. Arlene Meadows is the best Katisha, the most melodious, I've ever seen (from the D'Oyly Cartes on), giving her every song full value and betraying the script only by being unable to quite transform her pretty face into that of the ugly old woman so repulsive to Ko-Ko, as required by Gilbert. Her rendition of her song "Alone, and Yet Alive" sounded so fresh and strong that I felt I was hearing it for the first time. Eric Donkin is a sturdy Ko-Ko (rather than the spindly one we're used to), and is in every way satisfactory; his patter songs trip right along, and his "Tit-willow," which he sings perched in the branches of a bonsai fir, is all one could wish for. At the performance I saw, John Keane was Nanki-Poo for the first act and Richard March for the second (Mr. Keane was suddenly indisposed), and Marie Baron Yum-Yum. That fir, again on a bare stage, brings us back to the scenery; designed by Susan Benson, who also designed the handsome costumes, it is simple and of great distinction. At one point, in the second act, an enormous palanquin is brought on; slowly it is opened—first the side panels, then the top—and out steps the Mikado (Avo Kittask). There is no limit to Mr. Macdonald's inventiveness in both direction and choreography; the acrobatics and dancing greatly enhance the production, and so does the lighting, by Michael J. Whitfield.

"MR. COWARD has written as deft, malicious, and fascinating a comedy as you could hope to see. His characteristic juxtaposition of peculiar words has never been neater ('You always had a certain seedy grandeur, Charles,' one of the spectral damsels tells the hero in a typical love scene); his comic invention was never more brilliant or profuse . . . and seldom, I think, has anybody varied the ancient triangle with quite so much ingenuity and malignant charm." Thus, somewhat cut, Wolcott Gibbs in this magazine on the original New York production of "Blithe Spirit," in 1941. You'd think that a comedy so perfectly wrought would almost play itself. You'd be wrong. The revival of "Blithe Spirit," at the Neil Simon, is a dud; even those "peculiar words" are miked, and therefore blurred and unattached to the speakers—not that most of the speakers do much for them anyway. The story, in case you need reminding, is about a writer who invites a medium to spend an evening at his house and perform a séance with



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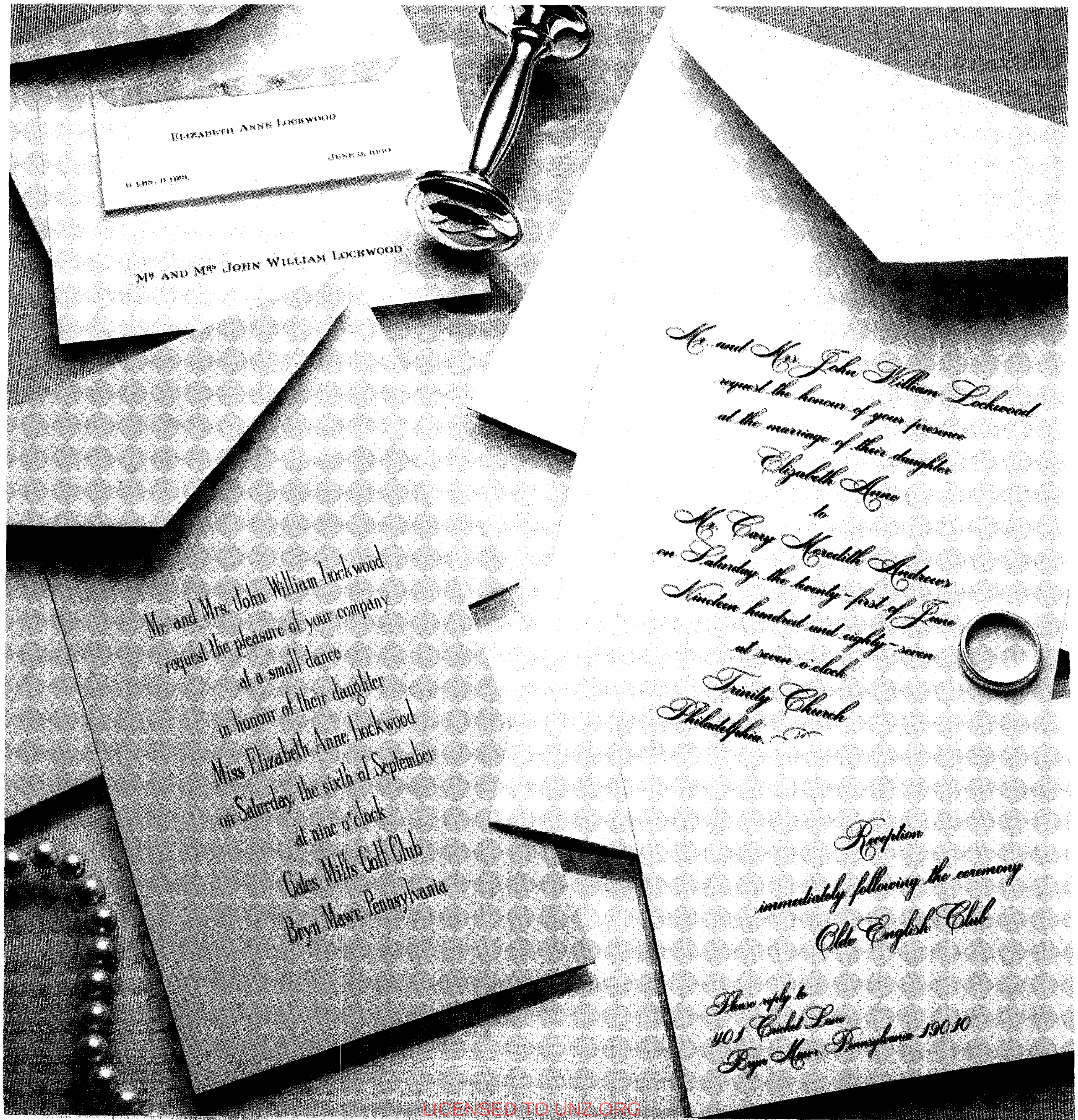

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him and his second wife and a local couple, in order to provide material for the novel he is working on. The medium, quite innocently, raises the ghost of the writer's first wife—the blithe spirit of the title—and there is merry hell to pay from then on.

The actors, all of whom have done good work on other occasions, are, with a couple of exceptions, wrong for this one, for reasons that I'd just as soon not go into, and they never seemed to make a company. The exceptions are Blythe Danner, who gives the title role a certain dippy charm, which isn't quite enough, and Geraldine Page—a rescuer of lost plays if ever there was one—whose Mme. Arcati, the medium, is so strong and funny, such a thumping good sort, that she *should* have been enough. No luck this time: the play is nowhere in sight. The others are Richard Chamberlain, Judith Ivey, William LeMassena, Patricia Conolly, and Nicola Cavendish. Miss Cavendish, come to think of it, is quite amusing in the hokey role of the maid (named Edith, of course). Setting by Finlay James, costumes by Theoni V. Aldredge, and lighting by Richard Nelson—O.K. across the board. —Edith Oliver

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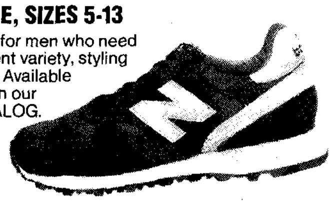

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DANCING

Writings

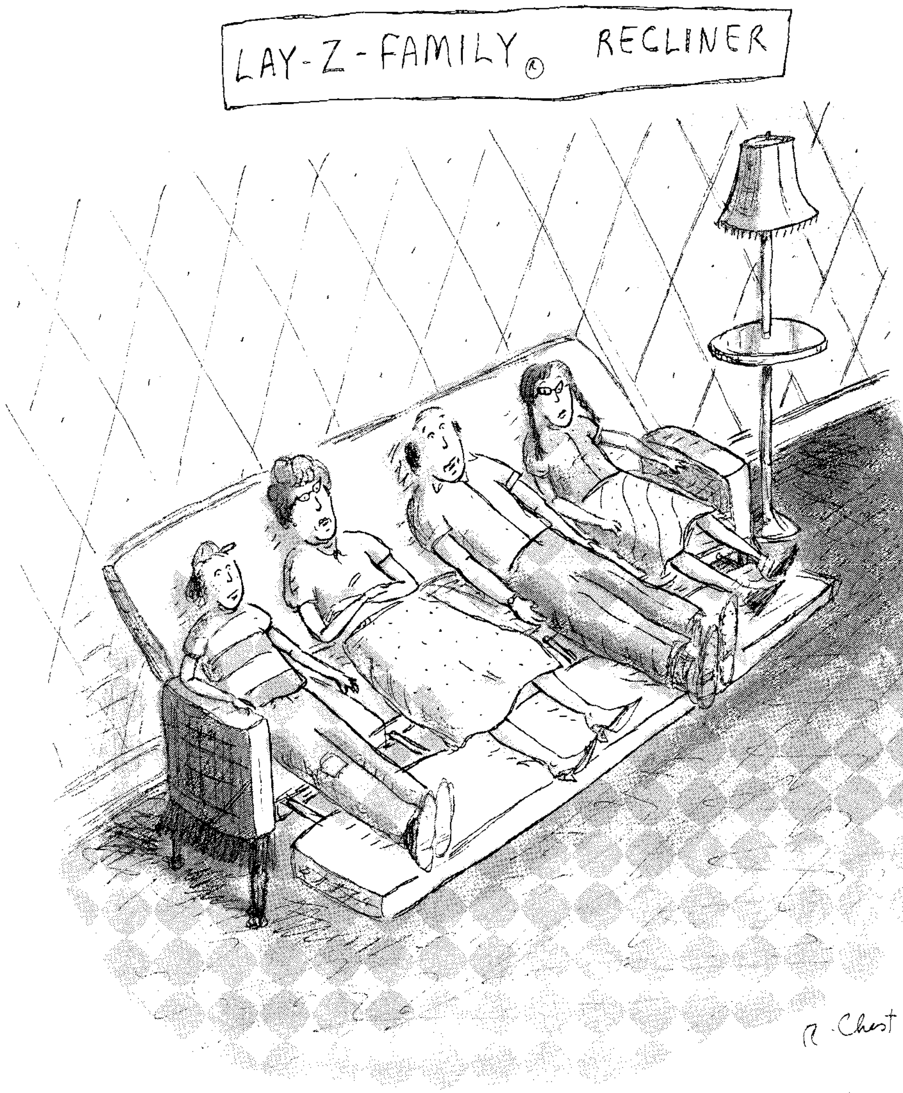
"THE best dance critic living." That is what Edwin Denby, in 1940, called Serge Lifar. He thought Lifar, who had just published a book on Diaghilev, was good "because, first, he has the professional experience which turns dancing from a thing you buy readymade into a thing you make yourself. And second, he sees dancing with the eyes of intelligence, as an ordinary person sometimes sees a friend or sees the weather; sees and believes at the same time. 'The eyes of a poet,' people say who know what poetry is about."

If today those words sound more generous than exact as applied to Lifar, it is because they strike us as a good description of Denby himself. He, too, had been a professional dancer (in Germany before Hitler), and he saw with the eyes of a poet—so much so that "people who know what poetry is about" were more than likely to have noticed the resemblance between the dance critic of the bimonthly *Modern Music* and the image he drew of Lifar. Denby by then had been at the craft of dance criticism for four years. He had already written, in *Modern Music*, the pieces on "Noces" and "Faun," on ballet music, on Balanchine's "Poker Game" and "Baiser," and on Ashton's "Devil's Holiday" which would become immortalized in "Looking at the Dance." He had addressed central issues in the work of Graham and Massine, identifying the qualities of pictorial tension which he found differently disturbing in each; and on Massine he had written one of the most luminous passages he would ever write: "As a pictorial arranger Massine is inexhaustible. But dancing is less pictorial than plastic, and pictures in dancing leave a void in the imagination. They arrest the drama of dancing which the imagination craves to continue, stimulated by all the kinetic senses of the body that demand a new movement to answer the one just past. Until a kind of secret satisfaction and a kind of secret weariness coincide."

This is the writing not only of a poet who sees but of a poet who feels, and who feels what we all feel. Denby gained from having been a dancer an incalculable advantage, but it is Denby the spectator who is the true artist of criticism. "Looking at the Dance," the book that established his reputation as a critic, is very precisely named. Looking—perceiving with all his senses—is what Denby did. It is sometimes erroneously said that a School of Denby exists in American dance criticism. Schools are based on ideas and theories, and Denby's critical insight was a gift—his alone. The only idea he ever proposed (and it was more an article of faith than an idea) was that each of us should develop the critical insight he was born with. When he says that Lifar (read Denby) sees as an ordinary person "sees and believes," he is saying that the experience of dancing is a normal and subjective one—no special knowledge is needed in order to understand it—but also that this subjective experience is heightened by belief, by an unconditional acceptance of the truth of what one sees. Another way of saying it is that dancing appeals to the poet in us. But that still isn't all there is to it. Dancing is physical, a spectacle of grace in movement. The "kinetic senses of the body," more than the optic nerve, are what stimulate the imagination. I believe that Denby discovered these kinetic senses in his role as a critic, sitting there in the dark, and that the more he thought about it the more it seemed that kinetic excitement was what made viewing dancing a normal and subjective but by no means universal pleasure. Three years later, writing for the readers of the New York *Herald Tribune*, he arrived at a formulation both generous and strict: "To recognize poetic suggestion through dancing one has to be susceptible to poetic values and susceptible to dance values as well."

This statement forms the cornerstone of "Looking at the Dance," yet, because of the way that book was edited (it came out in 1949), it is extremely difficult to see how—by what cognitive process—the statement might have crystallized in Denby's mind. Not, in fact, until the publication, earlier this year, of a complete edition of the criticism was it possible to follow Denby's thinking as it evolved from one piece to another. The articles and reviews in "Looking at the Dance" were selected by the music and dance critic B. H. Haggin, who had championed Denby's work for years. Pieces written years apart were united under single headings—"Dancers in Performance," "Modern Dancers," "Dancers in Exotic Styles," and so on—and the entries within each category were not always reprinted in their original sequence. The internal logic of the book (devised, I take it, by Haggin) is admirable. In the opening section, "Meaning in Ballet," an amalgam of various magazine articles and what appear to have been Sunday columns from the *Herald Tribune* actually creates the impression that Denby had composed a primer in dance technique and dance aesthetics for the popular audience. (Of course, he had done just that, but not systematically.) Grouping scattered reviews on specific topics also points up the variety of the dance scene in New York in the forties and the variety of Denby's response to it. But though "Looking at the Dance" remains a classic, it gives us an Olympian Denby, whose most decisive utterances are as casual and unpremeditated as bolts from the blue.

"Dance Writings" (Knopf), edited by Robert Cornfield and William MacKay, collects all but the most marginal critical work that Denby published, including the reviews and portions of reviews that were excluded from "Looking at the Dance," adds some unpublished material, and presents the lot chronologically except where chronology would destroy some more significant order. Thus, although the *Modern Music* series (1936-43) overlapped for seven months the *Herald Tribune* series (1942-45), it does not do so here; all the pieces on Balanchine and New



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York City Ballet from 1946 onward appear in one section; and essays on matters unrelated to topical events appear in another. The consequence of this new and complete presentation is the emergence of a Denby who is a more complex, more vividly real character than the deity of "Looking at the Dance." We see him as a working critic and, when he joins the staff of the *Herald Tribune*, as a most improbably robust *hard*working critic. The dance calendar in those days was blank for long periods and insanely congested for brief ones; Denby filled out the year with ice shows, night-club acts, and Broadway musicals. He went to modern-dance recitals in hellish places; he reviewed the Rockettes. Constitutionally a frail man, he seemed to thrive under the pressure. During the fall ballet season of 1943, he filed fifteen pieces in October alone, and among these were two major essays and six reviews of collectible calibre.

It is the opinion of Minna Lederman, the editor of *Modern Music*, that Denby's newspaper pieces, written to tight deadlines, are better than the articles he labored over for her; I agree with this—no finer body of dance journalism exists. But except for a few places here and there the *Modern Music* series doesn't seem labored, and there is no break in style when Denby takes up his newspaper job. If anything, he grows more precise, his tone becomes more intimate still, and his communicative zeal is palpable. Even in the most crushingly routine assignment he is a good reporter. The conscientiousness with which he reviews cast changes, program fillers, conductors, costumes, and scenery comes as a revelation to those of us who were bred on "Looking at the Dance." (I remember thinking that these things couldn't have mattered to Denby, because he never discussed them. Well, he did.) In matters of opinion, too, there are some surprises. Ballets trounced in "Looking at the Dance" bob up restored by second or third viewings; a few personal reputations are sealed or unsealed. Normally the most benign of critics, Denby could be dangerous when provoked. Of Baronova's antics he writes, "She seems to want the title of 'Miss Ironpants.' " On the whole, though, fewer dancers than one might expect enter or leave the winner's circle. The famous portrait, verging on caricature, of "Miss Toumanova with her large, handsome, and deadly face," her "blocklike torso, limp arms, and predatory head positions" isn't radically altered by the addition of a few favorable comments, one of which—"When she dances it is a matter of life and death"—is reminiscent of a remark he'd made about Carmen Amaya: "She can dance as if nothing else existed in the world but dancing and death."

But Denby's Lifar turns out to have been a very different creature from what we had thought him up to now—chiefly an object of satire: "Poor Lifar. He looks older onstage than Dolin or Massine," and so on, in a vein of malicious sympathy that becomes openly derisive with a description of Lifar's pomposities in "Giselle." But this was in 1950. In 1940, not only was Lifar the best living critic; he was also, of all the dancers of the prewar period, the one closest to Denby's heart. The passages on Lifar the dancer and Lifar the critic (both omitted from "Looking at the Dance") are cast in the same terms. Lifar in performance has a naturalness

> that goes beyond the gestures required, as though the character were as much alive as anybody living. As though on the stage, he seems to believe in the life that is going on outside of the theater in the present. He seems to believe that his part makes sense anywhere, that his part (in the words of Cummings) is competing with elephants and skyscrapers and the individuals watching him. They all seem real at the same time, part of the same imagination, as they are really. There is something unprofessional about carrying reality around with you in public that goes straight to my heart.

Denby seems to be in love. He is, as we never again see him, at a loss, fumbling for words. And he realizes how he must sound; his very next sentence is "This is the kind of criticism it is hard to prove the justice of; I wish we could see Lifar more often so I could try." The echo of Lifar the dancer in Lifar the critic is, I think, brilliantly illuminating, but it tells us more about Denby—about the qualities he loved

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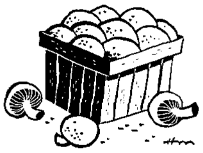
and valued—than about Lifar. The echo of Amaya in Toumanova is also illuminating, but there Denby is talking about something he saw rather than thought he saw or hoped to see. He doesn't draw a parallel, and, indeed, none should be inferred. But he didn't strike that chord twice by accident.

Nor is "pictorial tension" coincidentally a problem in the work of both Graham and Massine. From "Looking at the Dance" you might be able to tell that this business of visual and kinetic suggestion was on Denby's mind in 1937 and 1938—the Graham and Massine articles are both from that period. But they're placed under different headings, and the Graham piece, in which Denby *first* brings up the matter, comes ninety pages after the Massine. In "Dance Writings," it comes eleven pages before. Again, I don't wish to suggest a parallel, still less an "influence." But photographs from the past reveal conventions of the era that were invisible at the time, and dances of past eras may do the same, even though they were composed and staged under very different auspices. Nothing is harder to spot than the unconscious patterns that connect the work of contemporaries. Yet Denby's eye saw something—probably the only thing—in Graham's work that was like Massine's. That he didn't make a critical point of the similarity is immaterial. He may not have had the chance. Companies didn't perform, and critics didn't write, often enough in those days for such tight connections to be made. Or he may not, so early in his critical career, have completely understood the implications of what he saw, or may have thought them self-evident—who knows? And who cares? The test of a critic is not how many points he can clinch but how transparent he is; unless we can see through him to the way it was, it won't help to know what he thinks it means. As Denby says, "It is not the critic's historic function to have the right opinions but to have interesting ones. He talks but he has nothing to sell." For Denby, a critic is functioning properly when his readers feel free enough to have interesting opinions of their own.

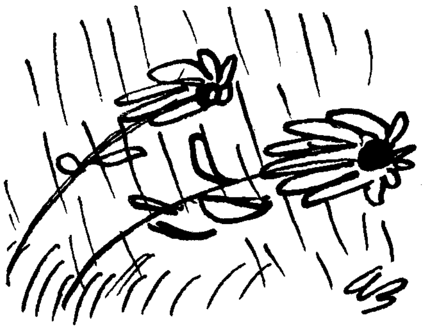


Denby expressed these views on the job of the critic in 1949 (in an essay twice as long as it appeared in "Looking at the Dance"); he was by then the polished professional craftsman, the poet who became a journalist without losing his personal voice. It must have been with some misgiving that he forsook his privacy as a little-magazine critic for the public glare of a newspaper post. Newspapering is the most difficult work imaginable for a dance critic, and it was more so in Denby's day than in our own. The mood you were in when the curtain fell on "Pillar of Fire" was not the mood you had to be in to race to a typewriter and rap out a smart lead for the bulldog edition. Denby was exactly one year into the job, right in the middle of that congested 1943 season, when he had a mishap. He mistook Nora Kaye for Markova and wrote a glowing notice of the wrong ballerina. His apology was a characteristically elegant tribute to both ladies, but the episode embarrassed him profoundly; thirty years later, he still spoke of it. Denby, who'd had no journalistic training, was proud of his professionalism. Then, too, as a proponent of ballet at a time when most intellectuals preferred modern dance, he had an evangelical mission. Denby's supporters formed up against the modern-dance legions behind John Martin, of the *Times*. But it was more than ballet versus modern dance. Virgil Thomson, in his autobiography, speaks of the appeal of the city's two leading newspapers to "the educated middle class," saying that the *Times* "has regularly in its critical columns followed a little belatedly the tastes of this group; the *Herald Tribune* under Ogden Reid aspired to lead them. It did not therefore, as the *Times* has so often done, shy away from novelty or elegance." With Denby on dance (and he certainly did not neglect modern dance) and Thomson on music, the *Trib* was a juggernaut of opinion. Martin and Olin Downes, on music, were no match for it. One can imagine how Denby's enemies used his mistake against him.

Denby was a professional, but he loved Richard Buckle's monthly *Ballet*, because, as he put it when the magazine folded, it didn't make him feel like "a harried fellow-professional." After 1945, he never wrote for a newspaper again. He relinquished his *Herald Tribune* post to Walter Terry, who reclaimed it after the war, and for the next two decades he concentrated on his poetry, writing dance pieces more or less when the spirit moved him. Some of the critical writing from that period appears to have been motivated more by a wish to satisfy friends and editors who were friends than by a need to get things said. Still, the publication, in 1965, of a second collection, "Dancers, Buildings and People in the Streets," revealed a Denby whose pertinacity of thought was undiminished. Only the sporadic nature of the pieces keeps us from making cognitive connections among them. Connections are anyway more a matter of tone. The title essay and its companion, "Forms in Motion and in Thought," were originally prepared as lectures to dance students, and it is to dance students rather than to the general public that one feels Denby is speaking in the fifties and sixties. Though the writing has a new, Jamesian density, the tone becomes more frankly confiding; he sounds like a man among friends and often writes as one, casting his reviews in epistolary form. It is a fair guess that the epistles were all addressed to Buckle, who published them. (It would have been nicer to be told who the "you" is, and where the "here" is in his letters from abroad.) But though Denby invoked the privileges of the form, he didn't abuse them. Far from writing for a coterie, as he was sometimes accused of doing, he was working to broaden access to the subject on its deepest levels, both for the reader and for himself. By the intensity of one's interest in dance one is made to feel a part of Denby's circle.

The editors tell us who some of Denby's actual friends were, and an imposing list it is: the poets Frank O'Hara, Kenneth Koch, James Schuyler, John Ashbery, Ron Padgett, Anne Waldman, Alice Notley, Ted Berrigan; the painters Willem and Elaine de Kooning, Franz Kline, Alex Katz, Red Grooms, Larry Rivers; the composers Virgil Thomson, Aaron Copland, Roger Sessions, John Cage; the photographer and filmmaker Rudolph Burckhardt; the choreographers Merce Cunningham, Paul Taylor, Jerome Robbins. This is the true School of Denby—his fellow-artists, with whom, as the generations passed, he had more in common than with the pack of inattentive children who were trying to become dance critics. Gentlest of men, he bore our presumption with angelic patience and never presumed, in return, to educate us. Rather, he just talked and listened as if we were his equals. The only piece of practical advice he ever gave me was when, at the end of a long ballet summer in the city, he found me staggering: "Get a beach vacation." (He also said that he used to prepare for Tudor's premières by downing a steak at Gallagher's, then going home and sleeping for two hours.) But Edwin by then was part of the intellectual history of New York; he belonged to that artistic community which had made New York in the decades after the Second World War what Paris was in the decades before the first one. He was the chronicler of the great New York dance renaissance of the forties and fifties. He witnessed Graham's peak, Cunningham's and Taylor's emergence; he saw Balanchine (whose work had first impressed him in Paris, in the season of Les Ballets 1933) consolidate his powers on his New York power base.

Looking back on years we never knew, it's easy to think "Bliss was it in that dawn," and yet the reality of life as Denby lived it was not magnificent. It was a life of cafeterias, cigarettes, and stale coffee, of dancers, buildings, and people in the streets. (And the dancers were starving.) Denby took all this as part of his subject. If, as Cornfield says in his introduction, he changed the way we talk and think about dance, it was a change that could not have come about in any other city in the world. The artificial character of life in New York turns the natural world into an abstraction, something for the mind to contemplate. That is why abstract art is so intensely true an expression of New York—it is nature lived as a value. When Cunningham revived his 1953 piece "Septet" this season, he brought back those long-ago New York summers, with their mental weather, their intent street-corner conversations about painting and dance. Denby muses on a Markova performance in 1952: "Her dancing was queerer than anyone had remembered it. A few days later, meeting a balletomane usually far stricter than I on the street, I asked him what he thought of her this season. 'More wonderful than ever,' he cried aggressively." Once, Denby runs into Cunningham; they talk about Markova, naturally, and Denby goes home and writes. In "Septet," it is possible to see traces of Markova, also Graham, also Balanchine, and to sense the spiritual presence of Denby. The young Paul Taylor was a member of the original cast. Later, it was Denby who introduced Taylor to Lincoln Kirstein and then to Alex Katz.



On the night of July 12, 1983, at the age of eighty, Edwin Denby killed himself with sleeping pills. The notes he left were clearheaded, but his faculties were failing, and he was miserable in his dependency on others. His last published remarks are sad. They concern Balanchine, who had died two months before. Denby begins, ominously enough, with the revival of "Symphonie Concertante" by American Ballet Theatre, which had upset him. Then, as he had done so often in the past, he concentrates on what makes Balanchine different from other choreographers, but having to go through it all again (he is being interviewed for *Dance Magazine*) seems to dishearten him. You feel him near to desperation in the effort to be clear, as if it were a once-and-for-all-time effort, and he keeps underlining his remarks with "This is a rare gift," or "Few choreographers have known how to do that." He wishes that the ballets—"Balanchine's butterflies"—could be preserved, but he seems to think they won't be.

"Dance Writings" does not end on this note of anguish. The last piece in the book is the great analytical essay "Forms in Motion and in Thought," in the concluding pages of which Denby comes closer to capturing the dance experience than any other writer ever has, even his beloved Mallarmé. The dance is in his mind, a replay of something he's seen (undoubtedly by Balanchine), or perhaps something he's made up, and it is conveyed to us —such is his virtuosity—in three distinctly different phases of activity. First comes a description of how a classical ballet works, in writing that is entirely sensory, with no steps and no images, but so lucidly composed as to evoke continuous gestural force:

> But the action of a step determines the ramifications, the rise and fall of the continuous momentum. You begin to see the active impetus of the dancers creating the impetus moment by moment. They step out of one shape and into another, they change direction or speed, they erect and dissolve a configuration, and their secure and steady impetus keeps coming. The sit-

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uations that dissolve as one watches are created and swept along by the ease and the fun and the positive lightness of it. They dance and, as they do, create in their wake an architectural momentum of imaginary weights and transported presences. Their activity does not leave behind any material object, only an imaginary one.

One of Denby's cherished beliefs about dancing had to do with the persistence of images as a key to comprehension. Dancing leaves behind "an imaginary object," "a classical shape," "a visual moment of climax," that goes on gathering force in the mind. From ballet in the theatre, then, he turns to ballet recollected in tranquillity:

> As you lie on the hot deserted beach far from town and with closed eyes recall the visual moment of climax, and scarcely hear the hoarse breathing of the small surf, a memory of the music it rose on returns, and you remember the prolonged melodious momentum of the score as if the musical phrase the step rose on had arrived from so far, so deep in the piece it appears to have been.

Finally, after all this so-to-speak disembodied language, he gives us an actual ballet in choreographic script and pictures, danced by cats and dogs on city streets. Every bit of it is wonderful. Here is one excerpt:

> And while cats one meets on different nights all like to follow the same adagio form, one cat will vary it by hunching her back or rolling seductively just out of reach, another, another night, by standing high on her toes as you pat her, and making little sous-sous on her front paws; a third by grand Petersburg-style tail wavings; a fourth, if you are down close enough, by rising on her hind paws, resting her front ones weightlessly on you, raising her wide ballerina eyes to yours, and then —delicate as a single finger pirouette—giving the tip of your nose a tender nip.

Only Denby's eye, only Denby's sweetness of wit, his deep understanding of the collusion of art and nature could have produced this incomparable fun. He left us a little too soon for friendship's sake. Still, his timing told us what we had known and feared to admit—that an era was really over. He had said his farewell years before, in the last poem in "Mediterranean Cities" (incidentally, one of the few poems of his with a reference to dance):

> For with regret I leave the lovely world men made
> Despite their bad character, their art is mild.

The seasons roll on. The music starts, the dancers appear on the vast stage and begin to dance, "creating the impetus moment by moment." And, moment by moment, it is as if nothing had changed since the days when we would see him there, gazing pensively out at what he helped to establish and would not have abandoned without cause.

A NUMBER of books by ballerinas have been published lately. The two most striking, for quite opposite reasons, are the autobiographies of Alexandra Danilova and Gelsey Kirkland. Danilova's "Choura" (Knopf) is the book of a broadminded woman practicing a narrow discipline. Kirkland's "Dancing on My Grave" (Doubleday) is the story of an unhappy little girl who seems to have been dragged into a world beyond her understanding. Although ballet superseded every other interest in Danilova's life, her attitude toward it is remarkably balanced, whereas Kirkland's sourness seeps out of every page. Ballet dominates her life, but it's a compulsion rather than a passion; where Danilova is dignified, dedicated, and serious, Kirkland is high-minded, driven, and obtuse. She enjoyed opportunities that other dancers of her generation (she is thirty-four) could only dream of: ballets choreographed by Balanchine, Robbins, and Tudor, a partnership with Baryshnikov, a chance, which she turned down, to star in a major movie ("The Turning Point," in which Danilova and a dozen other dancers appeared). She was on the cover of both *Time* and *Newsweek.* None of it seems to have quenched an appetite for self-destruction more powerful than any creative or pecuniary urge. The luridity of her confessions isn't confined to self-revelation, however. She manages to villainize practically every man to whom she was ever attached, beginning with her father, the playwright Jack Kirkland, and conspicuously including Balanchine and Baryshnikov. She seems never to have grasped the principle behind Balanchine's famous directive "Don't think, dear, just do," and the scenes she reconstructs of the two of them—she pestering, he running out of patience—are unconsciously comical. "Go home, dear," he says at one point. "Try little red wine." Once, he gives her a pep pill. Kirkland means to indict Balanchine on evidence such as this. The case she mounts against his ballets—ruthlessly efficient machines for wrecking dancers—will capture only those who are predisposed to believe it. But while it's easy to see how Kirkland herself became persuaded of such nonsense it's quite impossible to accept her contention that she danced Balanchine's ballets without pleasure, a helpless prisoner of an uncongenial aesthetic. This goes against reality. Either Kirkland is fooling us now, or she was fooling us then. If the blazingly alive performances she gave of "Theme and Variations," "Monumentum pro Gesualdo," "La Source," and "Concerto Barocco" were all shams, they constituted the most colossal put-on in theatrical history.

"Dancing on My Grave"—the title is a reference to "Giselle"—was four months on the best-seller list. It is not the first bad-taste ballet book—that was Christopher d'Amboise's "Leap Year" (edited, like Kirkland's book, by Jacqueline Onassis)—but it is the first to pitch scandal about the ballet world at the audience for celebrity gossip. The moment was ripe: the columns of *W*, Suzy, and Liz Smith regularly chronicle the doings of Misha, Peter, and Heather. What makes Kirkland incongruous as a purveyor of slop is the lofty tone she takes when discussing her art, which she would not demean by making a movie or dancing choreography by Twyla Tharp. (Tharp is the only subject on which Kirkland and Danilova appear to agree.) Ironically, to supermarket-tabloid readers her exposé of drug addiction in the ballet world has probably been less interesting than the news that enough heterosexual male dancers exist for wayward girls to tattle on.

In "Choura," Danilova describes a long life lived in and for dance as if it were the most natural life one could lead. She doesn't dwell on pain or sacrifice or hard luck; she relates the main events—schooling in St. Petersburg, upbringing among an assortment of relatives and guardians (she was an orphan) that would have made Chekhov envious, the beginnings of stardom with Diaghilev, and, later, the full-blown thing as prima ballerina of de Basil's and then Denham's Ballet Russe. She knew Balanchine as a boy and eventually lived with him, made history with him, and left him when their work pulled them apart, and she no more regrets the fact than she congratulates herself upon having attracted him in the first place. Grandeur of ambition in pursuit of a goal; modesty of expectation in the way of a reward—Danilova has the classic ballerina temperament. (Denby reports her answer when asked to name a ballerina's most important quality: "Modesty.") And because she knows so well the world she speaks of, "Choura" becomes not just a charming monologue but a commentary on the period. The years she spent touring the United States were pivotal in the development of American ballet. She tells us what it was like to be the star of a company bringing ballet to millions who had never seen it, but so far from patronizing those small-town audiences she ennobles them, and ennobles herself: "I have never danced for an audience that I thought was unworthy of my performance." The women's clubs that booked the ballet companies she thought of as equivalent to salons; the endless receptions and luncheons were chances for her to cultivate the audience for ballet. It is interesting to think that if she had been born ten years earlier she would have been a Diaghilev star and belonged to the Diaghilev era; if ten years later, she might never have left Russia, or if she had left she would have been too young to undertake the historic task of helping to colonize a wilderness. As it was, American audiences of the thirties and forties were educated by a great ballerina in her maturity. As Denby wrote, "There are only two real ballerinas in the country; the senior one is the great Alexandra Danilova and the junior one is the great Alicia Markova." (Happily, the two were the best of friends and still are.)

It is likely that Denby's descriptions of Markova, which bring her as close to us as Bernard Shaw's descriptions bring Duse, will be her permanent monument. Neither Dolin's biography nor her own "Giselle and I" seems designed to do the job, and the current volume, "Markova Remembers" (Little, Brown), is as weightless as the ballerina's fabled leaps. Little more than a photograph album, it offers views of Markova onstage and off. The lady herself seems to sit beside you as you turn the pages; the text reads like captions murmured in your ear. But though the book has Markova's voice and her fastidious taste, it doesn't have her presence, and the photographs, fascinating as they are, have an unfortunate way of turning the quality Denby loved ("what the English so well call a genuine spiritual refinement") into something precious and just the least bit smug.

Vera Zorina and Moira Shearer, of course, made movies that we can still see and still be impressed by, not least

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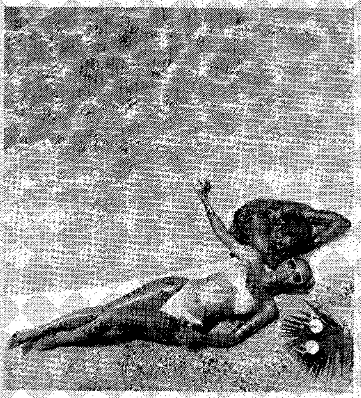

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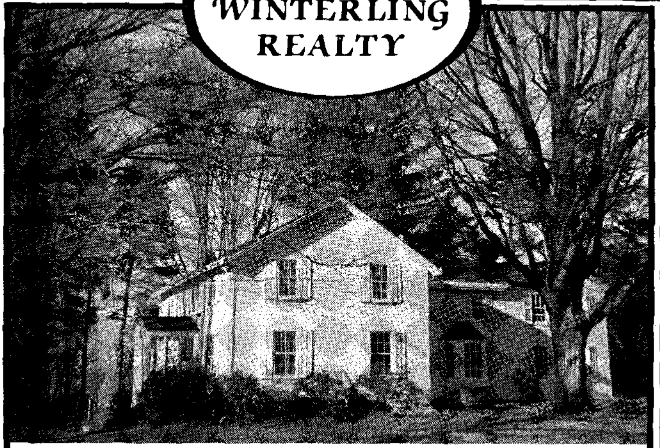

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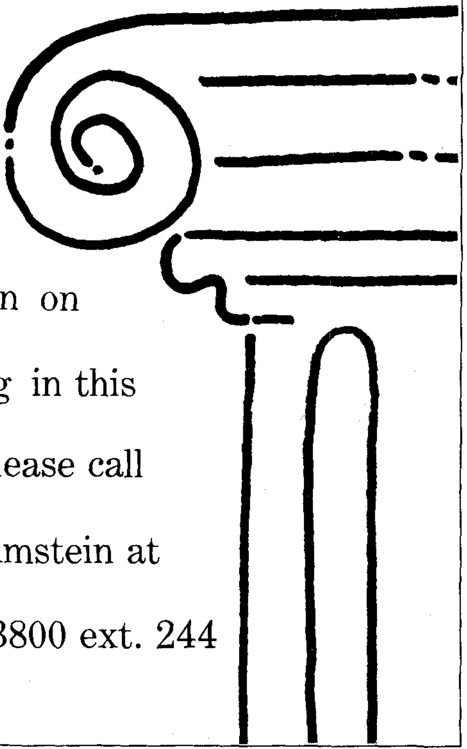

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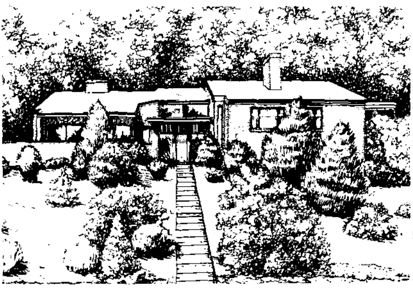

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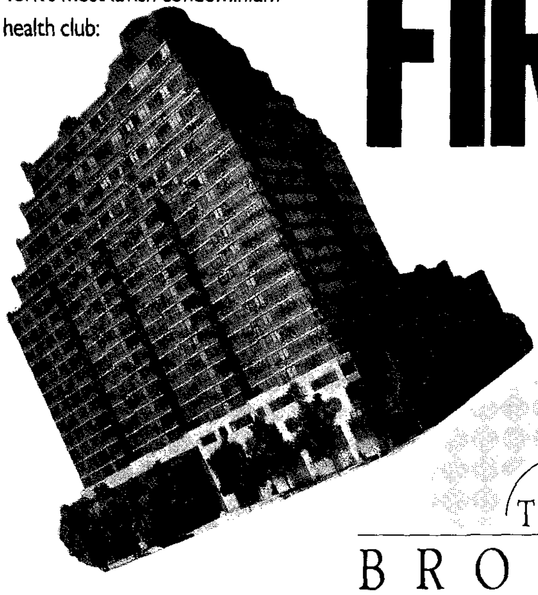

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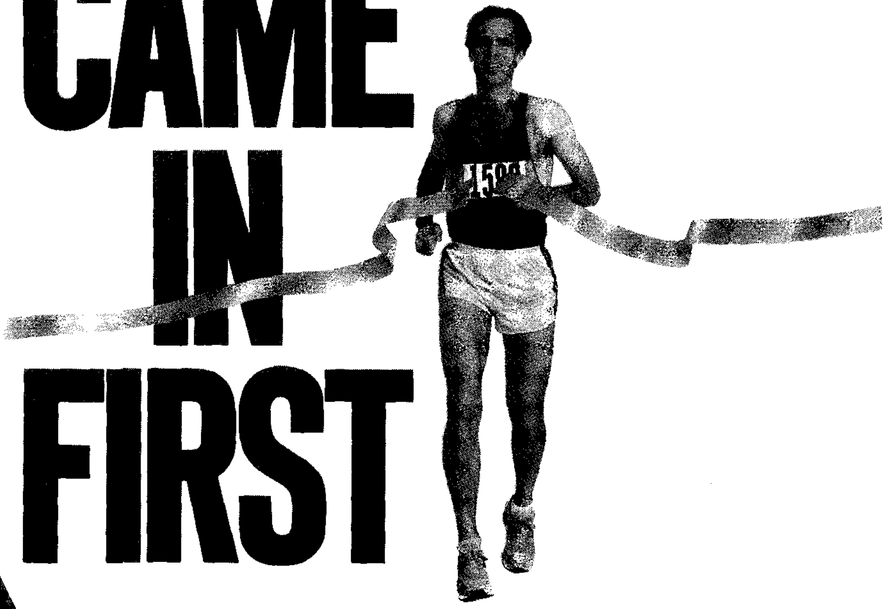

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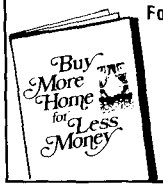
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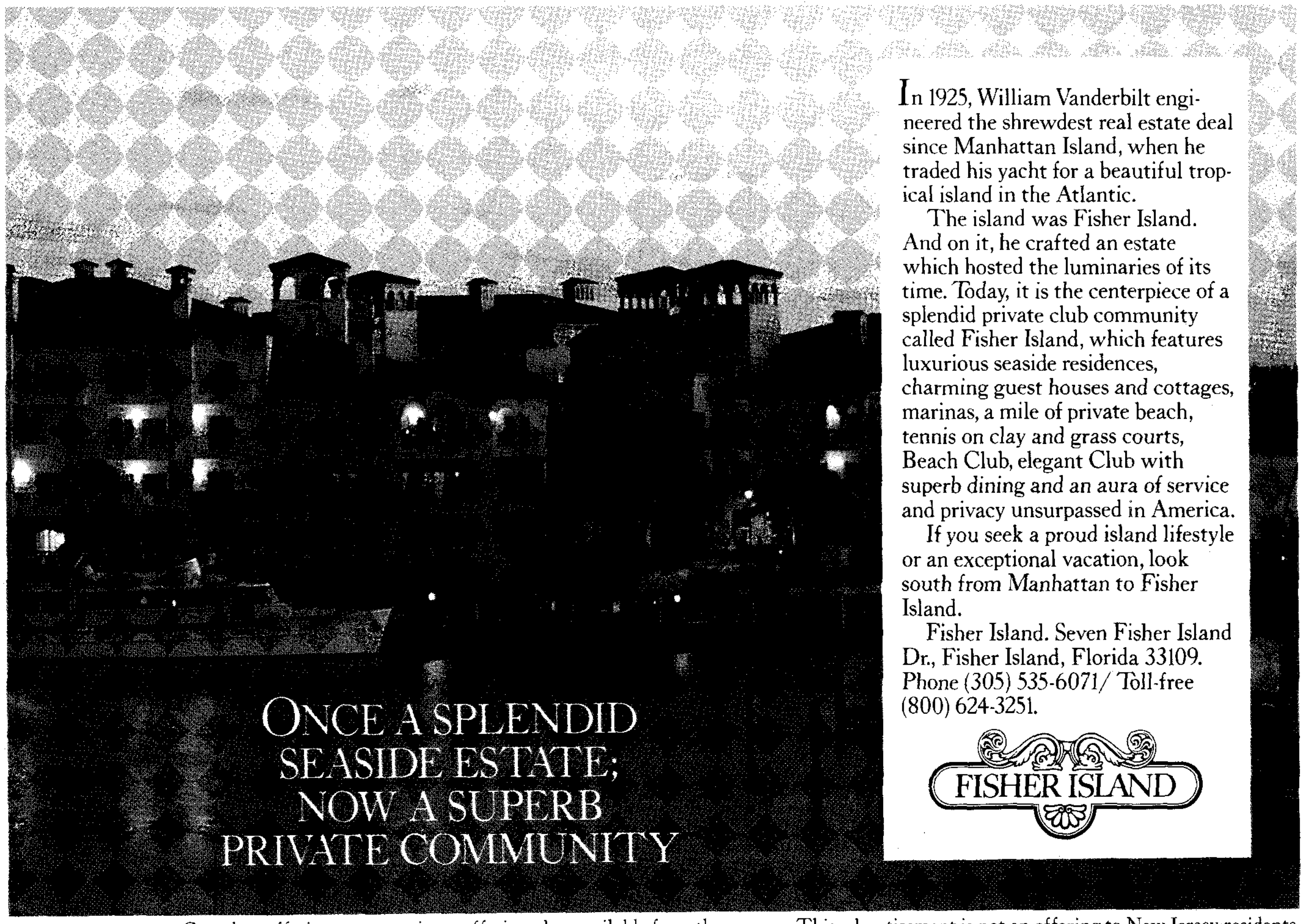
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because they were choreographed for the camera by Balanchine, in Zorina's case, and, in the case of Shearer and "The Red Shoes," by ballet professionals and movie wizards who were acting on the inspiration of Balanchine's film work. But when we turn to the books that Zorina and Shearer have written it is the ballerina whose film memorial was only indirectly constructed by Balanchine who composes the tribute to him. Zorina's book is all about Zorina; her seven-year marriage to Balanchine passes with no acknowledgment of the wondrous nature of the things he was doing for her and for other dancers or of what she might have meant to him. It is not that she doesn't know who he is; it's that after forty years she doesn't see any more to it than she did then. "Zorina" (Farrar, Straus & Giroux) isn't a memoir; it's scrapbooks. The years have given the author no perspective on events. She's still the proud, heedless young beauty (culpably young, perhaps—nineteen to his thirty-two when they meet), and he's still "dear George," one of a number of great men who were smitten with her (Léonide Massine, Orson Welles, Sam Goldwyn). Moira Shearer met Balanchine in 1950, to rehearse the London production of "Ballet Imperial." In the entire course of her career in ballet, theatre, and films, they never met again; she has never been notably associated with his work, and is, in fact, comparatively ignorant of it. Nevertheless, the first book she has chosen to write is not the Moira Shearer story but a full-scale biography of Balanchine ("Balletmaster: A Dancer's View of George Balanchine," published in London by Sidgwick & Jackson). And it is a useful book, despite its dependence on Bernard Taper's "Balanchine: A Biography" and other books. When, toward the end, it gets clear of borrowed material and into fresh information, it is first-rate.

Shearer, who retired from dancing in the fifties, has remained something of a gadfly to the British ballet establishment, and I have the impression that she wrote this book partly to set young British dancers straight about who Balanchine "really" was. The British hardly ever get Balanchine right. Even Shearer doesn't; she agrees with Ninette de Valois that his ballets should be done in arenas like the Albert Hall, with the orchestra ringing the platform—they're "concert ballets," you see, not theatrical works. But Shearer was an exceptionally musical dancer, and she loves the ballets. Moreover, she loves Balanchine for having in just four rehearsals given her the confidence she then lacked, strange as it may seem, to perform on the stage. In 1950, she was an internationally famous movie star, but Balanchine's impact on her was such that "had I not just been married and with my life about to take a new turn, I think I would have followed George Balanchine back across the Atlantic in the hope of joining his New York City Ballet." As for her impact on Balanchine, Shearer believes that she was a "Balanchine dancer" before the term was being used, and that Balanchine appreciated the fact. When she came to New York to interview Kirstein for her book, he told her, "George mentioned you often—oh yes, he talked about you a lot."

Even so, she has not written a hero-worshipping book. She sees that Balanchine could be capricious and cruel and does not try to exonerate him. One would still like to have the Moira Shearer story. She's fun to read—a forthright, opinionated Scotswoman with no fear of controversy. ("Union Jack," which went down like lead in London, wins her warm approval.) Her intolerance of critics, though, drags the whole book down. She attacks Denby, of all people, going so far as to rewrite one of his paragraphs on "Apollo" (of all ballets!) in the manner of a schoolteacher grading papers. But Shearer, after all, was a performer, and she always will be, no matter how many books she writes. Even if, the only time he reviewed her, Denby had shown more appreciation (he preferred Violetta Elvin in "Cinderella"), his style would not have made sense to her. Denby thought that, on the whole, dancers were better off not reading reviews. Their books are certainly better off not quoting them. Kirkland's is peppered with press notices; even when they are laudatory she seems not to understand what they are saying. Performers see one way, critics another. We can be wrong about them; they are never right about us. —Arlene Croce

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BOOKS

Anonymous Reviewer

Diarmuid Russell, the son of the Irish poet Æ, and the most discriminating literary agent of his time, once remarked that there were no end of talented writers and what counted was energy. The writing of Virginia Woolf already published—the nine novels, the two volumes of shorter fiction, the life of Roger Fry, the pseudo memoirs of Elizabeth Barrett Browning's canine companion, “The Common Reader” and “The Second Common Reader,” the two volumes of feminist criticism, the five posthumously published volumes of literary and biographical essays, the autobiographical fragments collected under the title “Moments of Being,” the five volumes of her diary, and her letters in six more volumes—supports his case, if it needs supporting.

Mrs. Woolf's essays and reviews were mostly published without any signature, and long after Leonard Woolf collected and rearranged them, in a four-volume set, they have continued to surface. An extremely good essay on De Quincey's “The English Mail Coach” was identified too late to be included in the main body of Volume I of “The Essays of Virginia Woolf,” edited by Andrew McNeillie (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; $19.95), and had to be relegated to an appendix. This new and definitive collection of the essays and reviews is expected to run to six volumes and something more than a million words. For the reader who is familiar with Mrs. Woolf's published work, the first volume may be the most interesting, for eighty-three of the hundred and nine pieces have not been collected before. It is, in any case, a lovely book.

The details of how a writer begins to publish are worth paying attention to, for something more than chance nearly always has a hand in it. Usually one feels that it couldn't have happened any other way. Sir Leslie Stephen died in February, 1904. In May, Virginia Stephen had her second breakdown and attempted suicide by throwing herself out a window. Her friend Violet Dickinson helped nurse her through this illness, and when she was convalescent gave her an introduction to the editor of the Women's Supplement to the *Guardian*, a London weekly newspaper published for the clergy. What could be more unlikely? In a letter to Violet Dickinson, written in November of that year, she said, “I dont in the least expect Mrs Lyttleton to take that article—I stupidly didn't typewrite it—indeed wrote it myself rather hurriedly and illegibly as I hate copying—and forgot to give my address, or to enclose a stamped envelope for return. So I dont think my chances are good. I dont in the least want Mrs L's candid criticism; I want her cheque! I know all about my merits and failings better than she can from the sight of one article, but it would be a great relief to know that I could make a few pence easily in this way—as our passbooks came last night, and they are greatly overdrawn.” This first contribution was rejected and is now lost, but her second—an account of a visit to the bleak parsonage in Yorkshire that was home to Charlotte and Emily Brontë—was accepted and led to her being given books to review. Having had the run of her father's library all her life she was more than adequately prepared to deal with them. For the most part and for some time they were of the kind that end up on the tables outside secondhand book stores—“The House of Shadows” and “Barham of Beltana” and “The Fortunes of Farthings” and “By Beach and Bogland.” It would have been easy to be witty at their expense but instead she approaches them with an open mind: “Of this novel it can be said without exaggeration that every page interests. If such a thing were possible, it might almost be added that it is too interesting, or perhaps, that the interest it excites is not quite of the right quality. Miss Robins has the gift of charging her air with electricity, and her readers wait for the expected explosion in a state of high tension . . . her work would be finer if its intensity were, not less, but, so to speak, diffused over a greater surface. As it is, she is too closely interested in her characters to be able to take a dispassionate view of them.” So far as one can tell with such utterly forgotten books, she is fair and no doubt even generous. When she was

given Edith Wharton's "The House of Mirth," in roughly three hundred words she does full justice to it. But with Mr. Henry James's latest novel she comes a cropper: "The 550 pages of *The Golden Bowl* are devoted to showing how four people met a certain natural difficulty which must frequently occur outside Mr James's novels, but which can hardly ever, one would imagine, produce such an amount of thinking and analysing and hair-splitting as it does within them . . . It is, after all, a slight theme on which to spend so much ingenuity, and we suffer from a surfeit of words." "The Golden Bowl" is a novel in which, at any given moment, nothing is what the characters believe it to be and the reader is asked to do prodigious feats of comprehension, and it is not greatly to be wondered at that at twenty-three she was not up to it. Besides, James was a friend of the family, and this may have prevented her from taking him quite seriously. Her reading notes for this essay are printed in an appendix, and are interesting in that they show how she made judgments and studied the form of the novel as she read.

IN 1905 she was asked to review books for the London *Times Literary Supplement*, and during the years covered by this present volume—1904-12—she also contributed essays and reviews to the *Cornhill Magazine*, which her father had once been the editor of, the *National Review*, and *Academy & Literature*, an illustrated weekly owned by Lord Alfred Douglas. From Bruce Richmond, the editor of the *T.L.S.*, she learned how to compress and how to enliven. That she was a quick study this summary of the plot of E. M. Forster's "A Room with a View" leaves little room for doubting: "The story runs simply enough. Lucy is kissed by George Emerson, and the ladies fly to Rome. In Rome they meet Mr Cecil Vyse, a young man who feels in his own accord what other people feel, both about art and about life. When Lucy is back again in her ugly home in Surrey she agrees to marry Mr Vyse. But happily the Emersons take the villa over the way, and Lucy is made to own that she can tell the true from the false before it is too late." That even the author could have improved on this is questionable.

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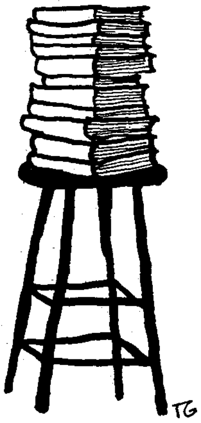

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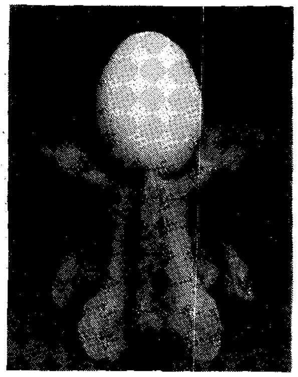
subject, as with "The Letters of Jane Welsh Carlyle," her literary personality begins to show through: "She made no claim to style in the modern sense of the word; but if a manner of speech which is perfectly expressive of the thought and of the thinker deserves such a title, she never wrote six lines without it. Quotation is difficult because she seldom concentrated her wit into flashes, though it plays everywhere abundantly, and is often brilliant. But such coruscations as we find in the letters of Charles Lamb, for instance, are seldom spontaneous; and Mrs Carlyle wrote as easily and copiously as she talked. She was in all things a practical woman, and would have despised a letter which was not content with its simple mission."

The essays become more characteristic as she is given better books and more room in which to write about them. Many of the figures that she writes about—Dorothy Wordsworth, the Duchess of Newcastle, Christina Rossetti, Mrs. Carlyle—she returned to later in her life. The chronological arrangement makes it possible to trace her growing mastery of the form and her greater confidence. The art of combining the review and the essay by little scenes indelibly set down—the arrogant Fulke Greville hogging the fireplace until Dr. Johnson said, looking fixedly at him, "If it were not for depriving the ladies of the fire I should like to stand upon the hearth myself!" and drove him first to a chair and then *to ring for his carriage*—she had even in these early pieces begun to see the possibility of. Lady Holland saying across the dinner table to a dependent, "Mr Allen, there is not enough turtle soup for you. You must take gravy soup or none." George III requiring the courtiers to pretend "that they had all been a little mad and worn strait waistcoats themselves."

There are several essays about music, all comparatively lifeless, a very lifelike portrait of her father, and a wonderfully sympathetic account of the Stephens' half-blind and not very likable old dog, who bit people and other dogs and frightened babies in their perambulators; was sent to live in the country; became stone deaf; and after years and years, on a winter's night when there was sickness and anxiety in the family, barked at the kitchen door of 22 Hyde Park Gate, was let in, and settled down in his old corner by the fireside. He was the last of the family to live in the house, and met his death when he wandered into



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the street and was run over by a hansom cab.

IN a review of a book about the Elizabethan voyagers, flirting with poetry but not succumbing to it, she arrives at the mandarin style that we associate with Lytton Strachey and Bloomsbury and most of all with her: "The charm of Hakluyt's great book, indeed, does not lie in any meditated felicity so much as in its air of rough and unsophisticated simplicity, so often made a matter for apology by the writers themselves. They have neither learning nor leisure to 'vary or multiply words'. But their laborious pens, dipping into the stately vocabulary which was common to seaman and poet, build up such a noble structure of words in the end that the effect is as rich and more authentic than that got by more artistic processes. The frequent lists of 'commodities' even have a strange charm . . . All the pleasant roots and spices of the earth are massed together with sweet-scented trees and gold and silver and precious stones till a fragrance seems to rise from the page itself. In these long lists, moreover, little landscapes are let in, all the more romantic because they have been observed with the same sober and veracious eye and inscribed with the same stiff pen."

Confronted with a two-volume highly detailed biography of Richard Brinsley Sheridan she first encapsulates his life by saying "Nine people out of ten, if asked to give you their impression of Sheridan, would tell you that he wrote three standard plays, was famous for his debts, his wit, and his speech at the trial of Warren Hastings; they would add that he had played a distinguished but not a commanding part as a statesman, and flitted through the society of the Georgian era, a brilliant but slightly intoxicated insect, with gorgeous wings but an erratic flight . . . Simplicity and extravagance, generosity and meanness, rash confidence and moderation, passion and coldness—how are we to compose them all into one human shape?" And then proceeds in eight and a half pages to do exactly that. It was published in December, 1909, by which time she was not quite twenty-eight years old.

The last essay in the book is on the novels of George Gissing. It was published in the *T.L.S.* on January 11, 1912. It ends: "The thing that really matters, that makes a writer a true writer and his work permanent, is that he should really see. Then we believe, then there arise those passionate feelings that true books inspire. Is it possible to mistake books that have this life for books without it, hard though it is to explain where the difference lies? Two figures suggest themselves in default of reasons. You clasp a bird in your hands; it is so frightened that it lies perfectly still; yet somehow it is a living body, there is a heart in it and the breast is warm. You feel a fish on your line; the line hangs straight as before down into the sea, but there is a strain on it; it thrills and quivers. That is something like the feeling which live books give and dead ones cannot give; they strain and quiver. But satisfactory works of art have a quality that is no less important. It is that they are complete. A good novelist, it seems, goes about the world seeing squares and circles where the ordinary person sees mere storm-drift. The wildest extravagance of life in the moon can be complete, or the most shattered fragment. When a book has this quality it seems unsinkable. Here is a little world for us to walk in with all that a human being needs."

—William Maxwell

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

The Object of My Affection, by Stephen McCauley (Simon & Schuster; $17.95). The hero of this wonderful romantic comedy is a handsome kindergarten teacher who shares a Brooklyn mare's nest with a beautiful pregnant feminist. That he could not be the father is one point on which they agree; that they should attend childbirth classes together is not. An agreeable tangle of affairs and alliances ensues, among old flames and New Agers looking for answers on the upper West Side and in Vermont. (One of them sticks his answers on his Datsun's bumper—"I'm Pro-Choice and I Vote," etc.—but then the Datsun is stolen.) Several unromantic episodes feature a loathsome kindergartner who is being treated by his divorced parents' rival pediatricians. Meanwhile, the hero is surviving on a variety of home remedies, which include six weeks of ballroom-dancing lessons and a regular rereading of his battered copy of "Johnny Tremain." Stephen McCauley is a columnist for the Boston *Phoenix;* this is his first novel.

The Red Men, by Patrick McGinley

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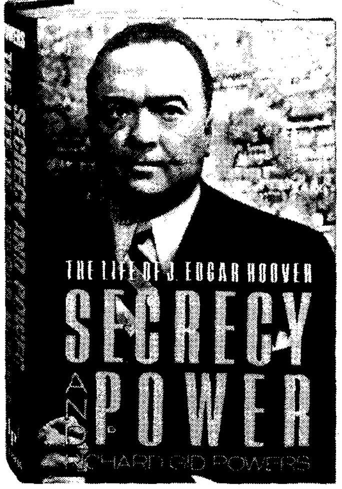

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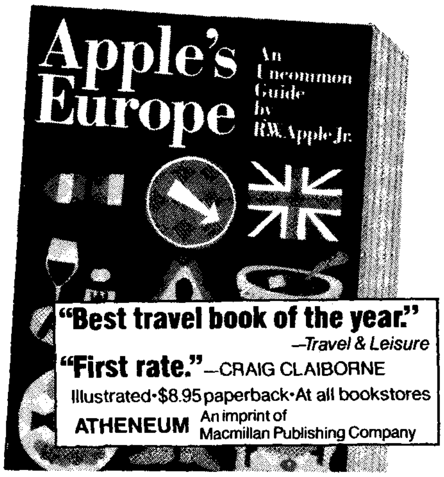

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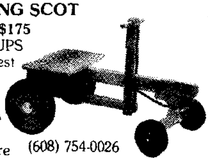

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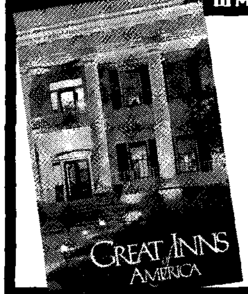

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(St. Martin's; $15.95). Learning the hundred-odd irregular verbs and the thirty-six tenses of an obscure African language appeals to an Irish priest at the end of this novel; he has decided to lead the relatively simple life of a missionary, after a year spent vying with his three brothers for possession of the family hotel, the House of Heron, on Ireland's western coast. The House of Atreus and the House of Rothschild are mentioned by two of his brothers in the opening scene, in which their father, on the eve of his seventy-seventh birthday, explains how he will choose his heir: by giving each of them a lump sum and a year in which to invest it. In the intervening pages, a lot of other inheritances spring to mind, from Cordelia's to Pip's, as sibling rivalry and filial piety are complicated by case upon case of secret or mistaken identity. None of Patrick McGinley's five previous novels, from "Bogmail" to "The Trick of the Ga Bolga," have been easy reading, but this one may be the most trying. There are fancy phrases that do not bear scrutiny—"He followed her into the raw night full of needles from sadistic stars"—but then he works wonders with some budding daffodils: "weird water fowl with long necks and bent heads, gazing down sternly at their cold feet."

GENERAL

OUT IN THE MIDDAY SUN: MY KENYA, by Elspeth Huxley (Viking; $18.95). At the close of "The Flame Trees of Thika" and "On the Edge of the Rift," the beguiling memoirs of her childhood in Kenya, the author went to England, where she studied, worked, and married. This volume opens with her return to Kenya in 1933, as a journalist and the biographer of Lord Delamere, one of Kenya's great landowners and the spokesman for Kenya's white settlers. Mrs. Huxley's acquaintances ranged from hardworking farmers and idealistic civil servants to the financially erratic Blixen set. She cared about black Africans and their tribal life—an interest that led to her meeting Jomo Kenyatta. Her anecdotes, like a snapshot album, preserve several pasts: the book moves beyond 1933 to later visits, including one, in 1983, for the celebrations of the twentieth anniversary of Kenya's independence. Mrs. Huxley's closing pages assess

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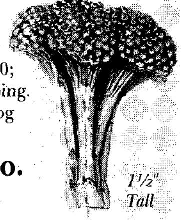

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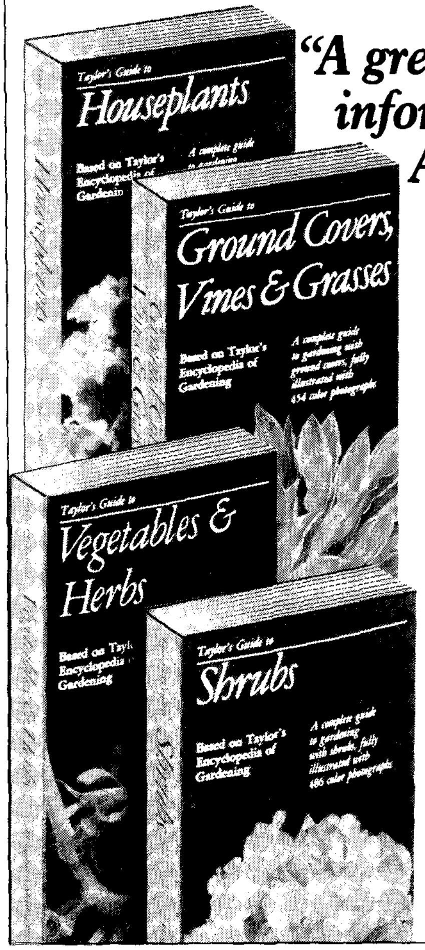
the gains and losses of colonialism and independence very tentatively except in one area—women's rights. Her visit to the daughter of her parents' headman, a competent, self-assured young woman who has become a major in the Kenyan Army, is an unanswerable argument for modernization.

CÉZANNE, THE STEINS, AND THEIR CIRCLE, by John Rewald (Thames & Hudson; $12.95). This little (sixty-odd pages) book is beautifully made and beautifully and copiously illustrated in black-and-white. In it, Mr. Rewald, the art historian and biographer of Cézanne, examines the discovery and celebration of Cézanne's painting by Gertrude Stein and her older brothers, Leo and Michael, in Paris in the first years of this century. There is much of interest here about Cézanne and his art and the effect of his aesthetic on the work of Matisse and Picasso and others, but what most vigorously emerges is a curious picture of the Steins themselves. There is Leo, endlessly analyzing Cézanne's art for friends and visitors to the apartment he shared with his sister, and then, in his later years, back in the United States, selling his Cézannes and retracting his earlier opinions. There is Gertrude, whose "approach to painting was based on the premise that anything unconventional was attractive," and her style of using "lots of words for saying rather little." Michael—of the three, the most truly appreciative of art—liked and collected Cézanne but preferred Matisse.

THE WAKING GIANT: GORBACHEV'S RUSSIA, by Martin Walker (Pantheon; $17.95). The Manchester *Guardian's* Moscow correspondent believes that Mikhail Gorbachev—the first Soviet ruler since Lenin with "conventional university training"—represents a sociological reality: a new, educated class in Russia, successor to the czarist intelligentsia that the Bolsheviks destroyed and to the Bolshevik intelligentsia that Stalin destroyed. He describes Gorbachev's career as the path of a remarkably gifted man but also shows it as exemplary: the rise of a farmer's son through talent, opportunity, and civility has become possible in post-Stalin Russia, where, amid squalor, repression, and corruption, something like a modern European society has been evolving. Mr. Walker does not expect Gorba-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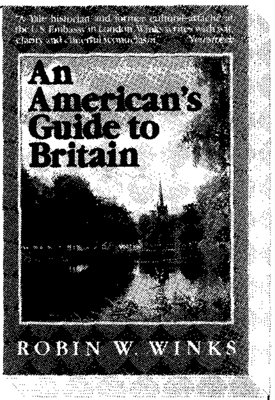
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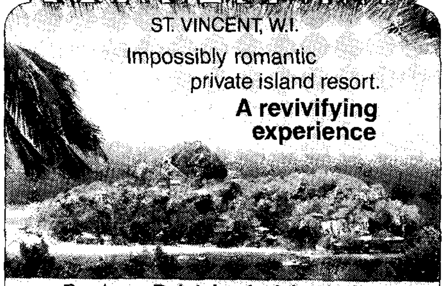

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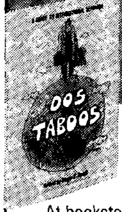

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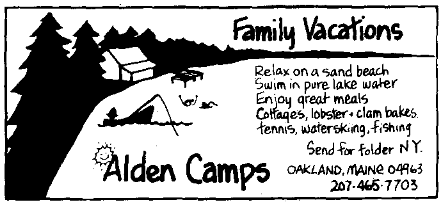

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chev to break with Russian traditions of authoritarian, centralized government, and he cannot be certain that Gorbachev will succeed in overhauling the Russian economy, but he is sure that Western predictions of Soviet economic collapse are mistaken. Further, he argues, Western realpolitik requires Soviet survival: the alternatives are worse.

GEORGE SANTAYANA: A BIOGRAPHY, by John McCormick (Knopf; $30). An accomplished life of the philosopher and writer (1863-1952). Mr. McCormick helps us see how both Santayana's boyhood transplantation from Spain to Boston and his parents' separation contributed to making him, as he wrote late in life, "fatally *a stranger,* not only in any particular place but in the world at all." As a philosophy student and teacher at Harvard, Santayana admired William James but did not become a Jamesian. Though a baptized Catholic, he maintained his atheism to the end. His multitudinous rejections included the United States, which he left when he resigned from Harvard in 1912; Protestant culture; Romanticism; liberal democracy; and modern industrialism. Besides works of philosophy, Santayana published poetry, criticism, memoirs, and fiction. (His only novel, "The Last Puritan," was a worldwide best-seller in the nineteen-thirties.) Mr. McCormick does not claim much influence for Santayana's thought among contemporary philosophers. He offers us the pleasure of intimacy with a mind almost heroic in its autonomy.

NOTE: "Archaic Figure," a collection of poems by Amy Clampitt, has been published by Knopf ($15.95 cloth, $8.95 paper). Some of the poems first appeared in *The New Yorker.* . . . "The More the Merrier," a collection of drawings by Michael Maslin, has been published by Fireside/Simon & Schuster ($5.95 paper). Many of the drawings originally appeared here.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

BOLT, by Dick Francis (Putnam; $17.95). Christmas (Kit) Fielding, the steeplechase jockey who was the heroic narrator of "Break In," returns here to face again his old enemy Maynard Allardeck and a new monster, one Henri Nanterre, a French industrialist who appears in London to lethally harass Fielding's titled employer and her husband. Nor is that all. Danielle de Brescou, Fielding's fiancée, seems to prefer an older, richer, and better-born man, and there are, of course, a number of important races to ride. Mr. Francis showed signs in "Break In" of emerging from a period of silly plotting and mechanical writing. It is good to be able to report that he is now fully recovered, and "Bolt" (the title refers to a weapon used to put down an ailing horse) shows him near his original very best.

CHILD'S PLAY, by Reginald Hill (Macmillan; $13.95). Gwendoline Huby, an eighty-year-old eccentric, has died and left a million and a half pounds to her son, although he has been presumed dead since shortly after he disappeared in Italy during the Second World War. If Mrs. Huby's will can be broken, three charities and a parcel of hungry relatives all stand to benefit, but a self-styled long-lost son appears—only to be quickly murdered. His death brings in Superintendent Andrew Dalziel and Inspector Peter Pascoe, of the Mid-Yorkshire C.I.D. Fortunately, Mr. Hill's characters are so consistently entertaining that they make it possible to brush past a plot that reads like a joint effort of W. S. Gilbert and Jack the Ripper. By the time everything is more or less sorted out, Yorkshire is depopulated, Dalziel's country cunning has again triumphed over modern sophistication, and the legacy has arrived in the hands of the only character (besides the Superintendent) who is clever and determined enough to deserve it.

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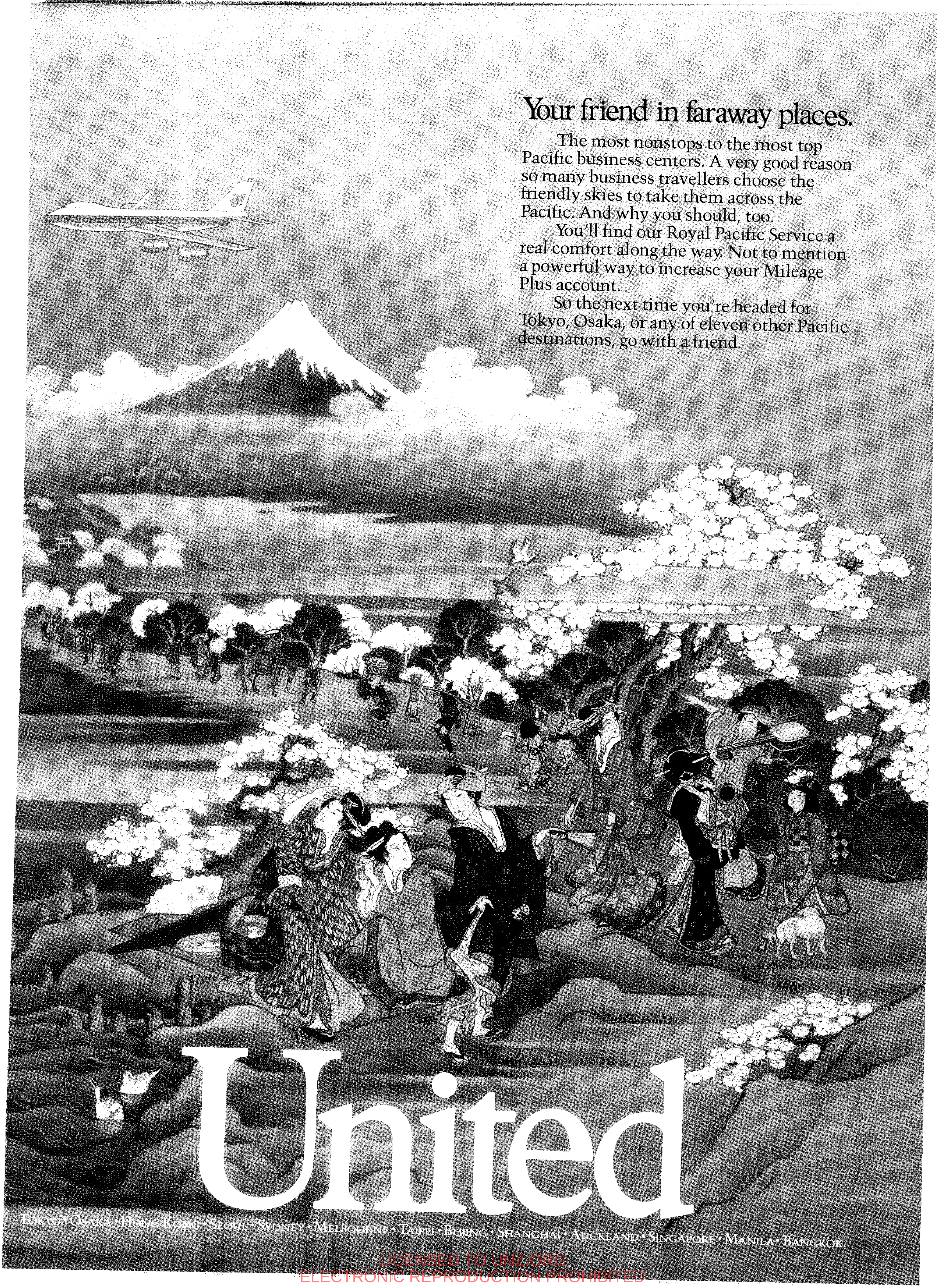

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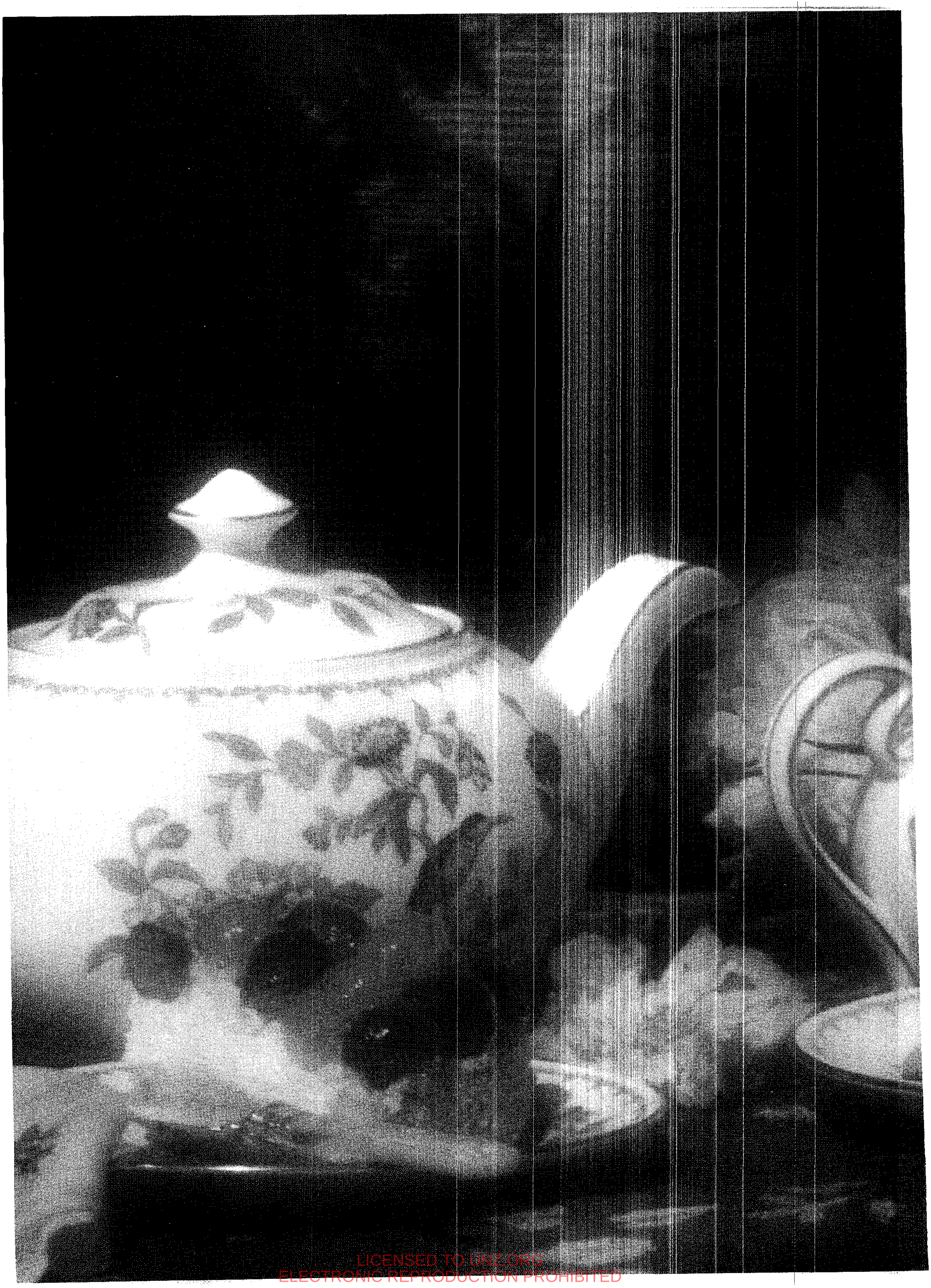

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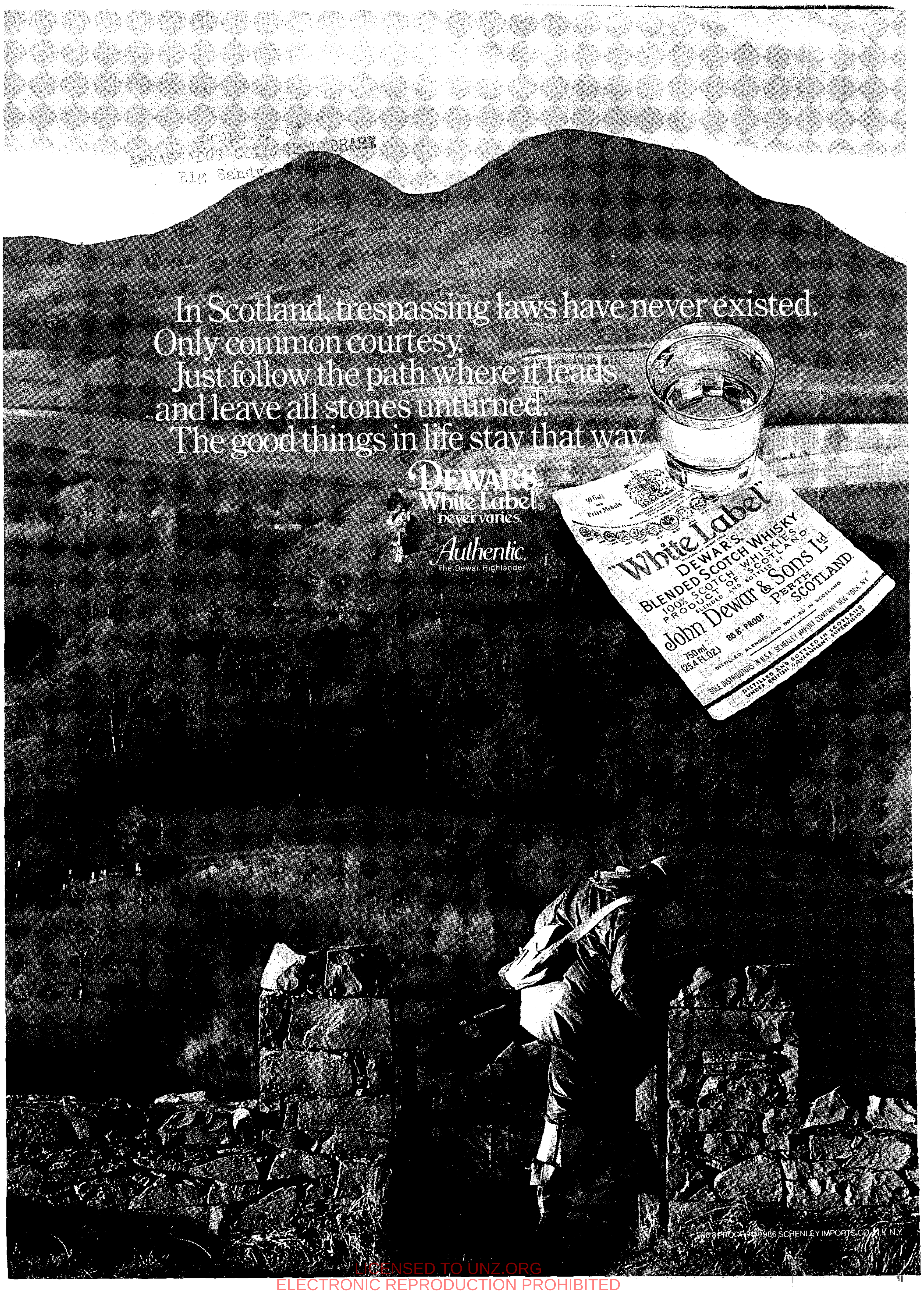
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